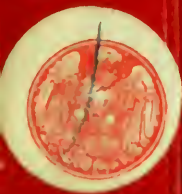


F

74

S5L7



8-27



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap.

*F74*

Copyright No.

*Shelf 55 L. 7*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





















# A MOTHER'S PEACE OFFERING

TO AMERICAN HOUSES;

OR,

THE MARTYR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY

MRS. L. J. LITTLE.

NEW-YORK:

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER, STEREOTYPED, AND BINDER,  
FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS,  
16 & 18 JACOB STREET, CORNER OF FRANKFORT.

1861.

698

March 29, 1861

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by

L. J. LITTLE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the  
Southern District of New-York.



# A MOTHER'S PEACE OFFERING.

## CHAPTER I.

TO MRS. E. M.—

MY FRIEND AND FELLOW TEACHER: You say, "Please write me your opinion of Slavery, now that you have seen it."

Though a woman, I have an opinion concerning slavery, in its limited, as well as its more general sense. But to give this opinion to you, without giving you my reasons, or rather the course of education which has brought me to this opinion, (not this opinion to me,) would avail little.

You are aware that by natural and school education, our endowments are widely different. That it is only by walking and talking together over the words, the works, and the ways of God and man, (and by man I mean all of human kind,) that we are enabled to see alike.

I hold that this inability to see the same objects in the same light, an inability arising from the same causes, is of universal extent; and the cause of the severest oppression under which our earth groans to-day.

You, my friend, have had ample opportunity to ask for truth, where money pays the tuition fee.

It has been mine to obtain it "without money and without price."

You have studied in the schools of the world; I, in the school of experience.

You have read books of human inspiration; I, the book divine.

You have learned human nature by studying others; I, by studying myself. Single and wedded, converted and unconverted, sanctified and unsanctified.

Now, you say to me: "I should love to sit with you once more under the shadow of our old mountains, to listen to words of truth from your lips; to look upon the world through your eyes. When I look with my eyes, I see so many spots the gold is dim; but you always see the gold in all its brightness, and the spots become small, almost invisible. A most blessed *deception*. As I am constrained to believe my eyes, I envy one who sees not as I do."

Here is an acknowledgment that we see not alike; and a charge upon me of *deception*. So, to tell you what I think of slavery, would only leave you looking at it with your own eyes, and believing me less wise than yourself upon those points wherein we differ.

To give you to see slavery with my eyes, would be to unfold my hidden life; reveal truths which I have supposed were awaiting the judgment of the last Great Day. Shall I attempt it? The chief of God's providence, to me, says: "Go forward." May the spirit of his truth guide my pen as I proceed.

You are, perhaps, already informed that in

November last, I had a paralytic stroke, which threatened to deprive me of the gift of speech, and of the use of my right arm. But the God of providence did not permit that my right hand should then forget its training, or my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, although I have many years since prayed, as did David, that this may be my portion if I prize not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Yet those powers are much weakened, and I have many friends who feel that they have a claim upon me as a correspondent. I therefore adopt the manner of Paul the Apostle, and through you, send to all, by asking for each a copy at the hand of the press.

I am, this fifth day of July, 1850, residing my only earth-home at Miller's Hotel, in Sheffield, Mass. When I say that Mrs. Miller is, as a housekeeper, like a copy of my own dear mother who closed up her earth-work in 1841, you will congratulate me.

The care of my own person, a little daily writing and talking, with exercise in the open air by riding or walking, is all that I can safely attempt. Yet, as my walks command a view of a most lovely portion of Housatonic's vale, where I may hold communion with nature and with God, and the familiar scenes of my childhood's eventful life, you will rightly infer that I am neither dejected nor lonely.

The side-walks of this valley are much improved since you were here.

To my feet, there is no other path in open air so agreeable, as the beaten one upon solid earth, when smooth and level as a horse-path.

A morning walk of half a mile, assists me to rest my eye upon the grave of her whose memory must necessarily be enshrined upon the pages which shall give my opinion of slavery, together with the life-education which brought me to this opinion.

With my manner of life from my youth, you are already acquainted. To fulfil my present desire, I must needs write many things with which only serve to stir up your passion by way of remembrance.

It was in the summer of 1827, a little before I completed my eighteenth year, that your grandfather called at my father's house Sabbath evening, after sunset, when, with us then was the expectation of holy time, to ask me to take charge of the district school of which he was practical committee man; the body where he had employed having vacated on account of illness.

After some consultation with my parents, my arrangement was made for me to go, the next morning, to our Sheffield village, a distance of three miles, and present myself before J. F. Rogers, Esq., and Dr. S. R. Kinsley, for examination; and in case I should obtain a certificate answering the demands of the law, proceed to

the school-house situated three miles to the north-west of the village, and two miles east by north from my father's, to enter upon the untried and unlooked-for responsibilities of teacher. For remuneration, I was to receive board in the worthy families of the district, and one dollar per week in cash at the expiration of the term.

It was your own fortune to be one of the forty pupils then and there intrusted to my charge.

The following summer (1828) I was invited to teach the same school for the same remuneration, and again accepted the call. The third summer of my teacher life, (1829,) I was invited to engage in Egremont, an adjoining town, at an advanced salary, namely, one dollar fifty per week. Here I succeeded to the satisfaction of my employers, and was urged to stay beyond the time for which I had contracted; and was also urged on the return of another summer to state any terms on which I would take the school. But the then undiscovered gold of California could not have induced me to attempt to remain longer than to fulfill my first engagement. I could not explain myself. I felt that I *could not*, and that feeling influenced my decision. The truth was, the government of the school was as a yoke upon my neck which I was not able to bear. There were from fifty to sixty pupils, and among them a class of boys who had been accustomed to show to the females employed to teach them that to obey woman was not their province. I therefore felt that as a woman, it was my right to be excused from governing man when he has passed the period of early childhood. Though I had never been sick, and could not claim then to be sick, I suffered the most excruciating pains in my teeth and face caused by overtasking the nervous system. Physiological science did not in that day shed its light upon those in my circumstances in life.

All that I knew, I read in the inner man, and had no theory by which to explain myself to those without; and while I acted out the rational truth written by the finger of God within the natural man, as well as upon the inspired page, namely, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," I was thought by those stronger than myself to be strangely set in my own way, in that I did not yield to much solicitation and the opportunity of gaining money. Mr. D. I. Spur, prudential committee-man of the district in which my father lived, then came to me, saying, he did not think to ask me to teach their school until he heard I was intent on remaining at home, because he could not hold out the inducements in money matters that others would do; but he thought I could teach the little school where I had obtained my education, and be sufficiently at home. I acquiesced in his opinion, and the summer of 1830 found me in the home of my pupilage, raised to the honorary degree of teacher. Here my trials were adapted to my strength, and teaching began to wear an attractive aspect. In autumn Mr. Spur asked me to teach the winter-school. But I readily objected to governing a school where boys of every age have been the privilege (as they should do) of attending. In a few days Mr. S. returned to tell me that he had conferred with the head of every family in the district, and each had given him promise that if I would consent to teach, no one should go from his family to give any

trouble in the school. I consented, and for five successive winters (1830 to 1834) and three summers (1830 to 1832) was I employed in superintending and teaching the public school near my "Mountain Home." My success being rumored abroad, I was often solicited to go from home to teach, and on one occasion Rev. Mr. Burt. of Great Barrington, urged so strongly, and found me so firm in refusing to go into that village and teach a winter term of public school, that he suspected I was about to be married. The simple reason lay in the fact that I did not judge it my duty or privilege to undertake the government of a winter school under any other conditions than those proffered in my native district. In the summer of 1831 I publicly professed faith in Christ, and entered into covenant with God and his people. My wages had been increased to two dollars per week in summer and three in winter, beside board. The summer of 1833 found me teaching in the south-west district of the town; my school numbering seventy pupils. During the summers of 1834 and 1835 I was in the village-school near the church.

Our town, containing a population of 2500, scattered over a surface of some fifty or sixty square miles, had then but one church, (a Congregational.) The summer of 1836 I spent in the north part of the village in the school upon the plain. Every successive season increased my interest in the work of teaching, and gave me new power in that direction. In the autumn of 1836 I was invited by one who had manifested much interest in my teacher-life to take the place of a departed wife and mother in his family. After suitable deliberation I felt it my privilege and duty to accept the proposal.

The man with whom it was my destiny to become united for life was not one who had settled the question, "What good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" but like the young man spoken of in the Gospel, he had, to his own view, kept all the commandments from his youth up, and had not discovered what he yet lacked. But as the Saviour could look upon such a one and love him, it was surely right that I should do the same.

It was a privilege in which I then rejoiced, in which I do still rejoice, and in which I expect to rejoice eternally, notwithstanding my warmest earth friends, when they look upon the trials I have endured because of this union, deeply deplore the fact that it ever existed.

I have a strong desire to have my friends at ease in regard to my destiny. My sufferings have been greatly enhanced through believing they were not; and it is one motive with me in these pages, to help them, if I may, into the light that shall give them a more perfect and soul-satisfying vision. The man of my choice was many years my senior. He stood head and shoulders above the mass, and was so guarded, so grave, and so dignified, that envy, with its attendant malice, had not yet found an avenue through which to affect him seriously. Popular speech told of but one defect of his, and that lay in the government of his house. But he was evidently a great admirer of good order and peace. His heart was not out-spoken, and there was in his countenance a peculiar blending of the severe with the gentle. He united great



physical strength and an unrelenting purpose with the traces of a care-worn spirit, meekly asking for solace and for rest.

I was fitted to admire the humbleness of the man, and to respect to the spirit-earnings of his evidently long-tried soul.

He, like myself, was capable of taking up an option which came well attested, although not proved to our senses.

In the summer of 1834 I had been shocked at the announcement, through the press, that a crime of deepest dye rested upon a class of my fellow-beings, those who were bound to me by the bonds of a common country—the country especially favored among the nations of the earth.

My nature revolted at the horrid spectacle presented to my imagination; and I could do no less, neither any more, than to urge in home circles upon those who were degraded by their Maker to wage open war with wrong, the claims of the oppressed struggling for life, and also pray to that Being in whose hand is the destiny of all, that he would cause the oppressed to go free.

He hath answered my prayers in a way very different from that marked out in my own mind; but in a way which has brought me into the light of truth, for which I bless his holy name. My husband, having been a retailing merchant in the country, where the store is often the sitting-room for many while relaxing from labor, and refreshing the mind with the news of the day, had the opportunity of coming more gradually to the understanding that step-mothers, as a class, are oppressors; not from his descending to participate in gossip, but from being a silent listener, while his hands were employed in dealing to customers. So tried had his spirit been in raising himself to the position he there occupied, that to his sorrow had been, in justice to himself and dependents, left off from his programme; and he most naturally and consistently did not pray for those objects for which he could not labor, and was therefore little moved by the story of real or imagined wrongs. As there are exceptions to all general rules, he believed, when it became his lot to introduce a stepmother to his own family, that it was to be his fortune to find the exception. But when, to his amazement, he learned that the popular class set me with the guilty, there was in his character, as I have discovered, and as I expect to show to the convincing of others, a basis for a frenzy which should disable him from seeing the truth, however clear the light and distinct the evidence in and by which it should be presented.

Believing, as I do, that he is now brought into the light of truth by a way he has not, and into a state where benevolence is the natural atmosphere, I proceed in my present work upon the principle that to relate our own conversion from error for the benefit of our fellows, is a duty as well as *Christian duty*.

Zaccheus climbed where he might look over those around him, and see Jesus. On that day salvation came to his house; and, as one of its first effects, he restored himself to any from whom he had taken ought by false accusation.

Believing that he who was of my married self has arisen to see Jesus, I do not fear of opposing his *present will* through seeking to restore to the

injured that which has been taken from them by false accusation under his own involvement while in darkness.

To look for the basis of the frenzy which so intimately relates to my own destiny, I must needs go back to the past, and rely chiefly upon transcribing such articles (usually letters) as chance to be in my possession, and which came there without my design or my participation the understanding of the work before me.

My husband was a native of Colchester, Ct., and a grandson of Rev. Ephraim Little, whose ministrations at the pulpit after were in that town. I copy the following from a letter dated Aug. 8th, 1843.

"I learn that the Rev. Ephraim Little married two widows—that each had children by her former husband, and by him.

That he owned a female slave, and that some of the heirs removed to Lynchburg, Va., and took the slave with them, and had her a slave till her death. The following I transcribed from tomb-stones in the burying-ground at Colchester.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE REV. EPHRAIM LITTLE,  
Pastor of the First Church of Christ in Colchester,  
who died June 5th, 1787, in the  
eightieth year of his age, and fifty-fifth  
of his ministry.

IN MEMORY OF  
MRS. ELIZABETH,  
Ye virtuous Consort of ye Rev. Mr. Little of  
Colchester, who departed this life Nov.  
Ye 13th, 1754, in ye fortieth  
Year of her age.

"So pious, prudent, patient and kind,  
Perhaps her equal may not be left behind."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF MRS. ABIGAIL LITTLE,  
The virtuous Consort of the Rev.  
Ephraim Little, who died June 27th, 1786, in  
Ye 69th year of her age.

The history of my husband's father is little known to me. He followed the sea in early life, married a widow Bakley, who had one son (Nash) by her first husband, and three sons and three daughters by her second. Her maiden name was Wright.

When my husband was eleven years of age his father removed his family to the State of New-York, into a new settlement in Schoharie County. The family and their effects were taken by an ox-team and sleigh, the journey occupying two weeks, the first night of which was spent 200 miles from the home they left. I do not know the given name or age of my father-in-law, or much concerning his person, habits or character. After the death of his wife, which occurred while my husband was a young man, he lived alone, and was found dead in his bed.

Whether my husband's sternly responding his father since knew the fact that he had married against his father's will, I know not. The settlement where was a more supply of bread and water,

and *that* gathered by the sweat of his own brow, I can not say. But I am convinced that his heritage gave him great strength of purpose, and a dread of, if not a contempt for, poverty. For his mother and sisters he cherished an affectionate remembrance. His mother gave her children to God in baptism through the Episcopal Church; but she, with her eldest daughter, afterward united with the Baptist Church.

I have heard my husband say that his mother was at one time insane, through the trial to her mind of having their effects taken by an officer for debt. After her death, he was left to struggle only for himself. Perhaps some secret counsel or whispered in the silent chambers of his soul, that what he could have done for his father was better kept as a gift for the house he would build for himself. He applied himself diligently to useful labor from necessity; and in so doing, obtained a reward which encouraged him to proceed, till he found the seeming curse of his heritage gradually removing.

His half-brother, Noah Bulkley, eventually employed him as clerk in mercantile business, and afterward made him partner, till his own profits amounted to two thousand dollars. He now commenced acting alone with reference to building for himself a place and a name. While taking thought for the needful money, he was also taking thought for the "wise woman." After carefully selecting from among the pupils of Bacon Academy, an institution of high repute in his native town, new trials commenced through discovering that his fair one did not duly appreciate himself, his labors and successes. His selection being from a family which had never known the privations incident to new-country life, it was perfectly natural it should be so. But with great powers of endurance, and good business talent, he did not unite a power of tracing effects to their causes, but unhappily confounded them, by putting cause for effect, and vice versa. Hence, the foundation for a causeless hatred, which, united with a vindictive spirit, should lead him blindly to *go a warfare at his own charges*; yet so concealed from the world without, that it should find nothing for spoil, except the peace of his single or wedded self.

Here I take occasion (compelled by a sense of justice) to transcribe from a parcel put into my hands by my husband, after my own marriage.

EAST-HADDAM, Ct., Feb. 29th, 1811.

MR. RALPH LITTLE:

KIND SIR: I write to prove my continued friendship, and to express a wish that this (on my part agreeable) correspondence may be continued. You expressed in your last letter many interesting and pleasing sentiments. I hope they were truly coincident with your feelings. I have no reasons, obvious, to convince me they were not. I must therefore believe in the sincerity of your expressions, however extravagant. Perhaps your exalted ideas will again induce you to believe some one has found means to divert me from writing. But I find my mind (after being tried) is too firmly established to be easily diverted from him to whom I am now devoted. In my last, I requested you to write particular. I might again make the request, with an explanation, but it would, perhaps, be of no use, as time will inevitably unfold all mysteries. . .

You have doubtless heard of the death of your little niece, Mary Little. With sentiments, etc.,  
Your real friend, MARIA FOX.

KORTRIGHT, N. Y., March 23d, 1812.

TO MARIA:

Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come.

The season is now fast approaching when nature, released from her icy bonds, will resume her wonted gayety. The lark has already been heard to sing in the meadow, the blue-bird been seen perched upon the trees, and the red-breast hopping and chirping upon the ground in spots where the snow has left bare its face; and in a few weeks more the fields will appear dressed in all the pride of nature and innocence, the trees decked in the richest green and the hawthorn in blossoms of white. All these have power to operate on the mind of the absent swain, and to awaken in the heart those tender feelings which the vulgar never knew. They will call afresh to my mind the time when,

"As I listened to thee,

The happy hours passed by us unperceived,  
So was my soul fixed to the soft enchantment."

Spring is a delightful season. I admire it for many things; but for one thing I hate it.

Inasmuch as this is an occasional epistle, and not directly in {the line of our correspondence, permit me to write whatever comes handy, and I will insert some lines written by Eliza in a book entitled "The Ruins of Innocence." Eliza was sitting in an arbor, and admiring the beautiful contrast between the tulip and the violet. The latter, the emblem of modesty, had concealed itself in the high grass. The former wantedon in the blaze of day, in all the conscious effrontery of pride. She drew her pencil and wrote the following lines, which she entitled:

#### MODESTY.

The violet seeks the woodland shade,  
And shuns the glare of day;  
The tulip blushes in the glade,  
And courts the sunny ray.

A florist roves the dewy lawn,  
And spies the gaudy flower,  
And plucks the useless blossom down,  
To grace his sylvan bower.

The blossom droops, the leaves decay,  
Its roseate color flies;  
It languishes for Phoebus' rays—  
It withers, fades, and dies.

The violet blossoms in the shade,  
And shuns the solar ray;  
Vailed in its modest green, afraid  
Its beauties to display.

And watered with the morning dew,  
It flourishes unseen;  
Its flowers assume a deeper hue,  
Its leaves a fairer green.

Learn hence, ye fair! . . . .

Eliza had discovered a very pretty thought which she might have arranged in another stanza, but the poem was left unfinished.

Maria, you said in your last letter there was much you could write, and much more you could say, were you to see me. I don't know as you are hardly pardonable for such an omission—but here, you may take the inclosed profile, say to it all you would say to me, (and you can't be afraid



to talk to so harmless a thing as that.) write down all you say, and send to me.

You will be kind enough to write by the bearer of this, Mr. BARNES. I think he will disclose nothing. I think you may expect to see me in the course of the summer, perhaps the forepart.

I am, as ever, most sincerely yours,

R. LITTLE.

KORTRIGHT, Aug. 25th, 1813.

DEAR GIRL: I at last received your letter with the inclosed, but had long before given up expecting it. I feared there might have been something in my letter which did not please you, or that your mind was diverted by other addresses. I fear, and think I have reason to, if I may judge from what you expressed when I last saw you, that these long delays of mine are not correspondent with the zeal of your wishes. I wish it were otherwise, but prudence ought always to direct, and the dictates of reason must not be disregarded. The times as yet have not been very unfavorable for mercantile business, but the future prospect I think is very encouraging, and unless this pernicious war should cease, will be hardly worth attending to. For my part, I am at a loss how to shape my business for the future to make it profitable. I am glad you know how to appreciate the pretended friendship of him you mentioned. For my part I think him entirely incapable of friendship or sincerity. I am also glad that your mind is composed amidst the virulence of envy and slander. Persevere in well-doing; do nothing but what the judicious and candid would approve; be virtuous and be happy. Once more adieu.

R. LITTLE.

P. S.—The mail passing last week earlier than usual, I missed of sending this letter which was ready written. I have now opened it to make an addition. As you live, my brother Bulkley tarried with me last night—has gone to-day to the westward a piece—expects to return to-morrow. Do not be angry with me for thus deferring a visit, for Heaven can tell with what extreme reluctance I submit to this long protraction of my happiness. It grieves me to the heart that I can not write decisively, for I believe you expect it. Again adieu.

R. L.

I next introduce a letter addressed by him who became my own married husband to an intimate friend of Maria, the former wife. Miss Arnold afterward became the wife of Rev. Mr. Green, Missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

KORTRIGHT, Nov. 25th, 1813.

MISS THEODOSIA ARNOLD:

DEAR MADAM: A thousand thanks are due to you for your continued friendship to Maria, and your kind interposition on her behalf, for you say it was on her account you addressed me. Does not this intimate that she is unhappy in consequence of my absence, and too delicate to let me know it except through your mediation? If so, her feelings are perhaps coincident with mine. But tell me, Theodosia, if you know, how can a young creature like Maria—and one would think without a single care on her mind—I say, how is it possible for her to be discontented? Is it natural to the sex?

I know—as said—

"In youth a gay season, when the rosy bloom  
Of beauty and beauty grow upon the cheek,  
The passions glow in the bosom's room,  
Pursuing conquests, and the world is free  
To give and take as they please."

I shall strive to be as virtuous as I can—for heaven knows, rather than cause her one unnecessary pang I would resign this life. If you knew how little I value it, perhaps you would think it but a small sacrifice to make. O Theodosia! if I was but half as happy as my regard for that damsel is sincere, angels would envy my situation; for

"Sorrow to sorrow can I exchange  
The heaven which I love  
I am thus hurried on  
For to get on in the world  
Which I think is my duty."

I hope it was so possible for me to comply with your request, but will not venture to give a positive promise; but believe me I am very anxious to see you before you leave R. H.

Are you and Mr. — as intimate as ever? Adieu, but if I see you let me hear no signing.

Again adieu. R. LITTLE.

EAST HADDAM, April 25th, 1814.

MR. LITTLE: Words can not express the surprise I felt when it was certified to me that you had left this place! I could hardly believe it possible that you *then* possessed the feelings you had before expressed! At times I would impute the singularity of your conduct to the interpretation of those who have heretofore "oppressed you," (to the effect of whose influence I am not insensible, and which I think you will not presume to deny.) I could not accuse myself of being intentionally in fault, but you will take the liberty to think as you please. By your not giving me an opportunity to explain the "mystery," it appears you were not unwilling it should remain so. My mind remains much as when I last talked with you. Should it be consistent with your wishes and business to take a journey to East-Haddam before summer, your reasonable expectations I hope will not be disappointed.

Our people think it advisable for me to spend the summer with them, that (should nothing prevent my wishing it) I may be better prepared to leave home in the fall. By my being unacquainted with your calculations, it is difficult communicating such as you will perhaps wish to know. "The object of your tender regard" will endeavor to be prepared, if possible, for the reception of one on whom relies (in a measure) her expectations of future happiness in life. May our desires of future felicity not be limited to earthly objects and pursuits, but may we bear in mind our dependence on a Being who is able to deprive us of every enjoyment which centers in terrestrial things. To that Being may we now look for guidance and protection, and be assured that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Adieu. I remain yours, with due devotion,

MARIA FOX.

P. S.—I wish you to write soon if it is not convenient for you to come this spring, and until I hear something particular or see you, I shall be anxiously expecting your arrival. Theodosia

sends her best respects to you, and appears much interested in our welfare and future happiness.

M. F.

EAST-HADDAM, Oct. 10th, 1814.

You ask "What can I do? when will it be otherwise?" Mr. Little, I do not wish you to deviate from what you consider strict propriety, nor make the smallest sacrifice with a view to promote my happiness, which is not perfectly consistent with your own. Therefore I would wish to lay before you no temptation to do from a sense of duty or obligation, what you would never do from choice.

I am at present inclined to think from the irregularity of your conduct, that the coldness and inattention which you have sometimes observed in my behavior, has been better calculated to lighten your affection than the reverse. I shall not again take occasion to complain of "indifference and neglect," but ponder my unhappy fate in silence, and lock my sorrows in my lonely, restless bosom. Your confidence I fear I have never possessed but in part; the cause I can not fully comprehend, but the unhappy effect I now most sensibly realize. Can you remain unaffected at this? Has not the time actually arrived that I may with propriety complain of the falseness of men and the vanity of all human expectation? and would it be strange if at this time groans of anguish should break from my heart in sorrow for my credulity? More than three years now have elapsed since the commencement of our correspondence. I think it now high time to conclude, and say it shall be otherwise, and pursue if not a happier a different course. Methinks the heart has now somewhat to do. But I forbear, and would at least indulge this thought for consolation, that ere long time may erase from my unhappy memory those sad reflections on my former flattering prospects.

Should this find you contemplating new scenes for enjoyment, let not the thought of my disquietude abate the ardor of your pursuit.

Please to burn this letter (when you have sufficiently perused it) with the others you have received from me, and in so doing perhaps the words of another will apply: "Thus perish every memento of my affection for M—a." The letters which I have received from you shall be kept safe until something further—unlike or like a last. Farewell.

M. Fox.

KORTRIGHT, Nov. 13th, 1814.

MISS MARIA FOX:

MY DEAR GIRL: I have received your letter of the 10th October. Your patience, I discover, has at last forsaken you. I can not say I am surprised at it, but rather wonder you have endured my strange humor so long. I fear my whimsical letters (though when written were not intended to disgust) have been rather calculated to estrange than secure your affections; and am also apprehensive that the frequent disappointments have had a like tendency.

My promises have been so often made and renewed, that I think another would bear no weight with you; and, therefore, have not the boldness to communicate what (before I received your letter) I had in contemplation.

I have been meditating no new scenes for enjoyment, nor do I enjoy a moment of present

satisfaction. Amusements, recreations, have no charms for me, because I have no one—that is, I have not her whose presence alone can give a relish to entertainments—to partake them with me. Separate pleasures are, for me, no pleasures at all.

Although my mind has by turns been harassed by doubts and fears, which were the occasion of those letters, the existence of which I so much deplore, yet my affection has undergone no change, nor once varied from its point. Was I not ashamed to ask further indulgence, perhaps I could give reasons which yourself would not disdain to hear. But it can not be. You have been so long and so frequently perplexed with delays on my account, that my soul rises indignant at the thought of asking further. Three years! it seems to me like an eternity.

If, then, you are determined to continue this correspondence no longer, not even till I see you again, (which would be in the spring,) you must at least write once more, and inform me of your final determination. Then, if you say there must be an end, and you wish to have your letters committed to the flames, you must command me, and it shall be done; but there must be something more than a bare request, or I can not obey.

Must all our hopes be blasted? Will affection, such as we have mutually professed, with the blessings of Heaven, be productive of no enjoyment? Sincerity! disinterested love! where hast thou fled?

Young ladies in the ardency of their pursuits, and their peaceful security at home, can not make allowances for the perplexities of business to which we are liable in times when our country is convulsed with wars, and ourselves liable to be called for, at the will of our executives, to leave our homes and go to defend our country. Myself, though I did not go, was obliged to pay dear for the privilege of staying at home.

Your last letter, I must take the liberty of telling you, was exceedingly well composed. The style and arrangement I could not but admire. I am sorry you had to employ your pen upon so sorrowful a subject.

Do not be cast down, but be cheerful; for that is more becoming than either melancholy or excessive gayety. Who knows but after all this we may be happy? Once more adieu.

R. LITTLE.

I next copy some lines written for a friend of the lovers, from whose correspondence I have thus far extracted, with a view to calling out some ideas relevant to my present purpose. They were from the pen of him who, in later years, became mine, by God's own institution—him in whose history I have been made to *feel* the truth which others read: "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

"Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, was elegantly drawn in embroidery, by a young lady in Connecticut, as leaving her summer-house, to take a walk in the adjoining fields of flowers. On which occasion the following lines were written and communicated by her friend:

"Behold! young Flora leaves her green alcove,  
All overspread with woodbines fresh and gay,  
While airy pleasures dance, her head above,  
To charm the mistress to a longer stay."



- "In what to quiet tears, content and ease,  
The Goddess weaves the lovely flower repeats,  
Yet gayer passions play in the serene,  
Thrive, her while from her calmer breast.
- "While yet the morning hath not left the view  
Of fragrant meadows green, Arabia's dew,  
She leaves her mantle, partly by the wind,  
To take her part, 'till sunset give due flowers.
- "I am the modest, gay, and prophetic flower—  
I am the dewy chaplet of her head;  
I am the violet, glowing in her glance,  
And blossoms, none blush a deeper red.
- "I am the mimic from the flowers I am born—  
The colored lips, the yellow cheek with green,  
The red, the purest white, all which are fair  
As the hand of her who drew the scene.
- "I am young Flora, loves her flowers to tend,  
Which she for shame may have to go or stay;  
But let this freedom of her hand have end,  
That moment each gay branch is blown away.
- "From go with man; were one to choose not earth  
The loveliest place, and there to be content,  
Kismet would lead each person at its birth,  
And leave her pain to triumph in the end."

I think that what I have already copied from the manuscript I hold, will show you, that with perhaps equal claims to true merit, the parties would still have occasion to wait and talk together with direct efforts toward such a result, before they should survey to eye in matters of vital interest to both. I next copy what I conceive to be a most unfortunate instrument, destined to be in the way of such communications, or to serve as a screen to prevent the radiation of affection from heart to heart. It also shows conclusively, to my own view, where lay a fundamental error in the foundation of the house into which my own history was to become so intimately woven.

It is as follows:

"Ira was the eldest daughter of a respectable farmer in the parish of M——. In her childhood she was remarkable for native sprightliness and dexterity, which made her parents date extremely on their little charge; hoping, in a future day, she would be an ornament and a blessing to their rising family. Considerable pains were taken in her education to form her manners agreeable, and to instruct her in the useful branches of literature. Her mind was pliable and capable of receiving whatever impressions her instructors endeavored to inculcate. When she was fourteen years of age, the comeliness of her person and agreeableness of her understanding attracted the attention of Alcidas, a neighboring young gentleman, older by several years than herself. To say nothing at present of his character, it will be delineated to the satisfaction of every attentive reader, by the occasional traits which will appear in the following narrative. Alcidas, out of respect to the blessing Ira, which not to encumber her tender age with an open confession of his partiality, but by various little signs of kindness and attention, meant she should understand his intention, that when her years were suitable, he should be happy to be ranked as one of her admirers. This he wished to inculcate, fearing she might be so timid to yield her heart to some one who might be less scrupulous of a dictation than himself; and whose pretended love might, perhaps, be of ill consequence to her. She was not wholly inensible of Alcidas' inten-

tions; but as time advanced, and he had almost reached to eighty years, thinking her too destitute, or, perhaps, fearing his mind was changed, would often let her, and when an opportunity offered, try to enter into conversation with her, and even show a partiality to those whom she would wish him to think were his rivals.

All this Alcidas endured with seeming composure, but what passed within his breast may be learned from a letter to his friend about that time:

DEAR SIR: I imagine I can see you, strolling about the flowery meadows and the green checkered shades, or idling by the side of a rivulet, charmed by the purring of its waters. The serenity of soul, this philosophic contentment, you can enjoy; but, alas! it is not for me. You know my regard for the fair Ira. Do you believe it? Ah! let us not. She seldom, if ever, speaks to me of late; and if I ask her a question she answers it with the utmost coldness, now I converse, with a degree of contempt. I can not when in company keep her in conversation a moment. She had rather be sitting with Mr. S—— or Mr. A——, or any one else than me. Did you ever experience any thing of the kind? If you have, you know how to pity me. All the satisfaction I can possibly take is in reading Thomson's description of a lovesick swain; and that is no satisfaction, but a kind of sympathy. Adieu.

Thus fearing her affections were getting estranged from him, Alcidas resolved to make the fair Ira a forced visit, and learn, if he could, the situation of her mind.

He accordingly set off one evening for that purpose. (Here it may be observed that Alcidas was not a friend to evening courts, or keeping late hours, but condemned it in others, and would have avoided it himself, if his occupation had not confined him every afternoon at home.) When he arrived, there was a young gallant waiting for Ira, who was fixing to ride a mile or two on a visit. She coldly asked Alcidas if he would take a ride that evening. He answered it was not very convenient; left them, and set out for home. He felt no small degree of mortification in consequence of the result of his first visit, but could attach no particular blame to the conduct of the damsel on the occasion. She knew not that he was coming, nor his motive after he arrived. A few weeks passed over, in which time he saw Ira several times—he used frequently to call in. Speaking of the ride out with Mr. M——, she said she told him on the way that she found Alcidas would think him if sighted, and a few other trifles, some of which flattered and rather cheered the mind of Alcidas; and he again set out to spend an evening in the company of his adored Ira, if he should have the good fortune to gain her permission. He arrived; found some company there who were contemplating an evening visit to one of the neighbors. Alcidas took the liberty to ask them if she would be pleased to go. Her answer was, she did not know whether she should go or not; perhaps she should by and by; there was no hurry, and the like. Soon arrived Mr. P——. Then Ira was ready to go, and all the company started off together. Alcidas attempted to walk by Ira's side, but was flitted away, and was, in the course of the

evening's entertainment, accused of being an intruder. Such an accusation, coming from the object of his affections, was too mortifying to be calmly endured; but as he had at all times the command of himself, he let it pass without any seeming notice; but not without a severer struggle within than can be easily painted. The evening passed. Alcidas walked home with Irama's sister, saw his rival conducted into the parlor, and took his leave. When he got home he retired to his bed, but not to rest. He felt all the anguish which disappointment and jealousy can give. The ranking in his bosom could not be surpassed, but by the horrors of ghosts in the regions of eternal misery. Sleep did not visit him to calm his disordered mind. At the break of day he heard riding by his successful rival; he had finished his night's collation of love, and taken his leave.

Alcidas (who once hoped to gain the entire affection of Irama, and be the first and only one who should breathe sighs of adoration in her tender ear, who had hoped to encircle in his arms and fold to his enamored bosom a form that no one else had so caressed, and draw nectar from a lip which "had never been sighed on by any but him") was now almost in despair. One week only passed before another devotee came to offer up his devotion at the altar of the goddess. His prayers also were heard. This was Mr. B——, who had the good fortune to ingratiate himself into the good graces of Irama, and continued his visits some time after those of his predecessor were rejected. It seemed as if she was intent on making a conquest of every heart.

Alcidas all this while was drowned in grief. He possessed a certain spirit which forbade him to interfere in the contest for a heart which it appeared hundreds might be permitted to share.

At length all was again calm to appearance. Orlando (for so I style the successful suppliant) had left the place and was residing at a considerable distance; though as it appeared afterwards, he had engaged to pay another visit to Irama, and went away without her knowledge under this engagement. This being unknown to Alcidas, he supposed that their addresses were all discountenanced by Irama, and by her rejected. Therefore, after a suitable time had elapsed, Alcidas, loth to give over his pursuit, concluded once more to wait on the charming Irama; asked her if he might be permitted to spend a few hours in her company; she had no particular objections; he thanked her, and the time was spent agreeably; though in consequence of what had transpired, he was too much embarrassed to make a declaration of what he most wished her to know. The second visit some small disclosure was made, though a partial one.

A continuance of the visits was requested. She would grant one more. He was too generous to ask why she said one more, knowing that if she put a stop to his addresses it would not be without a reason, and what that reason was, he was determined not to insist on her to communicate. But previous to the time appointed for the next interview, Orlando (who had then been absent about six months) returned, and was again received into the favor of Irama; had one interview, in the course of which he, after expressing his admiration of the charmer, asked her if she would marry him.

Irama (who in the course of eight months had received the addresses of three different suitors) was amazed at the idea of marriage; a proposition of that nature shocked her; it would seem she had never before thought of it, and knew not what reply to make. But being urged by him who had now got the complete ascendancy over her heart, she consented to give him an answer in two weeks. She was laboring in her mind what answer to give her adored Orlando, when she received a letter from Alcidas, upbraiding her for the admission of another suitor while she was receiving visits from him; that if she was under obligation to Orlando, she did wrong in receiving his visits without letting him know that such engagement existed; that he was too proud to contend with a rival; that the regard he had professed for her was founded on sincerity, and therefore would not bear to be trifled with; that he should still be pleased to continue his addresses if he could without interruption, but could not think of sharing affection with another, and desired a line in answer from her the next morning. She did not take the trouble of answering, and for what reason she better knew than Alcidas.

Poor girl—she was waiting with anxiety for the two weeks to expire, when her happiness was to be crowned by promising her hand in marriage to the doting Orlando. But alas! the time expired, and the youth did not appear. She never saw him more. He left the place again, and after a while she heard he was married. Who can conceive the mortification of Irama when the time agreed on was passed, and her lover did not come? She alone who felt it can tell.

Alcidas, not knowing what had transpired between the two lovers, again called on Irama. It was a week after the time set for her to give an answer to Orlando. She appeared, as must be supposed, low-spirited, and gave Alcidas a cold consent to spend a few hours in his company, in the course of which the following conversation took place:

"You did not think proper to give an answer to my letter the other day, Irama."

"No, I thought it not worth while, though I don't know but I should have written if there had been a convenient opportunity of sending the next morning."

"Did you notice a sheet of letter paper I sent by your pa, done up in a roll with his?"

"Yes, and knew what it meant."

"And then would not write?"

"No."

"I have been sorry I wrote it, thinking it was not my business to dictate to you what and how much company to keep; but you ought to be your own judge, or if at a loss ask your ma."

"I thought you would repent."

"Though I am still of the same mind respecting the contents that I then was, I would never wish to keep company with a young woman while she is receiving the addresses of another. What answer should you have sent me in case you had written?"

"I do not know; it was such a thing it would be difficult to answer it at all. I would not have you think I am going to be confined to one; I never was."

This drew a sigh from the bosom of Alcidas. He sat for some time without speaking, and was



lost in thought. He at length resumed the conversation. Said he had before told her he had grown excessively fond of her company, had suffered much on account of his attachment to her, but finding he could make no progress towards her heart, he had formed a resolution to try to smother his passion, and withdraw his affection for her while yet it might be governed; hoped he had not gone so far but that he should be able to retract without any material injury to himself, though it might cost him many melancholy hours. That he had hoped he should have had the good fortune of securing her affection, and thought if she was his, he would be kind to her, and watch over her with care; but that even the words of heaven should not blow on her with too much severity. She was silent, and himself too much affected to proceed.

A long silence ensued. Both seemed involved in thought, the former from his reverie, Alcidas took his leave for the night.

Iraña lighted him to the door, and as he was passing out he said: "Farewell, Iraña."

Tears were starting in her eyes, observing which, he called, "But not I hope for always," and went on. Iraña, left to herself, now began to revolve in her mind the circumstances that had recently occurred, and her own present situation.

Her hopes of again seeing Orlando in the form of a lover had vanished away, and his disappointed love and wounded female pride the lonely inhabitants of her bosom. She had now almost resolved to cultivate the affections of Alcidas, who was the only one amongst her admirers whose professions of regard were founded on sincerity, and the only one whose pretensions she had tried with, and treated with disrespect.

Iraña, at the age of fifteen, was thought by her parents to have received sufficient instruction to enter at discretion into the busy, bustling world; to go and come of her own accord, and choose for herself what company to keep, and where others to reject. Being quite too young to be left to act without the guidance of some experienced friend, and not desirous of her over-protective character and accomplishments, she was anxious to be taken in time of by the other sex, and the receipt of hearts was what she most desired.

With this turn of mind, it cannot be supposed she would be very particular about the character or morals of any one who gave his address, but she wished to gain the heart of every gay and flattering beau she met. This was the rule of Orlando admitted when he was about a stranger to her; and she did not learn the dissoluteness of his character, the looseness of his morals, or his want of a sense of honor or propriety, till she had received him next her aunt, and he had forsaken her entirely. Then she found (what she ought to have learned before she spent a moment in his company) that he was unworthy to receive those tender endearments which she had bestowed on him with such loving profusion. The master which he was permitted to draw from her lips, she would have given a thousand worlds if she could have filled it from him; and the sweet odor of her breath was contaminated by mixing with the fumes of his; for no one who deserves the fair with smooth promises while he does not mean to fulfil, can breathe a breath but what is foul.

Previous, however, to his departure, on the evening devoted to Alcidas, and if he would like to know how he succeeded in his resolution of smothering his affection for her. She answered she would if it was his wish to let her know. He used frequently to call on her, and as his factors for her arrived to shorten his appearance to her visits. He at length, in consequence of his mother's concerns, was about to remove to some other part of the country, and soon set out to look for a place for his future residence. Although this couple had a kind of tender regard for each other, yet, in consequence of her former conversation and his later resolves, the parting was by no means a very trying one. He, however, was not long absent, and after his return spent most of the summer in the neighborhood of Iraña, when he continued to visit occasionally during the whole time; and previous to the time assigned for the final departure of Alcidas, their attachment (having not been interrupted by other suitors) had grown to such a degree as seemed to be easy to consummate in matrimony and sitting on both sides when they should take their leave of each other—when, however, did not take place without a full and mutual confession of love, and an agreement to postpone the solemn ties of separation by an epistolary correspondence. This was continued, and Alcidas again visited the object of his tender regard in somewhat less than a year. In the time, Iraña had received the address of another, whom she inclined with several particular interviews, all of which were in the night-time. This was to Alcidas a source of much sorrow, and the thoughts of it occasioned in him a depression of spirits, lingering on in melancholy. He was relieved by the fair one with much seeming agitation, which after a short conversation subsided into a calm; and the time was agreeably spent as was consistent with the perturbation of Alcidas' mind; and this Iraña found means to do away in a measure by the influence her conversation and native spirit of kindness had over him.

One circumstance occurred this afternoon, which ought not here to be omitted. Alcidas had formerly seen a part of a letter which Iraña had received from her friend, some particular phrases of which she had thought proper not to let him see. He, now being convinced from circumstances that those clauses contained something respecting him who had first made an impression on her heart, was very solicitous to see the letter again. She would not at first consent, but being urged with some earnestness by Alcidas and he might see it on the morrow. This gave him to suspect the intent to make some gains in the letter, so that it would be impossible for him to find out the amount of these clauses about which he felt such an interest. Willing, however, to know if she would take such method to deceive him, he felt quite easy with regard to the letter until next day, resolving, in the mean time, that if Iraña made use of the occasion to try to deceive him, he would, from that moment, without any hesitation, renounce forever the fair deceiver as wholly unworthy the esteem which he would have entertained for her.

The morrow came—the letter was presented—and, as he feared, several words were torn out. On asking how the letter came so torn, the reply was: "It has been so this long time." This, he

was convinced, was an untruth, and says: "Has it not been done since yesterday?" Irama, abashed, knowing that he did not credit what she had said, and fearing the consequences of persisting in the deception, answered: "I call that loud ago."

Now was the mind of Alcidas put to the torture. Now had the time come to put in practice his resolve of the evening before. He hesitated. He sat awhile motionless and confounded. His judgment, his reason, and his sense of honor solicited his immediate departure. But Love, all-powerful Love, assisted by a few tender words from the charmer—these entreated him to stay, and these prevailed.

From this time, Alcidas knew not peace of mind. He found the object of his affections was not his real friend, although she professed the warmest attachment. He found she had endeavored to practice a deception upon him; and, to carry it into effect, had, in his opinion, been guilty of telling a falsehood; and yet, such was his weakness, that he could not withstand the torrent of love. He had no resolution of his own that was not subservient to the tender passion.

His attention and their intimacy have ever since been continued, though it has now been several years; and several promises of marriage have in the time been made—times set—but instead of fulfillment has been delay after delay. Her conduct has been such as Alcidas could not approve of—she has dealt in mysteries and practiced deception. She has seemed to try to obtain him rather by stratagem than by merit; and he has continued so long that he finds it difficult to recede.

Irama, a while since, finding she could not well avoid its being known to him, informed him of what had passed between Orlando and herself, as has been before related, namely, his request to marry her, and her promise to give him answer in two weeks—and added that he would never prosper.

What will be the result of this long-continued intimacy is impossible to tell, but the prospects at present are by no means favorable to a happy union.

Had Irama's conduct, when first entering into the world, been watched and guided by a discreet mother; had she been taught to practice freedom instead of craft, and propriety instead of indiscretion, then she might have been an ornament to society, and the happy companion of the then happy Alcidas."

The above transcribed article is without date; but its face shows that it was written late in the day of the courtship which drew it forth, and probably during a season when the author's mind was "harassed with doubts and fears," or "bordering on melancholy."

The fact that it *was written*, and kept in parcel with the correspondence alluded to, and a part of which I have already copied, during the married life of her who was the object of so much solicitude, tells to the wise observer, what the author could not see in himself, that the "all-powerful Love" to which he yielded, had greater respect to the peace of the single bosom it then moved, than to that of hers it sought to win.

I can say in behalf of (the so-called) Irama, that her accuser admitted to me, that she ever insisted that she would not have consented to marry Orlando, had he called for her answer.

I will also add here, what this same Alcidas stated to me verbally, namely, that when he asked her father's consent to the marriage, he told her father that he did not expect to be happy with his daughter. But so long had the union been contemplated, that to go forward was thought better than to recede.

The marriage was celebrated on the 6th day of July, 1815, and Mr. Little soon after came to this town, (Sheffield, Mass.,) and bought out (as the expression is) his cousin Amasa Wright, merchant.

To this place he removed his bride, and here the earth-work of her married life was performed; here her matrimonial joys and sorrows partaken; and here she calmly met her summons to go forth and meet the heavenly Bridegroom.

She died of consumption, leaving, with a solicitude none but a mother knows, six children, four sons and two daughters. Three sons had preceded her to the spirit-world. I was not a guest at her house during her life, but had met her elsewhere, and she had impressed me as being a perfect pattern of womanhood. In no other person, was I ever made to see more clearly the true beauty of an evidently meek and quiet spirit.

I next perform the painful duty of copying two later articles from the pen of Mr. Little, found in the bundle I have already opened. One, and I presume the earlier of the two, is without date. It reads as follows:

DEAR SIR: Inasmuch as you request my opinion upon this subject, I will endeavor to give it, although I fear it will be done in rather a bungling manner. Women, I think, many of them, are apt to be very inconsiderate, and oftentimes act without just motives, and without regard of what consequences may follow. They will indulge their foolish whims, and persevere in so doing when they must know (if they are capable of reasoning) that what they are doing is prejudicial to their own happiness, and must inevitably prove fatal to the welfare and happiness of their family. What nameless propensity is it that draws them on? Alas! I know not.

They get married, mean their husbands shall love and adore them; why, then, do they not endeavor by every means in their power to make themselves agreeable to them, and bend their affections? A child would not expect by dashing snow upon the fire to increase the flame. They can expect no happiness in the married state without the esteem and tender regard of their husbands. Why, then, do they not try to retain them? They have the means in their hands, and still let *those* means lie dormant, and tamper with *others* to bring about their purposes, which they have no power to use to any effect. When a man marries, he takes upon himself a very great incumbrance. This is the case in general, let his wife be what she may. Why, then, ought he not in reason to expect some partial compensation? What compensation, then, does he receive whose wife, at the first small error she discovers in his conduct, will take miff, and refuse to speak or sit with him at table? Who is almost continually out of humor because she imagines she has not deference enough paid her? Sometimes grumbling, sometimes pouting for days together, seldom ever speaking good-naturedly. Who scorns to do him so much honor as to pronounce his name with her lips; despises to ask



any thing of him as a favor: but would look too much like condescension. What compensation, I say, has a man with such a wife, (allowing her to be industrious, prudent, and economical,) for the sacrifice he has made? You may say she makes his shirts, mends his stockings, keeps his handkerchiefs, and takes good care in the house. This, to be very sure, is all very good. These things are what belong to a good housewife, but still they are no compensation, for he can hire them all done about as well, and far cheaper. This will not all do: he expects (and I think with good reason) something more from a wife than he can have from a menial servant. Is this unreasonable? Is it unreasonable for a man to expect his wife, for who ought to be the friend of his home, to be virtuous, modest, complaisant, cheerful, calm, quiet, sociable, and agreeable? Is it too much to expect her, after a long absence on business, to welcome his return with a smile of complacency? In short, may he not reasonably expect her to use her endeavors to make his career bright and his home and life agreeable? This is for what he enters into the bonds of matrimony, and if he does not realize these things in his wife, he is disappointed and must spend his days in misery and useless regret.

A man who looks on the world with little or nothing, and is desirous of rising to be respected in society, and has also a family to rear, who wishes to make respectable, has generally enough to do. No wonder if the thousand perplexities of business which he has almost daily to encounter, should sometimes draw a gloom over his countenance, or a contraction upon his brow. These, together with a perverse, unmanageable wife, are enough to sink a man to the earth. He must close his heart against all feeling—put on the stoic and set all trifles at defiance, or he must sink to inevitable ruin. And from what quarter can a woman expect happiness, when she has ruined that of her husband and family? Therefore I say she acts inconsistently and regardless of consequences, or she would endeavor, at least, to provide for her own happiness.

The other article alluded to is a letter to a sister of Mrs. Little, and reads thus:

SUFFERFIELD, Sunday Eve, 19 Oct. 1834.

MRS. FENICE A. PALMER: SISTER EUNICE: I am too unwell to write, but I have a favor to ask of you, and as you hope in high heaven, I charge you to be faithful to the trust I now commit to you. Tell me what has become of your sister. Where is Maria? I have had no answer to my letter. No, none. Is she yet with you? Is she sick, or has any sad disaster befallen her? Tell me all—and as soon as you have read this, write, and let not a night pass before you have it mailed. Say not there is no opportunity to send. Hire some one to go on purpose. Say not to-morrow will do as well; we know not what to-morrow will bring forth. And if it should never be in my power to reward you, I beg Heaven may.

Death and the grave, my dear sister, are cruel indeed. You have lately been called to test the truth of this by the decease of an affectionate mother. I have also tested it, and know what it is. But there are other afflictions more cruel than death.

I can not write particulars now. Ladies has

been confined to the house two weeks by a severe fever and ague, but is now getting better. The rest of the children have enjoyed good health since the absence of their mother. This letter, sister, is for you. Let no one know you have received it except your husband. Act your own discretion about that for I know his noble nature; he will not reveal it. If Maria is still in East-India, be sure and keep it from her, for this is the first visit she has ever made you without an intruding husband to remind her of home; and she had my consent this time to stay as long as she pleased. I am therefore desirous that nothing from me should interfere to prevent the full enjoyment of her visit. I am too much indisposed to write farther. Answer this, as before requested, commit it to the flames and deliver an unworthy brother,  
R. LITTLE.

Monday Morn.

If Lucia was well enough, I should let him go this morning, to look for his son. Is she lost forever? I would go myself, but oh! my poor children—I can not leave them. She is close and imprudent. The reason I would have this kept secret is, that perhaps I have expressed too much anxiety to meet the approbation of all. You, I hope, will have generosity enough to excuse it. Call it weakness, and set it down with my other imperfections. R. L.

This letter, he who wrote it, informed me was taken from the post-office by Maria's friends at the time they accompanied her to the place for taking the stage to return home; and it being supposed to contain something from her husband, in which she was interested, was handed immediately to her.

This first visit, without her husband, to the home and scenes of her childhood, was her last.

Her husband's opinion was, that she took a cold on her journey home, which, added to the wear of traveling by stage some seventy or eighty miles, and taking no meals on the way, caused a fatal disease to begin its ravages in her system.

In sixteen months from the time of her last visit to the home of her birth, was her diurnal life completely demolished; her voyage of life finished; and on Sabbath, Feb. 21st, 1836, her mortal part was laid to rest in the bosom of its mother earth. Full well do I remember that, as I sat in the choir of our church, and heard our reverend pastor, (Mr. Braffman) deliver a funeral sermon, after his own able manner, over the coffin of one into whose labors I was destined to enter, (although all unconscious at the time,) how my heart then beat to the sentiment of the poet.

"Sweet is the scene when Christians die,  
When holy souls rise to be free."

It had been the speaker's privilege to watch her spiritual palaces as the mortal life went calmly out, and there was then before us one of whom it might be said, "She, being dead, yet speaketh, for she had herself selected from God's word the promise which she died might be the theme of discourse on that occasion. It is contained in Isa. 61: 11. "Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness

and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." This was as a letter from a Friend, whom having not seen, she had loved, and who had gone to his Father's house to prepare a mansion for her, that he might come and receive her unto himself. That he did not leave her comfortless, I have the fullest assurance from personal observation. The May before her death, accident threw me into her society for an hour or two, and on returning to my father's house, I remarked: "I have not so much enjoyed a conversation upon the subject of personal experimental religion, for years past, as in my interview this afternoon with Mrs. Little."

Neither Mrs. Little nor her husband were in connection with a Christian church. They were regular in their attendance upon public worship, and adorned the community in which they moved, by well-ordered lives and pure conversation.

It was told me, that Mr. Little, on the afternoon of the day his wife had been buried, invited two deacons of the church into his home, and asked them to engage in prayer, after which he himself led in audible prayer. This is the first reported instance, to my knowledge, saying of him, as of one of old; "Behold he prayeth." Did the angel just emerged from its clay so soon beckon him to follow? And must he enter upon new scenes of struggle and of strife with whatever should oppose his progress to a long-sought Eden of rest? Let us trace his course, and form our judgment from whatever is discoverable by the way. I had spent the winter of 1835-6 in Egremont in the family of an aunt, taking the duties of her eldest daughter to give the daughter opportunity to go from home to attend school. This I did, believing that health demanded a longer suspension from the labors of teaching than I had secured for the last five years. In early spring Mr. Little sent a request that I would teach the school in the district of his residence. Soon after I commenced said school, I boarded in his family, where I saw the truth of what rumor had before told, namely, a lack of salutary discipline, in a family where the selfish passions were strong and active.

Mr. Little told me, while boarding in his family, he would be glad to have me board there through the season, that his two daughters, one eight years of age, and the other twelve, might have the benefit of my counsel. But I perceived, during the two weeks of my stay, that no counsel which opposed their wishes was of any avail, other than to make them more determined in their course; and as I could not well express this opinion to the ruler of the house, I passed on in my accustomed way, dividing the burden and the benefits of boarding the teacher, among all those upon whom I had claim. A woman of good abilities, who had reared a family of her own, had charge of household affairs from before Mrs. Little's death until a mother-in-law was instated. She had long been in the practice of caring and doing for the sick from house to house, but said she had never before met an instance where the man was so much a stranger in his own house, or took so little cognizance of the proceedings there, either by children or servants, as Mr. Little. I mention this, to show that it was a field more than ordinarily open to a class of workers styled "busybodies in others' matters."

Now, I am not going to stone this class, lest, in so doing, I hurt myself; but I do feel called upon to show to others how God hath rebuked this sin before my eyes. In doing this, I shall be under the necessity of telling of faults committed at home, but outside of my own house, among my own townsmen and townswomen. My remarks will be as a "bow at a venture," because I am so fortunate as not to have had named to me, one of the "cloud of witnesses" against me.

In the prosecution of my work, I may seem to occupy the position of one bearing witness of self; a thing which, even in the case of the Son of God, is not to be received as true, unless corroborated by other testimony. Like that divine personage, I shall need have recourse to the works which I have done, and to the Father's bearing witness of me. Not that I have wrought miracles, or that God hath, by miracle, interposed in my behalf. I conceive that the recorded miracles of God's word were designed to substantiate the *truth of that word*, and to show the nature of the works which that word is designed to effect (though in a more slow and gradual way than by miracle) wheresoever it is trusted. I believe that, when the beloved John had finished the book containing that word, the age of miracles was past. But the age when God shall give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, will only be finished when time is no more.

I believe that the Holy Spirit is to the soul of man what the atmosphere is to his body; that the latter is given, unsought, to mortal man; that the new-creative influences of the former, to him who has come to an age for doing business with God (so to speak,) is only had by asking, with suitable deference to the Proprietor, and to the business rules he has laid down. Therefore, if any who shall feel disposed to peruse this letter, are rejecting Moses and the prophets, my argument is not with *them*, inasmuch as such would not believe, were one to arise from the dead and address them.

But that I may, if possible, assist yourself and others of my friends who admit the Bible as a whole to be the voice of God to man, to read with me the truth, that *I am blessed* because *I have trusted*, I proceed to the second chapter of my epistle, which will contain the second courtship and marriage of my physically stronger self, with its results, so far as time has yet unfolded these results.

## CHAPTER II.

### SECTION I.

In this, as in the former chapter, I shall have recourse to transcribing from written records providentially in my possession.

I will state in this place, that my marriage to Mr. Little was celebrated at my father's house, on Wednesday the 12th of April, 1837, at six P.M., in the presence of some fifty or sixty friends assembled on the occasion. It was one of April's brightest days; not a cloud intercepted the sun's cheering rays throughout our visible heavens. The air was balmy, and hearts were gladdened at the near approach of a new resurrection to



life, which should clothe the earth with freshness and beauty, although then only robed with

"Withered leaves and flow'ring stalks?"

thus heightening by contrast the loveliness of all above.

As every marriage is supposed to have been preceded by a courtship, it will appear that mine, in this particular, was not an exception to the general rule. But, that what was spoken out of the abundance of the heart during this important period, should be spoken through the medium of the pen rather than the tongue, when the parties were daily or weekly seeing each other face to face, is, without doubt, an exception. In this instance such was the decree.

Some time in the summer of 1836, Mr. Little called upon Mr. Bradford, (our pastor,) to solicit the counsel of himself and lady in reference to his duty to his family. They advised him to marry again, and spoke of myself as in their judgment, fitted to fill the "vacant chair" in his house, and as one devoted to doing good. Of this I was ignorant until after I had accepted the call which resulted from said counsel. Being returned from school one afternoon, and seated with a circle of ladies in the parlor of Mrs. Harvey Sears, Augusta, youngest daughter of Mr. Little, came to the door, and handed me the following note:

SHEFFIELD, Friday, 12th Aug. 1836.

MISS ROYS: I have seen your parents to-day. They wished me to inform you that they expect company to-morrow, (Mr. Curtis and lady from the West) and would like to have you come home as early in the afternoon as you are willing to dismiss your school.

Finding your father likely to be considerably engaged in his work, I engaged to see you home.

If this arrangement meet your approbation, be kind enough to let me know by Augusta where you will be, and what time you wish to go.

I am, most respectfully,

R. LITTLE.

I did not send word by Augusta, and next morning Augusta came again, bringing word that her brother Robert would take me to my father's after school, and this arrangement was carried out. A few mornings after, I met Mr. Little where I was boarding, who, with some apparent embarrassment, apologized for the note sent me.

I had not opportunity to explain, as I desired, and therefore penned the following note:

Sept. 1st, 1836.

MR. LITTLE: I am sensible that apology was needful on my part in relation to my silence at the time spoken of the other morning.

Augusta went to play while I was speaking with the ladies present. I waited to decide at what time to dismiss school, looked for Augusta, and found she was gone, felt that I had been too negligent, but thought the only amends I could make would be to send word in the morning.

I would further say, I do feel that there are circumstances under which an expression of civility or an act of kindness will be misconstrued. I

have seen it so in relation to others, and wish to avoid occasion for remark.

I am sorry to appear insensible of my obligations to friends and benefactors.

Please overlook what you consider wrong.

Respectfully yours,

L. J. ROYS.

The custom then existed, of requiring teachers to be occupied in school five and a half days of each week, which was often carried out by teaching six days of one week, and five of the next. It was my custom to go to my father's on Friday, after school, every second week. My father came for me on Friday; and while he was making some purchases at Mr. Little's store, Mr. L. handed him the following note:

MISS ROYS: I hope for the happiness of seeing you at your father's, to-morrow, at about nine o'clock A.M.

2d Sept.

L.

L. called, according to appointment. I met him in the dining-room, invited him into the parlor, and without seating myself, told him that if he was desirous of communicating privately with me, I could then only consent to a written correspondence. He politely assented, and withdrew.

That written correspondence will now occupy several pages of my letter. I deem it the introduction to many, very many important passages of my life's history.

SHEFFIELD, Sat. Eve, 10th Sept. '36

MISS LAURA J. ROYS: I take this occasion, my esteemed friend, to reply to the few lines which I received from your hand. I am sensible that I ought to have answered sooner, and did attempt it the evening of the day on which I received the note; but finding myself somewhat discomposed, was obliged to desist. Since that time, you know I have been from home. Your speak of apology being necessary with regard to your not replying to my note. I do not think it was so, neither did I wish or expect it after knowing the circumstances. But, inasmuch as you have thought differently, and have offered it, I must cordially accept it in full satisfaction for whatever you had imagined to be due. When I sent the note, I supposed it would find you at Mr. Underwood's; but as I knew of no disposition in the neighborhood to make remarks, of which the association of your name and mine was likely to be the subject, I thought there would be no impropriety in sending it to you any where. Had I known what you knew in respect to that, I should have done differently from the foregoing; for it is true that acts of common civility are liable, under some circumstances, to be misconstrued, and may even be highly indirect. And such, perhaps, was this act of mine: for the circumstances, it seems, existed, although I suspected it not till I was so informed by yourself.

The next sentence of your note I must say I was sorry to see. I will repeat it: "I am sorry to appear insensible of obligations to friends and benefactors." This being addressed to me, I sup-

pose you meant to include me amongst the number of friends and benefactors.

The first I acknowledge to its fullest extent, the other I as entirely disclaim; for what have I done to be considered as your benefactor, or what I have ever done as a friend to impose obligation on you, I am unable to conceive. If I thought you capable of insincerity, I should be inclined to allege it to that. Had friendly services been required on your behalf, mine would have been given to any extent the occasion might have called for, and with the greatest pleasure. But I well knew that you needed not the aid of friends, but that your merit and reputation were a sufficient passport to any place you might choose to occupy as teacher within the circle of your acquaintance. Therefore, you will readily perceive, that what exertion I used to secure your valuable services to our district, partook more of selfishness than of friendship or benefaction. I will here say, that whoever is of opinion that I was on that occasion actuated by any motives other than the benefit of my children and the district at large, are under total misapprehension. Permit me also to say, that the thoughts with which I have of late been so deeply impressed, had then no existence. Their origin is of later date. My course for a few weeks past has been unfortunate. I would gladly collect all the errors I have committed in that time, and present them for forgiveness. But where shall I present them? I can not believe they are registered against me in heaven. The Great Judge of all looks at the heart; and I can find no traces of them there. Where, then, shall I look, but to her whom I have offended? Take them, then, dear madam; 'tis my only alternative. Take them; call them the result of *weakness*, of *indiscretion*, of *misjudging*, of *disordered imagination*; any thing but a willingness to injure your feelings; and if you can find it in your heart to forgive, then forgive, and let them, if possible, pass into the vortex of forgetfulness, where they may be no more called up to irritate afresh the lacerated feelings of their unhappy perpetrator. But if not, if they are too gross or of too deep a dye to be forgiven, let me retain them as a sad memento of mental depression or misguided judgment. That I have degraded myself much in your esteem, I have no doubt. It can not well be otherwise. But if I can profit from the past, and be enabled to act more discreetly for the future, the unpleasant lesson may not be wholly lost.

I am, dear madam, with much respect, your friend in truth and sincerity,

R. LITTLE.

P.S.—In communicating your thoughts to me, I hope you will be very plain; for I esteem no friend more highly than one who will point out all my faults and correct all my errors.

Saturday morning, Sept. 17th, 1835.

MR. L.—: Perhaps the expression in my note to which you object, implied, or appeared to imply, more than I intended. I certainly think myself afraid to be insincere, (not incapable.) My idea was this, thus far in life I have been greatly aided and benefited by the kindness or favorable opinion and confidence of the respectable and influential. Many such do I feel under obligation to respect, (nothing more,) and it was

the idea that my management had the appearance of disrespect that caused my disquiet, and made me think apology needful. Owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, (and not to superiority in me,) my course as teacher has been comparatively prosperous. I have ever felt my dependence here, and have not been unmindful of any influences which have contributed to my usefulness or enjoyment in this employ.

You are aware, Mr. Little, that my acquaintance with you has been almost wholly limited to your performance of the offices of examining teachers and schools; and here I supposed myself considerably indebted to you, sir, (whether mistaken or not.) I was not disposed to think your note an indication of a design to pay me any particular attention; and when I afterwards learned that you had become thus disposed, I was surprised and somewhat embarrassed. I still think that, upon further reflection, you may see and acknowledge it best to withdraw such attention. If any thing in your course needs forgiveness, I am so ignorant as not to know it, consequently there is nothing unforgiven. I am far from imputing every thing to *error* or *fault* which does not happen according to my choice of things.

In matters, the consequences of which are important and lasting, duty to yourself and family demands (does it not?) that you be guided by sober reason and correct judgment. I refer to the expression, "disordered imagination," as used by yourself.

Should you further communicate to me, I have one request to make, which is, that you neither spend time nor pains to bestow praise. (Censure where you think it needful.) If it be true that I am weak enough to be flattered, 'tis a truth which I am unwilling to admit. For five years past I have especially sought for some attainments in self-knowledge, and to form a proper estimate of human character and actions, as well as of human life and happiness. I pronounce with the poet:

"There's no perfection here below."

My own heart tells me my frailties; my conscience reproaches me with my faults. There is none but comparative good here—good, in comparison with others, or with what might be. I love my friends, and rejoice in view of their excellencies; but still believe I am not, and do not wish to be, blind to their imperfections. Many of them, I believe, rank among the best; but none in whom (from particular acquaintance) I do not discover errors and even faults.

I had thought of asking you to excuse me from replying in full to yours until I leave school, as I experience a kind of exhaustion after being long in school, which makes it necessary for me to confine my mental efforts mostly to the duties of school, but have more leisure to-day than I anticipated, being disappointed of company.

As for holy time, I neither employ it in writing or transmitting letters of business or pleasure.

Accommodate yourself in relation to answering this, and you will oblige

Your friend,

L. J. ROYS.



SHEFFIELD, Sept. 17th, 1836.

DEAR MADAM: As the time is now near at hand when you are to be relieved from your arduous career, I avail myself of your kind permission to correspond upon a subject of the most vital importance to myself, and one which I hope will also awaken an interest in you.

Being fully convinced that whatever of happiness remains for me in life depends materially upon you, I now with much diffidence ask of you to unite your destinies with mine for life; to become my companion, my bosom-friend, and to share with me whatever of enjoyment life has to give. I have long held you in high esteem for your many excellencies of character; and you now have my most tender and affectionate regard. I find that I can not be happy without you, and to make you so shall be the great object of my life. In case my proposal meet your approbation, I feel assured that this oppressive uneasiness, this feverish anxiety which now almost unmans me, will cease, and that I shall be more worthy your regard.

I do not know that it is necessary for me to say any thing more at present. I believe the proposal is fairly stated, and your reply will determine whether or not the subject shall be further pursued. I shall await your reply with intense anxiety, and hope you will not long delay.

With much respect, I am most devotedly yours,

RALPH LITTLE.

Miss LACHA J. ROYS.

SHEFFIELD, 22d Sept. 1836.

MY DEAR MADAM: That I formerly had some agency with others of more influence in calling your merit into view, and establishing your character as teacher, I think, upon reflection, is not unlikely. The circumstance had passed from my mind until recalled by your remarks, or I should not have expressed myself as I did. I supposed you had reference more particularly to the part I took in securing your services last spring to our district.

By your being incapable of insincerity, I meant that it was repugnant to your principles. In calling myself to account for errors, I have considered every thing an error which I supposed had the effect of disturbing in any degree the tranquillity of your mind, or of interrupting the even tenor of your way. Farther than that I am not sensible that I have strayed far from the path of rectitude; and as you say you know of nothing in my course that needs forgiveness, I am relieved from much anxiety; though yet I have to regret that any thing should have occurred in discordance with your "chief of things." I will endeavor to explain what I meant by "disordered imagination."

It is that state of mind in which every real or supposed error is magnified by the imagination to a most heinous if not unpardonable offense. By this I have suffered much.

I am well aware that duty to myself and family demands that I be guided by sober reason and correct judgment in all matters, the consequences of which are to be important and lasting. Constant and deep reflection upon this has been the chief employment of my mind, and has weighed heavily there.

R. L.

By Mr. Little as I was about leaving for home at the expiration of my term of school. Believing that I had now arrived at a point where I needed to ask advice, I, as was my custom when in doubt regarding the better way for me to pursue, set apart a season for private fasting and prayer with especial reference to being led to do my heavenly Father's will. I had frequently set apart a day for this purpose, because I saw this course commended by my Master in heaven; but now the object was of such vast consequence, that I felt constrained to fix the time for waiting upon or before God to two consecutive days—Saturday and Sabbath after my return home. I had, a few years before, been solicited to take the place of a departed mother, and had gone so far as to seek God's direction, and then committed the case to my mother, who, though she did not oppose directly, said that that fixed my purpose to decline. I now felt to believe that the counsel of my parents would, under God, lead me to decide according to his holy will. My mother only said: "It would be a great undertaking, and you best know whether you are ready for it." After having asked counsel of One whose promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I did not see it my duty to recede, simply because the undertaking was great, and replied as follows:

Monday Eve, half-past nine,  
26th Sept. 1836.

MR. LITTLE: I have this evening re-perused the papers you gave me, (the first time since I left your house,) and presented the subject to my parents, who, as they have ever done, wish me to be guided by my judgment and feelings independent of any other influences.

I know, sir, that duty to you demands that I decide in relation to the subject of our correspondence.

I would that I felt more decided than I do. When I consented to correspond with you, such consent implied that I thought it not improbable I should be disposed to favor such a proposal as you have now made. For me to have done as I then did, with contrary impressions, would have been, under existing circumstances, in my own estimation, an unpardonable offense. I felt, as you expressed, that there are some objections to such a union as you have now proposed; yet knew not but upon deliberation, my regard for your person and character, with numerous other considerations, might overbalance, and induce me to set them aside.

You spoke of inequality in our ages. That I feel to be an objection. I know not the degree. It must be considerable.

Again, the responsibility of one who shall take the place of the mother of your children—the difficulty of doing right, particularly for one of my age, (not to speak of the difficulty of doing what shall be pronounced right by others.)

Another objection which lies with weight upon my mind, is the difference (as I supposed) in our religious feelings. Upon this subject I have learned nothing from you; but you do not profess faith in Christ, and have not in your household an altar to the God of Abraham. Were your feelings like mine upon this subject, probably both these cases would exist. I feel that my highest happiness here is derived from the worship and service of my Maker; that I have

The two articles last copied were handed me

taken up the resolution to pursue the path of duty as pointed out by conscience, (enlightened by the word and Spirit of God,) let the consequences be what they may.

This, I conceive, is the decision and cross of the Christian, which secures an everlasting crown. I do not believe that religion lessens our love of earthly friends; but whenever their wishes and the Saviour's requirements are opposed to each other, the Lord's rules being right, reasonable, and obligatory, and love to him supreme, the true disciples always adheres to them.

Mr. Little, I am not so inconsistent as to suppose that your placing your affections upon me will produce any change in your religious sentiments or feelings, whatever they may be. No; I wish you to know my mind, and if you are aware that you *are*, or *shall be* opposed to a course of life in a companion that accords with such sentiments, duty to yourself and to me requires that you declare it.

I could never be happy if opposed in these things by a near friend; and if unhappy myself, should be unlikely to contribute to the happiness of another.

You will understand that the last topic is what stands in the way of a decision. I confide in your candor, and wait a reply.

Let the issue of our correspondence be what it will, I suppose you would not object to my being employed in the school at Hartford for a time. Perhaps it may conduce to my own improvement. With the highest respect and friendship,

I remain yours,

L. J. ROYS.

Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: I am sensible that your last ought to have been answered before now. The reason why I have delayed so long is, that one part of it caused me some difficulty. I will explain before I close.

You are desirous to know something of my views with regard to the subject of religion, and whether I should be disposed to oppose you in the pursuit and practice of it. You confide in my candor, and I mean not to deceive you.

Although I have never been able to settle my mind satisfactorily with respect to the great mysteries of the Gospel and its important truths, yet I hold in the highest esteem those whom I consider possessed of piety and true religion. I consider it as one of the most valuable appendages to the female character, and one of its brightest ornaments. And permit me to say it was that consideration more than any thing else, that determined me to pay my addresses to you; and if I know my own heart, I have no disposition, nor do I believe I ever shall have, to oppose in a companion the pursuit of its holy purposes, but feel that I should always be disposed rather to encourage her in such pursuit than to throw obstacles in the way.

These remarks are intended as having respect to the practice and pursuit of religion in a general point of view; and could I stop here, I have little doubt that my views would meet your approbation. But that candor in which you confide, compels me to notice a particular part of your letter, which I am more troubled to get along with. Permit me to repeat the words.

You say you "do not believe that religion lessens the love of earthly friends; but when-

ever their wishes and the Saviour's requirements are opposed to each other, the Lord's rules being right, reasonable, and obligatory, and love to him supreme, the true disciple always adheres to them." This seems to open a field for argument which I am unwilling to enter, and seems to involve subjects which I am unwilling to discuss. After having written much upon the subject, none of which I am willing to lay before you, I feel under the necessity of letting it remain undisturbed.

I feel that it would be criminal to delay my answer longer; and if I should, it is very uncertain whether I should be able to say any thing which would be satisfactory to you or to myself.

I wrote yesterday, and sealed my letter. This morning I broke it open and wrote again. You have here the result. What you will think of it I know not, but hope you will make every allowance that charity will vouchsafe.

With respect to your going to Hartford, I do not know that it would be prudent for me to say any thing. Had this negotiation terminated soon and in my favor, I should hardly have been willing to have you go; but as it is, I hope you will use your own discretion. I hope it will never be my fate to cause much embarrassment or unhappiness to you.

I somewhat fear that the subject of our correspondence has not awakened that interest in you which I had hoped; but you know best.

Please reply as soon as convenient to this, and oblige yours in sincerity and truth,

R. LITTLE.

MISS LAURA J. ROYS.

Monday Eve, Oct. 10th, 1836.

DEAR SIR: The first page of yours of Oct. 8th, removed from my mind the only remaining objection to an acceptance of your proposal, which left me entirely disposed to say that I consent to become yours in the sense implied in the divine institution of marriage. You, sir, have my entire confidence. Had I ever doubted that I should find in you an agreeable companion, as well as kind friend, to have encouraged your addresses would have been entirely inconsistent with my views of propriety. *Indifference* I sought, that I might, if possible, view the subject in its proper light, and exercise that consideration so important a step demands, and have thought best to maintain it until I had an expression of your mind upon the topic I submitted to you.

The quotation from mine upon your second page, I still repeat is the sentiment of my heart. It appears clear to me, and I was not aware that in advancing it I should present any difficulty to your mind, as appears is the case.

Had I time, I would express some of my views of the subject, not expecting to convey light to your mind. My past experience forbids such expectations. Allow me to say, I feel that experimental and practical religion is of chief importance, and believe that if faithfully pursued, all necessary light will be given in relation to other truths.

If your conclusions in relation to interest or duty, differ from what they have been, or if your views or feelings in reference to myself have become changed, you surely will not hesitate to inform me.



I would like an expression of your mind without reserve. With you to feel at liberty to set your own pleasure in relation to writing, or calling at my father's.

Mr. Sears yesterday told my father that Mr. Bills had informed him the school at Hartford is supplied with a teacher, and he (Mr. S.) wished me to send word the first of the week when I was ready to commence school upon the 15th.

When asked if I would teach a school, I perceived a sufficient number of people were interested, I replied I did not know that I should object.

Thus, I believe, all the consent I have given; but I now feel that if no reasons exist why I should object, it is probably best that I engage in the school. I should be more usefully employed than otherwise; consequently enjoy myself better. If you know of no reasons why it may not seem best for me to undertake the school, you may if you please give information that I will endeavor to be in readiness the first of next month.

I trust your goodness will lead you to overlook defects and correct mistakes; and may He who thus far has led me in mercy, guide me in benevolence, prepare me for events awaiting me, and truly bless you and yours, is the prayer of her who subscribes herself

Yours, in sincerity and affection,

L. J. ROYS.

R. LITTLE, Esq.

The chain of written discourse is here broken, through verbal communication having been substituted. Next in order is the following:

"Peace of mind, that long absent friend, that almost total stranger here, seems, my dear Jane, about to revisit me again. Although her dominion is not yet fully established in my breast, yet indications of her approach are apparent; nay, her influence is already felt. I have but little business now, only a desire to see her whom I love so well. You intimated that much of your time would necessarily be taken up in visiting your friends. I should be sorry to interrupt any of your arrangements, but am desirous to see you before you leave home for your engagement; and propose calling on you on Wednesday the 2d November, in the p.m., to spend a few hours. Or would you not like to come to our neighborhood on Friday or Saturday, before commencing? If so, why had I not better defer my visit till then, and bring you in? Hope you will let me know your pleasure. In case I do not hear from you I suppose I shall take your silence for permission, and call on Wednesday. These proposals are submitted, for you to sanction. Vary as you please, or decline wholly, as may best suit your convenience or wish.

I hope you are well and happy. Please write a few lines soon to your affectionate

MISS LATRA J. ROYS.

Friday, 21st Oct. 1836.

P. S.—It is understood that your school will commence the first Monday in November.

October, 1836.

To have a *frank* speak of "peace of mind" is, indeed, gratifying; and it is to be hoped that this peace is not too much founded upon an alliance

with a frail mortal. If so, how fast it is destroyed.

Peace of mind; truly a delightful guest! This absent, and no other guest, can I doubt.

I suppose I am not qualified by experience to sympathize with those whose hearts are assailed with grief or anxiety; no important concerns or special afflictions having fallen to my lot. Yet, have I known my liability to these ills in common with others, and have never dared for a moment to say, "My mountain stands strong, I shall not be moving," but have felt the importance of having the mind fortified, and prepared for any events a righteous Providence may dictate.

The trust I have known, I have found a consequence of entering the ranks of Jesus, from the promise of which a brother, naturally kind-hearted and susceptible, would have dissuaded me. No doubt is warranted, but decided, and considering my course the effect of priesthood and delusion, I voluntarily renounced all the real pleasures of life. I suppose that when I felt well the convictions of my own mind, in opposition to his words, it appeared to him that the affection I had formerly borne him, was nervous or quite obliterated. He little knew the grief his envy and remonstrances caused me.

I think I am well aware that *peace* is the province of woman—*eternal*, the appointment of Him whom I profess to serve; therefore should she know, if possible, the mind of him to whom she yields herself to obey.

L. J. R.

I do not find in my possession the papers referred to under the next date.

Tuesday, 14th Nov. 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: With many pleasure I have perused the papers you handed me last evening. The supposition quieted in my which gained favor in your sight, and blessed you in my behalf, I greatly fear are overruled by you. They are, indeed, very flattering as drawn by your hand; but are they not *discreet*? do I possess them? I dare not myself say that I do; and yet I would willingly be without them, even on my own account, and much more on yours. Put allowing the natural qualities of my heart to be as they may, I feel that the sufferings I have endured seem to have (as I have expressed to you) almost annihilated me. I find I have not the privilege to hear up under crosses that I once had. "Tricks light as air afflict me," such trifles as would once have passed by me as the idle wind, have now the power to affect me materially. Although I am lately more tranquil for great part of the time, yet I find that I am easily distressed.

I believe, my dear Jane, that you are not insensible that my happiness is now in a great measure in your keeping. I trust you will guard it nicely, even as a Spanish Don would guard his honor, (parade the adulter, or a weak nation her virtue, where the least hint or even suspicion might prove a blow to that fair fame and cause it to wither as a blossom upon a stem. Do not believe, however, that I would throw the responsibility of my happiness wholly upon you, my dear. I trust you will do what you consider your duty, and that affection prompts; more I can not ask.

L.

Nov. 21st, 1836.

DEAR SIR: You do not expect any further written communications from me at present; but I doubt not will indulge me notwithstanding.

I apprehend that you disapprove of some of my management, where, if you knew the reasons by which I am guided, you might judge differently.

You think there was no occasion for the spirited repulse you met, the first morning you called at my father's. Let me tell you what I suppose ultimately led to my conduct at that time.

When I was nineteen years of age, a friend, (and one whom I highly esteemed as such,) requested of me a private interview.

Circumstances were such that I easily mistook his motives, and granted it. He was thereby so much encouraged as to disclose to me what he otherwise would not have done, and when I informed him that I decidedly rejected his suit, he attached blame to me for not declining his request. That I did not, I sincerely repented, with that repentance which leads to the forsaking of a fault. Sympathy for the apparently afflicted, alienated friendship, and the idea of being myself to blame, were like a dagger wounding my heart, and destroying my peace.

The past I could not recall, but resolved not to incur blame any more by encouraging any one whom I believed I should be unwilling to marry. That resolution has prepared me to act decidedly in all similar instances since. The circumstance which I now relate to you, I have carefully concealed from every individual, and have driven as much as possible from my own remembrance.

Allow me to tell you, sir, that you were the fourth individual whose addresses I have had occasion to encourage or decline the present year.

The three first I was prepared to meet from the considerations above mentioned. When first I had intimations of your partiality to me, I doubted not that the objections I have before named to you, would influence me to an immediate decision, should any advances be made on your part, though conscious that your partiality to me was more gratifying than had been that of any other individual. This consciousness led me to hesitate when you informed me you designed to call on me. I knew not that I should ever be willing to marry you, should an opportunity present; and to have incurred blame from you as I had before done, (in reference to the friend above mentioned,) would have been to me a severe trial, indeed.

I dare not, as in the former case, mistake your motives; felt that I was willing to take the subject into consideration, and thought best to decline an interview with you at that time, and say that I could only consent to a written correspondence.

The rest you know.

Another thing I have in mind. You said with so much seriousness the other evening, you expect to be very lonely this winter.

Do you think that I, without justifiable reasons, have deferred our marriage? I am certain that I wish to do all that duty and propriety will admit, to contribute to your enjoyment; yes, am happy in so doing. But with myself, the bare mention of one's marrying soon after the death of a companion, has seemed to imply censure. The circumstances which, in your view and that of your friends, make it necessary in your case,

would not be known or considered as far as our marriage would be known; and further, slanderous tongues did say of you that your partiality for another rendered you indifferent to your companion during her life; and have since been ready to say that you had other motives than to secure my services as teacher, in the part you took to effect that object.

These are the considerations which induced me to defer marriage, and if they do not serve to convince you that I am correct, will you, at least, admit that they are sufficient excuse for me?

Should it remain your choice, (Providence permitting,) I hold myself bound to be yours; to enter upon an untried station, with the duties of which I am unacquainted, and to discharge which I am in a great measure disqualified. I am willing to become a learner; but you will suffer me to remind you that "moderate expectations are an excellent safeguard of the mind." Should you yet conclude that you have erred in your selection, and seek to correct that error, you know I hold myself in readiness for such an event, and should acknowledge it right.

Yours, L. J. ROYS.

R. LITTLE.

SHEFFIELD, 24th Nov. 1836.

MY DEAR MADAM: Many thanks are due for your late communication. I have read it over many times, and every time with an increased sense of your goodness, and of my obligations to you for it. You are mistaken, to be sure, in supposing that I disapprove of any thing you have done. Although I was not perfectly satisfied with certain decisions at the time, I have since been convinced that every thing has been done right on your part, and the reasons you now give confirm me more strongly in that opinion. You speak of things with relation to yourself, which are entirely new to me, and in which I can not but feel a deep interest. But who is the vile wretch that has dared to use the slanderous language of which you speak? If it is a man, and not beneath my notice — excuse me, I dare not attempt to express my feelings upon this subject, lest I might be betrayed to use language which would not become me when addressing you.

I entreat you not to feel uneasy about my loneliness. I have felt less of it this week, and am not without hopes that I shall get along very well. At any rate, do not suffer yourself to pity me, for that I could not well endure.

Yours, truly, RALPH LITTLE.

MY JANE.

Monday Eve, Dec. 5th, 1836,

10 minutes before 10.

Seated alone as I am by a comfortable fire, with pen, ink, and paper before me, I am tempted to write a few lines for Mr. L. —. That, however, he will disapprove. But methinks I can write a few minutes without doing injustice to any one. I recollect hearing uncle Newman tell, last winter, of one person who said he would not have the service of such as were about getting married. I replied: "If that is the way people feel, I will not teach school after I think of marrying." You think, do you not, sir, I should have kept my word? I think I should have practiced less idle talk; but in reference to all the engage-



ments into which I have since entered, I have done what I considered right and for the best I am sensible that I may have erred, and find daily cause to be humble for unprofitableness in the discharge of duties.

Sometimes uncle would almost complain of the severity of the winter, when I would repeat to him what I recollect of a hyacinth root by Mr. Clark at an evening meeting, namely:

"Although the winter has been long,  
The spring shall all its wastes repair."

Spring soon came, and as rapidly passed. Thus with human life; its gloom and its sunshine will soon have all passed by. But hope points me to a brighter world, where joy is constant, unalloyed and unceasing. I think I have found by experience that to live with a constant reference to that state, sweetens the cup of life, and smooths its rugged path. You ask me, kind sir, what made me love you. I will tell you as nearly as I can discover by scanning myself. A firm belief that you were a man of some of correct principles and habits, possessed of a kind heart and a mind congenial with my own, and had for me all the partiality needful. This I suppose the ground of the attachment, which I find to be daily growing and strengthening. And the belief that I may be as happy, respected, and useful in your family as elsewhere, has made me willing to consent to marry you.

L. J. R.

Dec. 10th, 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: However strange it may appear to you, that a person who has not experienced a change of heart, one so destitute of religious views you must suppose me to be, can have faith enough in his Maker to believe that his prayers to Him are sometimes heard and answered, I hope you will not be disposed to accuse me of insincerity or hypocrisy when I tell you that I think I have reason so to believe. You may also be surprised to hear, that one so bright I should pray at all. I do not, however, consider myself so far depraved as not to acknowledge my dependence on my Maker for life and health, and all the blessings I enjoy. Few, indeed, are the nights that do not witness (when I lay my head upon my pillow) my humble and earnest appeals to Him who ruleth events and who is not unmindful of the ways of the children of men. But my petitions and devotions are offered in secret. I do not feel worthy to make them otherwise. Although my most ardent appeals have often been without avail, I have thought that in many instances they have been heard and answered. Surely my most heart-rending afflictions, the chief burden of my prayers has been that God, in his infinite mercy, would enable me to become submissive to his holy will and pleasure, and to the dispensations of his all-wise providence; that he would guide and direct me in the path of my duty; that he would encircle my children in the arms of his protecting care, and give me grace to do my duty toward them as their earthly parent, and that he would protect us all from sin and every evil, and guide us in the ways of righteousness and truth. I have also often and fervently prayed that I might be guided by his unerring counsel in making choice of a companion for my future life; that he would direct my choice to one who would be to my bereaved children a

wife, a parent, a kind and affectionate friend and companion, a solace and a comfort. In answer to these my prayers, I have faith to believe that I was directed to thee, my dear Jane, and have received the pledges of thy love, with the warmest gratitude to Him, the Giver of all good gifts; and hope by aid of Him to be rendered worthy the possession of so rich a blessing.

Forget me not, Jane, in your devotions.

Read and return to him who loves you.

R. L.

Monday Eve, 10 o'clock, Dec. 19th, 1836.

DEAR SIR: With mingled emotions do I attempt to speak to you in this silent language. You know not the joy it affords your Jane to learn from yours if that you are not a stranger to devotion.

That the inspirer and hearer of prayer, He who sees in secret, witnesses your applications to his throne. No, I will not suspect you insincere. Why should you wish to deceive me now. O Mr. Little! I have the fullest assurance of the efficacy of prayer; and in proportion as I love my friends do I desire to see them with child-like humility seeking to be taught of the Lord. May your prayers avail; and in answer to those my wisdom and prudence, kindness and affection be bestowed upon her whom you have chosen to act the part of wife and mother. While some of my friends are unwilling I should involve myself in the cares and duties of such a family as yours, I find it in my heart to fear more, yea, much more, that I shall do wrong than that I shall suffer wrong. We can not even know ourselves until tried, and if my goodness is to stand a severer test than ever before, I can not know what will be the result. My prayer has long been, and still is, that my heavenly Father will teach me the path of duty, and give me a heart to pursue it. I hope, Mr. Little, you will never be blind to my faults, but in meekness will teach me to correct them. Can one who knows so well the blessings of kind parents ever be otherwise than kind in discharging the duties of parent, especially to the children of him for whom she is willing to leave father and mother? Did I not know the truth that the human heart is deceitful, I should readily say, No. If I know myself, attachment with me is deep and abiding. I have no ideas of rational enjoyment but they are associated with home. How much truth is contained in the short sentence, "This home where the heart is." This truth has led me to regard the dwelling of my parents, the sanctuary of God and heaven, as my home, while I have been enabled to have so much of my heart with my employment as to enjoy the home to which I have been accustomed. Is it because I have considered my heart, that I know that the abode of Mr. Little is the home that I desire?

I wished to say more, when I rode with you, but could not. A covered board, which at one time defined character at another doubts it half its praise. I am ever glad to hear from or see you.

Sincerely, yours, L. J. R.

R. L.

January 20th, 1837.

I much fear that you are confident too much in what I have informed you of my religious opinions. I am willing you should know my

heart, but would not have you entertain hopes that may be deceived. I would have you to understand, as I have before informed you, that I have considered myself far from possessing vital piety as taught and required by the precepts of the Gospel. However necessary or desirable a true understanding of these precepts may be, I have never been able, as I have told you before, to settle my mind satisfactorily in relation to them. That I believe in a Creator and Governor of all things, is no merit in me; for who can behold the wondrous works of nature, the order in which they are held, the regularity with which the seasons pass and return, with all the other wonders which we daily behold, and say there is no God? And who believe there is a God of such power, such goodness to mortals, and not reverence and adore? Why, then, believing thus, do I not live a different life?

Is there not a strange inconsistency in this? And yet strange as it may seem to you, I have thus believed, and thus lived from early life; and often prayed for a light of the knowledge of the truth; for grace to know, and a heart to perform my duty in all things. And yet where am I? Not, perhaps, considered as the most depraved of mortals, yet as far to all appearance from what you would have me, as when my manhood commenced. I hope I shall never feel a disposition to oppose you, or any one else, in the pursuit of religion.

When I look upon my past life, I can see that I have been brought through many trials, many dangers, and am yet preserved: for what end is known only to Omnipotence. What I gave you in writing upon this subject was not to deceive you, for as you observe, I could have no object in that now, but it was to let you know the truth so far as I know myself, and my own heart. But oh! the heart of man, how little known to himself. If my course of life has not been, and is not now in consonance with what I—

The article above is copied from the unfinished manuscript given me by Mr. Little.

Sabbath Eve, Jan. 22d, 1837.

DEAR SIR: My heart is unusually sad this evening, for which I can assign no especial reason.

But *hope* is the bright *bow* in the clouds that come over the human mind. I expect that sadness will soon be dispelled, as well as that the storm that now casts a gloom over the face of nature will soon have passed by; to be succeeded, indeed, by alternate sunshine and gloom. I have had recourse to a perusal of the letters and papers in my possession from your hand, which revive, among other kindred emotions, a sense of obligation, for expressing which I suppose I shall not now be thought insincere.

I find in your last some things to which I would like to reply. If I mistake not, you have somewhere expressed that you would love God for the excellency of his character, yet in the above-named communication speak of yourself as not having experienced a change of heart; which presents a difficulty to my mind, as I never supposed I loved God until I had ceased to refuse compliance with the Gospel terms of salvation. You will permit me to inquire in what way we may have evidence that our prayers are answered, without having the same degree of evidence, that

we have been led by the Spirit of God, or in other words, regenerated by his Spirit.

Wednesday Eve, Feb. 1st.

You say in a later communication, you suppose you are as far from what I would have you be in religion, as when you entered the stage of manhood.

I reply, it appears evident to me that if we are truly the servants of God, we have that regard for his glory which leads us to desire that all his creatures may love and serve him, and that our love of our friends leads us to wish to see them blessed with the possession of that godliness which hath promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. And further, our own joy arising from intercourse with earthly friends is greatly lightened when they delight in the service of Christ. Here, then, are three reasons why I (if I am what I profess to be) should wish you to be a disciple of that Master in heaven whom I desire to serve.

I have long been of opinion that for a believer to marry an unbeliever is inexpedient, if not unscriptural; have not unfrequently expressed this opinion to others, and though I do not promise not to change my opinion, held firmly to this until I became convinced of your partiality for me. I regarded you as an unrenewed person, and was surprised at myself on finding my scruples vanish; and fearing lest undue creature attachment should cause me to swerve from the path of Christian duty, I resolved on a season of especial prayer for direction; and on returning home at the close of my school, appointed (in my own mind) the two succeeding days for private fasting and prayer.

I earnestly besought of my heavenly Father to guide me into the way which should be agreeable to his will, and where I should best subserve the ends of my existence here.

I attained a state of mind in which I felt prepared for whatever event might ensue; presented the subject to my parents, as I have before told you, thinking perhaps their advice would lead me to a decision.

But as they declined saying any thing to influence, I wrote to you what conscience dictated, and awaited your reply without much solicitude.

I probably should not have related all of the above, had not some things you have written led, or rather opened the way; for which I thank you.

I know that important consequences must result from such a union as we now contemplate; but may we not hope that He who ruleth all things, and whose guidance we each have aimed to seek, designs that we thereby shall be truly blessed?

For this I would still pray.

I am not conscious of being actuated by any motives while entering into this engagement but those which I suppose ought to influence in such affairs, and my mind has remained unmoved. Did you ever think me influenced by the idea of your being rich?

Pardon the inquiry. Your remarks the other evening led to it.

I am not aware that my heart is yet much set upon riches. I hope for the comforts and conveniences of life as long as I need them; but if denied, hope for a submissive spirit.



I love the simple elegance of life when attainable; think industry and ruralty indispensable duties in all stations; regard idleness and extravagant extravagance as inconsistent with Christian character, and destructive of true enjoyment. In reply to yours, I certainly do agree with you that cheerfulness is a virtue, but would not have you think that I ever designed to accuse you of a want of it. I was conscious of a penive feeling more of the evening referred to, and knew not the cause, unless the circumstances of visiting my parents with you brought to mind more forcibly than usual the idea of separation.

Accept this as token of affection, and be assured that a line from your hand is ever

Gratefully received by

R. LITTLE, Esq.

L. J. ROYS.

The following was handed in before the latest date in the preceding, and is there responded to:

Tuesday, 31st Jan. 1837.

DEAR JANE: You thought I was unusually serious on the evening we spent at your father's. I do not think it unlikely that I appeared so, although I was not sensible of it. Do you think it strange, considering the trials through which I have passed, and the present situation of my family, that melancholy, the natural product of such visitations, should occasionally cast its shadow over my countenance, and even now and then draw a sigh from my bosom? Would it not be still more strange were every trace of those afflictions so soon obliterated from my mind, and I were able at all times to wear the costume of joy and cheerfulness?

I consider cheerfulness a duty. I rank its name amongst the virtues, amongst which it is by no means the least. I think it ought to be cultivated as a social and Christian virtue. Yet it is not in human nature, at least I find it not in mine, to dispel at all times and keep aloof the adverse principle, call it what you will, depression, melancholy, or seriousness. There are very apt, at times, to intrude themselves unawares into the heart and take possession there, unless we are constantly on our guard; and who can at all times be sufficiently guarded against so insidious a foe?

I suppose seriousness is somewhat constitutional with me, and there have been many circumstances in my life calculated to nourish it and facilitate its growth. Yet it has seldom held its dominion for any great length of time, unaccompanied by a degree of acuteness. I am ever pleased with cheerfulness in others, and like to partake it with them. I have pleasure in associating with those whose minds are elastic and lively. Their spirits are contagious, and have a happy influence upon those around them; and I think you agree with me that cheerfulness is not inconsistent with our most holy duties. After reading this you will not, perhaps, wonder that a want of vivacity is frequently apparent in my deportment. As for a remedy for my disease, (if I may so call it,) I know of none so efficacious as your society.

I hope your letter will be ready soon; but do not let the finishing of it interfere in the least with your convenience or your pleasure; and accept this as another token of the affection of him who loves you dearly.

R. LITTLE.

Feb. 14th, 1837.

MY DEAR JANE: The calm, the mild, the silent reproof of a friend is, I believe, often more efficacious in awakening us to a sense of our frailties and mistakes, and in disposing us to lament the first, and to endeavor to correct the latter, than is the more common mode of reproaching, complaining or expostulating. Perhaps it is because we are more willing to set ourselves right when we are led to see we are wrong, than to be corrected directly by another. The latter mode may possibly be sometimes considered as implying inequality in ourselves, which I believe few are willing to feel, and fewer still to acknowledge. The principal objection that seems to present itself to the foregoing manner of reproof is, that as it leaves it to conjecture only, we are liable to be mistaken with respect to the wrong we have done, having only the effects it produces to find out the cause.

I think you will not be likely to mistake the subject to which I am about to refer.

You will doubtless recollect that at our late interview, you asked me if there were no conditions. My reply was there were none.

I now say that I believe there were none expressed; but surely there are, or ought to be, conditions implied in every case of the kind, and such conditions I acknowledge to exist in this case. Have I then been so unfortunate as to infringe such conditions? I am confident in saying, that whatever infringement of the kind has happened on my part, has been either involuntary or purely accidental.

Alas! how difficult for human weakness to guide the bark of life in safety through the troubled ocean of its eventful course; beset as it is on every side by the winds of adverse fortune, the turbid waves of afflictive depression, or the raging storms of warring passions. And, alas! how deeply do we often have to pay for the least variation to the right or to the left from the narrow and often obscure channel of safety. Happy, thrice happy are they who have an ever-watchful pilot within to guide them securely through the shoals and breakers of this tempestuous sea.

I was not aware till our late interview, that I had in the least transgressed, nor then till rumination after I left you, on what had then transpired; and now, my dear girl, since I am not conscious of having violated expressed or implied conditions, I am not without hope that your goodness if not your regard for me will readily absolve me, (when you are satisfied that I have suffered a penalty sufficient for the offence.)

Yours truly,

R. LITTLE.

Miss L. J. ROYS.

Thursday Eve Feb. 14th, 1837.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR: In reply to what you suggested Sabbath evening, I wish to inquire if it would be opposed to your wishes for me to defer marriage till May, and not accompany you to New-York? I would have liked an opportunity for verbal explanation on the subject of your letter this evening. You have never offended me. I know not whether to infer that I have recently given offense. You will (I doubt not) agree with me, that if a female errs it is better that her error be on the side that defends character.



Please tell me plainly of my faults, and believe me, yours truly, sincerely, and affectionately,

R. L.

L. J. R.

Sabbath Eve, March 5th, 1837.

I would not be an idolater, nor willingly be idolized. Love is the duty of all rational creatures; the proper incentive to the performance of all other duties, and the only source of all true bliss.

To let the love of earthly friends stand in the way of love and duty to God, is wrong. Not to love our friends is a violation of God's commands. I would that my attachment to every object might be in accordance with the divine will.

This I am convinced is the sure way to bless and to be blessed.

The above is suggested by the idea that my mind is of late too often wandering from the topics which should engross it in the time of public worship.

Would you like to go out on a visit to-morrow evening? Aunt Newman intends to be at father's, and would like to have me visit there attended by yourself. I wish you, sir, to act as your own pleasure and convenience dictate.

Please send me word in the morning.

To Mr. LITTLE.

L. J. ROYS.

Monday Morn, March 6th, 1837.

Good morning, my dear Jane. How very pleasant it is. The present prospect is, that the good sleighing will not continue long. Would you like to ride this evening? With respect to the time of starting, the direction, and the destination, choose for yourself. With respect to company, it may not be very good.

I can promise you but LITTLE.

Monday, 6th March, 1837.

DEAR JANE: Have you read the note which I inclosed in your package this morning? Since writing that, I have read yours of last evening, in answer to which I have to say that nothing could afford me more pleasure than to comply with your kind invitation of visiting with you at your father's to-morrow evening; and nothing that I now know of will prevent my doing so. It is now too late for me to get this to you as early as you requested, which I regret, but hope you will receive it this afternoon.

Yours, truly,

R. LITTLE.

Because it is my aim to show, as far as possible, the true workings of Mr. Little's mind, I copy all that I find of what he was led to give me in writing, pertaining to myself, previous to our marriage. The two following are without date, and with a form of prayer of his own, bring this portion of my work to a close.

Do you wish to know what induced me to go to your father's and call upon you *at that time*? I will tell you. On Friday previous, perhaps you will recollect being at the store and speaking to me about getting some books for you. I then supposed from what I could discover, that you were desirous of communicating something to me, which you could not, on account of some one being present. Knowing that you could not ask for an opportunity, I thought it incumbent on me to offer one, and could think of no place so appropriate as your father's. How mistaken

I was in my surmises you can tell, and how improper the course I took, you can judge also. My first reception was polite indeed and charming beyond expression; it but illy prepared me for what was so soon to follow.

But as it was for your sake that I encountered it, I complain not; my own purposes would not have led me there at that time.

#### THE CONTRAST.

A modest, meek, imploring, confiding, tender look—not devoid of solicitude—and full of innocence and sweetness.

Oh! wear that look again for me.

A distant look of icy coldness—not devoid of reproach—and expressive of injured feeling or offended pride.

Oh! never wear that look for me.

I may not speak of the following as pertaining directly to myself, but rather indirectly.

Supremely wise, supremely high and holy God! we would come before thee at this time with humility and meekness of spirit, acknowledging our sins and many transgressions; acknowledging our own helplessness and our entire dependence on thee, our Creator, our preserver, and our great and only benefactor. Give us hearts of gratitude, O God! for all the mercies which we are daily and hourly receiving at thy hands. Enable us to call home our wandering thoughts, that are too apt to stray far from thee, and to dwell on the vanities of the world. Cast us not off, O God! nor forsake us, but be thou our guide and our protector. Forgive us all our past sins, we pray thee. Protect us from sin and every evil in future, and guide us in the ways of righteousness and truth, that we may stray no more. Enable us to live as accountable and dependent creatures. Continue thy mercies, and extend thy blessings to us, we beseech thee. Bless us in our endeavors to be useful to ourselves and our fellow-creatures while on earth.

O God! enable me, thine unworthy servant, I pray thee, to do my duty towards the children which thou hast given, and permitted to remain with me to the present time. Give me wisdom and grace from on high to deal with them, as in duty bound, as their earthly parent. But, O God! my arm is but the arm of flesh, weak indeed, and frail as the morning flower. Wilt thou therefore, O God! extend thy protecting care, and thy beneficent hand to them? Encircle them in the arms of thy love. Preserve them from the evil temptations, from the follies and vanities of the world, and guide their young and tender minds in the ways of virtue, of truth, and of peace.

Give them hearts of love to one another. Give them to know and do their duty towards their remaining earthly parent and their fellow-beings; and as they grow in years may they grow in grace and usefulness, and in knowledge of thee their heavenly Father.

Make the path of duty plain before them, O God! and give them hearts to walk therein.

Bless them in all their useful endeavors, and in all their laudable undertakings through life; and may we all be finally received into thy presence, to dwell with thee through a never-ending eter-

nity, and the praise, O God! shall be thine for evermore. Amen.

This did he, who may justly be compared to Saul of Scripture renown—Saul, either the firmer or the latter, *who remained in the letter and spirit of his mind*, confess to his inherited and chosen self, that he was willing to rank among those that pray. I have learned that the mother of the children who are subjects of the prayer above quoted, four years before her death, sought and found peace through believing in Jesus. As a natural consequence, she greatly desired that her husband and children should become partakers of this grace of life. But he repulsed her in a manner of which I will not speak here, (but may hereafter,) and left her with a greatly tried faith, to walk alone (in her house) before the God of the everlasting covenant.

Nearly one year before Mrs. Little's death, George, their youngest, and a most interesting child of six years, sickened and died. Then Mr. Little was heard to express a conviction of the truth that Mrs. Little had, in her faith, a support which was denied him. He has told me, that his grief at the death of that child, was to him a seemingly unendurable agony; and but for that fact, I should feel obliged to look upon him as a willful hypocrite in his allusion to "heart rending afflictions" rather than a self-deceived man; inasmuch as he told me, before my own marriage, that the death of Mrs. Little was no great affliction to him, because she had no affection for him, and very little for her children. This announcement was to me then "a mystery," given for time to unfold. What time has done for me, I am endeavoring that these pages shall do for others—for the benefit of those who shall come after. At the time of my marriage, Mr. Little had, through God's dispensations thwarting his own expectations, been brought into a higher light than when, in firm self-reliance, he first laid the foundations of his house. But, as a child of this world, he was much wiser than as a child of light, simply because he had studied and practiced in the way written out by proper authorities longer. Nevertheless, like Saul of Tarsus, he now prays. And God hears prayer! yea, the prayer of the blind, and instructs some servant or handmaid to go and lead such by the hand, till the scales shall fall from their eyes.

And was this to be my blissful mission? To take this toil-worn son of Adam by the hand, or walk before him in the narrow way, till he should find the green pastures and the still waters, where his fainting soul might be restored before he should go hence? Doubtless, this would have been my happy lot, had not the enemy of all good on earth found out a way to destroy his confidence in me. This, I am fully persuaded, he did by disguising himself in the garb of an angel of mercy in the form of human sympathy.

However, the work denied me was given to her whom I should, under God, raise up for that purpose; and did I not see, in a faith which is the evidence of things not seen, behold them (the leader and the led) in the "better land" of which our "green pastures and still waters" are but types, I could not expect to survive the labor of writing out the coming sections of this chapter.

## SECTION II.

Let my work in these sections be looked upon as a creature of the imagination, and of recent birth, I shall, besides giving a summary of my married life, copy from letters and diary, with a view to showing how or *what* my heart spoke out of its abundance during this period; for when one stands accused of insincerity and hypocrisy, while no deeds are brought forward to prove that such accusation is just, we most naturally look for its proof in the secret counsels of the heart, or in its communications with the beloved on whom it leans.

Previous to my marriage, Mr. Little told me he believed those families were most happy who dispensed with hired servants, and inquired if I were willing to do with the assistance of his daughters, by hiring washing and such work as we were not sufficient for.

To this I readily assented. The first summer after my marriage, an aged woman who had been much in the family during Mrs. Little's life, came to me with an important message. Mrs. Little, before her decease, had requested her, if she should live to see the second mother in her family, to tell that second mother it was her desire she should teach her daughters industry and religion.

Mr. Little also told me, that she had said to him, she hoped he would never bring a godless woman into his family, and showed me the leaf turned by her own hand in the family Bible to the chapter giving an account of Abraham's sending his servant to find a wife for his son Isaac. Thus was I made to feel that God had been sending me hither in answer to the prayers of the pious dead.

I engaged in the work of teaching and learning with high hopes and new-flushed joys, and for a time all went on prosperously. I clearly saw there was a defective system of government, or rather a defective government because without system, but did not expect to legislate to the revolutionizing of the house; for I disclaimed all jurisdiction where I was not the natural or delegated ruler, and no one can delegate a power he does not possess. My husband lacked authority, and there was in his family an evil, like hereditary taint in the system, to be borne with and carefully treated until, perchance, it may be outgrown. Beside, I have already shown that I, as a woman, held to my right of leaving men and larger boys to govern themselves and each other, while I was ever ready to grant information, to the best of my ability, to such as were pleased to come to me for it, with proper regard to the time, place, and manner. To govern myself according to the principles I had imbibed, and superintend the work and ways of the house of my husband, carrying out his suggestions as far as my power, was my field of labor. To this I assiduously applied myself, and with as much *working* success as my most sanguine hopes anticipated.

My husband was strong to stand at the retail trade, with reference to providing for his house, and I was strong to look after the accounts of the subjects of his providential care, just as far as requested.

But in doing this, I was discovered by the children and their sympathizers to be some a very selfish as well as a very unfavorable person.



No sooner did a reflux influence reach the family through the complaints of the children under the new state of things, from those who stood without, taking observations, than did darkness brood over the countenance of my husband toward me. This being attended with silence, left me to "conjecture only" with respect to the real or imagined wrong I had done. It had been my fortune through all of my school life, to be left to discover the thoughts upon the printed page, without aid from a living teacher.

Why my heavenly Father should give me so great a thirst for knowledge, and yet confine me to so limited a stream, had been to me, in early life, a mystery.

Now was I in an early stage of my married life left to wonder at the dealings of his providence, through the dealings of my husband toward me.

In all my experience and observation, I had not met a government where sentence was pronounced and executed without a specified offense. My husband had placed in my hands the papers from which I had learned his ideas of female training and female character; and I had been made happy in seeing that my fortune enabled me to meet his demands on that score.

Yet it was evident his claims were not met; and to learn the cause and the remedy, if possible, was a new study put into my hands, (shall I say?) nay, but into my head and my heart; for methinks the heart had now somewhat to do. While I wondered at the ways of my Maker in these new dispensations, I was not left to distrust. I *believed and rested* on the word which teacheth that all things shall work for good to those that love God.

That I loved God was proved to my own consciousness, by the sweet communings I enjoyed with him through his word and prayer, both in the closet and the public sanctuary. That, under God, I loved my husband, was proved to me by the pain experienced, when sweet communings were denied me, without any explained cause. But as I was treated by him with a formal respect before others, I had only to lock my sorrows in my lonely, restless bosom, except as I poured them out before One who invites the heavy-laden to come unto him for rest. Whether another among the daughters of men has poured out such a profusion of sorrows to this Omnipotent Receiver, is known only to himself; but of this I am confident, he is precious to the soul, in proportion as he has taken off its burden; and he has taken from my soul an amount sufficient to have crushed me to a literal death a thousand times, but for this relief. For this cause I can no more write an epistle which does not resound his praise, than could the Apostle, who was as one born out of due time.

What could be the cause of my husband's disaffection? True, his children were disorderly, but that was not a new thing, and therefore could not be my fault. Besides, there was an evident improvement in the general aspect of the house. They groaned under the toils of life, light as they were in comparison with those about them. But to groan under the burden of life is the lot of mortals.

They were healthy and strong. Their father was sole proprietor of the oldest and most pros-

perous mercantile establishment in the town, beside owning real estate which he valued at five or six thousand dollars. The latter alone constitutes a healthy working family *rich* in such a town as ours.

Mr. Little desired and expected *his* to be a working family. This he taught them by precept and example. But how was this teaching to be enforced? Ah! here was the difficulty. Strict frugality and economy had ever been associated with the name of the house. But for a mother-in-law to appoint duties which had been performed by hired help during the life of the natural mother, to the daughters whose mother had been laid to rest in the grave, was seen to be an absurd abuse of power, a cruelty which called aloud for indignation. When rumors of this reached my ears through the children, I treated the affair as I had learned during my teacher-life, to treat similar offenses, which must needs come in such a world as ours. I knew from whom I had accepted my call to the office I held, and the instructions I had received, and with studying to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man, I was willing to wait for time to report between myself and neighbors, who was the most wise in her own house.

To my husband I felt myself bound to do all things agreeably to his will, as far as in my power. I can now conscientiously say that I can not recall an instance when he ever asked a favor or a service of me to himself, to which I did not cheerfully respond, so long as he suffered me to live with him. But he had expectations which could not in the nature of things be realized. I once heard him tell our little boy that when himself a boy his father hired him to a man who scolded him, and he ran away. My inference is, that he never yielded to any authority of parent or master in early life, but was taught by a necessity (the curse more than the blessing of which had fixed his mental gaze) to govern the outward man rather than the inward spirit; and as he increased in stature and in favor with man, he increased in strength of purpose that his own will should be done. He was fully sensible of his dependence upon man (in the masculine form) for the management of affairs, so as to carry out his own decrees. By exercising *faith* in man, he gained *honor* from man, and to one who by his own personal efforts has elevated himself so as to receive from man the plaudit, "Well done," honor from *woman* and from God must come as a matter of course, or rather as a matter of merit. When, in his experience, the honor which he received from woman was only in proportion to the faith he had in her, and the consequent honor he bestowed upon her, and also the honor received from God similarly proportioned, instead of meekly studying to solve the mystery, or to *search out the cause he knew not*, he suffered his spirit to chafe as a volcanic fire in the mountain's breast. After the death of her whom he had chosen in youth to be the partner of his life, he doubtless saw something of his past errors; and at the time he selected one who was in visible communion with the Church on earth, (a communion which his spirit had denied to her who had now joined the Church triumphant,) he possessed an increase of faith in woman and in God. But he had given to his children, by heri-



tage and by education, a predominance of the selfish passions, and immense power of will, and also as he initiated them into his own occupation, a *craft*, which lawfully (in human view) belongs to it. Had he reasoned rightly he would have seen that they naturally lacked faith in woman and in God, and that time and experience were necessary to root out the errors which would spring from such a soil under such culture as had been given.

His *strong reasoning* seemed to be this: I have never yielded to other outward restraint than I have imposed upon myself out of respect to popular favor, and I am better than the average of men. I expect my children to do as well as I have done, without any more outward restraint, because they are of my blood. He in early life saw before him the self-denying labor of bringing his house out of the wilderness, and placing it in a fruitful field. His children saw no self-denying effort needed for them. He naturally expected that a sense of gratitude would lead them to respect and obey him. But they could no more appreciate what they had never been deprived of, than could other mortals. He himself did not think of *studying* that he might *teach* his Maker's self-denying rules, because he gave him daily to breathe the breath of life. The first mother of his children had said, (as I was told by a young lady who once acted as governess in the family,) that when her husband was gone to New-York for a week, she would be able to get the children under very good discipline but as soon as their father returned, her work was all undone. The eldest daughter said to Lent Boys while he lived so near us, after my labors commenced in the family, as to see for himself something of her course at home: "The reason I am so bad is because I have never been governed. My mother would have governed me, but my father always took my part."

When I entered the family, I had dealt with the world of mind too long to expect to sow and reap on the same day. I knew that self-denying effort in one direction or another is needful for every mind that is destined to bear responsibilities of its own.

To encourage this rather than to command it, was ever my preference. Hence I had done much in the way (which I consider godlike) of keeping a written record which should tell without mistake, at the end of any term, the department and the progress of the accountable. As I could not *control* in the school now before me, the *written report* was my only instrument. But it appeared that "somebody" outside heard of it, and talked so about it, that the custom must be abolished. My work only lay with the two daughters. Whatever the sons had to do with carrying out reports, or bringing in petitions to the head from whom I received instructions, is known to the Judge of all the earth. I have not made any inquiries or written any records in that direction. Outward courtesy has generally not always existed between myself and them. When my husband said, *obedience* *de* *more*, I did it, and waited to see how *order* might be maintained under another discipline. I now had occasion to take to God a promissory note given with the sanction of his own name, and urge immediate payment. It was written by his servant James, and is as follows: "If any of you look

wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all man liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." If any of my readers are disposed to doubt this being my property, because the promise is made to *any*, so well may I exclaim, that the word *any* is thrown in by the translator. The promise is made to *all*, of whom I am one.

Distraction was in the house, but so rapid and silent was its head, that I did not suspect its workings there. Yet so it was. He was so late in life had set out to be rich toward God, now looking for a miraculous interposition to meet the haste of his own spirit; and because it was not granted, he suffered the seducing spirit which had driven peace from his own home, in his former house, to return and dwell there, causing the last state to be worse than the first. He has not written or spoken *specifically* the fruits of the second woman who was his help in building his house. What he *has* written I will copy into this; and what he *has* spoken I can *recount* to you from memory. The first direct or specific reproof came in this wise: I spoke to him of the impulsiveness of one of the daughters. He only replied: "That is because she is a woman."

Of course that set me aside from attempting directly to teach the daughter to rule her own spirit, and drove me to the inner sanctuary for a more complete conquest over self. But I believed that the encouragement from God, when he says, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," is meant for women as well as her lord, and that training a daughter in this, as in other right ways, brings its reward.

The next rebuke came in this form: "You profess to desire to do good. Never was a better field open before one, and you have refused to occupy." I was greatly surprised and greatly grieved at the charge, and besought him to tell some particular instances where I had been in the wrong. He replied: "I won't descend to particulars; your whole spirit is wrong, working an under-current for the destruction of myself and house."

I solemnly assured him that in all my course I had done according to the best of my judgment. He replied: "Then your judgment ain't much." I had great grief of heart at this declaration. I felt my weakness and my wants. But I had comfort in the promise: "The meek will be guide in judgment; the meek will be teach his law." I had now opportunity for the practice of meekness such as I never before enjoyed.

The next out-spoken complaint was about four years after my marriage. The two daughters were getting confirmed in habits of idleness, and I felt constrained to open my lips to their father, who had long been silent toward me respecting them, and suggest the desirableness of placing one of them from home for the benefit of both in this particular. Then did the long-cherished fires of his breast give vent in a tone and manner indiscriminate, while he uttered this inquiry: "Who has asked your advice in relation to my children?" (Oh! that the man whose words of love and promise of kindness had won my heart could have said to me as I would have said to him: "Please don't always tell your advice is asked." I would have obeyed. I understood, and did obey. Once after this, he called me to account for openly rebuking a daughter, and

pronounced me "insignificant and contemptible." I ceased to reprove. I expected by a correct course in his eyes to become restored to his favor. I expected that time would show the true cause of, and the true remedy for, the ills which then wounded his peace, and at least to be able to smoothen his passage to the grave, and point him, as he looked for a security which money or lands can not give, to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. But while I ceased to reprove, I controlled the work of my own hands, and governed the child whom God had given me according to my own judgment, treating with due respect (as far as I understood) all those with whom I came in contact either at home or abroad. I had no contention with my husband, or with his children, or with the neighbors. God prospered me in the work of my hands. I felt that my husband and his children hated me without cause. I was informed that very much was said against me. I had once said in my house my faith is: "Take care of character, and reputation will take care of itself." My husband now told me: "Your reputation is very low." I received the statement in silence, grieved at the change which had come over him. I felt as strong and as pure in character as when, according to his own testimony, my reputation was high.

For the sake of contrast, I will relate the following: In June of the summer in which my husband first paid his addresses to me, and which had their commencement in August, a friend of mine gave me this compliment. She said a lady of Egremont inquired of her if Miss Roys was about to be married. She replied, not that she knew of. The lady says: "Mr. —, of Sheffield, told us that a widower upon the plain is going to marry the best girl in Sheffield, and we thought it must be Miss Roys." Twelve years later, another friend looked from the window of a house upon the plain, and said to the family as she saw me entering the yard: "Mrs. Little is coming in." A matron, who had been nursing the sick of the neighborhood, sprang to look out at the window, saying: "I do want to see that woman. I have been two years in the neighborhood, and I have not heard as much said about any other person as about her; and I have not heard any one speak in her favor except yourself." She had a glimpse of my face, and said further: "Why, she doesn't look as if she need be very bad." But why so much said against one who harmed nobody? Simply because I did not create peace and remove evil from the hearts of the motherless children, or of the father who would not be comforted because they were not. I had ceased to write or to speak their faults. I ever stood ready to counsel when my counsel should be asked. And I was endeavoring to teach the motherless daughters *industry and religion*, by doing my own proper work, and performing my own devotions, and suffering my little child to come unto Christ in his appointed way, in doing unto my neighbors as *I would* that they should do unto me, and especially in fretting not myself because of evil-doers? What if they did not love to be thus taught? It was their mother's desire, and I was working with reference to an examination where she would be present, and a report be read of all my doings as well as their own. And if it

should then be said of me, "She hath done what she could," I should have an abundant recompense, yea, a great reward.

One thing was apparent to me which the public did not see. My husband saw me just as his children saw me. But he was silent. The children seemed to see it wrong that I and my offspring should be partakers with them of their father's love or money. That they should see thus, or that they should find sympathizers, did not surprise me. I had mingled with the world enough to learn its ways here ere I undertook the great work of attempting to *do right*, "not to speak of the difficulty of doing what should be pronounced right by others." But my husband had not thus mingled with the world, nor thus learned. He had let alone the business of sympathizing with the unfortunate, because the business of helping himself demanded all his powers. He had heard the popular voice against step-mothers, and had admitted it as truth in which he had no concern. He had seen me take in charge schools which were disorderly and noisy, and reduce them to order and quiet. He had not been present to see by what method I had effected this. He only saw results. He confidently looked for similar results from my influence in his family. But he felt in duty bound to abolish every method I pursued to which his children brought a remonstrance with the sanction of some body without. I yielded with due deference to him whom I was bound to revere; and just in proportion as this combined counsel gained influence, did discontent, and hatred, and variance, and strife increase, and my husband, and children, and neighbors seem to see me to be the author of it all. But my husband's outward or worldly prudence did not forsake him. He did not openly censure where he could prove no fault, but put on the stoic, set trials at defiance, and waited to see what would come of it. He gradually withdrew from public worship and social visits or gatherings, except to go by himself among his married children. But he was a *pattern man* in all business transactions as well as in his agricultural pursuits. In these he buried himself as much as possible; coming to his house for food and lodging and to greet his family with his accustomed gravity, and to suffer none but his motherless children to pour into his ear a personal want or a personal complaint, lest he should be tempted to give unto others what by heritage belonged unto them.

This I saw written in dark characters, which none but myself was suffered to read. Therefore I was not at liberty to publish lest I should add to all my other real and seeming crimes that of libel. Now that he hath written it out by his own deeds, I feel at liberty to publish, that when my friends shall again ask, *Who has broken the covenant? Who dissolved the union?* they may read and judge for themselves.

When in my earlier years I entered into covenant with a Heavenly Bridegroom, whose coming dissolves that of the earthly, he gave me a Testament sealed with his own blood, bequeathing rich legacies, and among them the following: "I will not leave you comfortless."

To prove that he hath not broken his promise, I will now copy from my correspondence (if I may be allowed the expression) with this



Divine personage, or the private journal which tells of my asking and receiving from him.

*DIARY: April 9th, 1837, Sabbath.*—The last I expect to spend in my father's family as a member, this being the week appointed for my marriage to Mr. Little, to whose home I expect to remove, and in the Scripture sense, leave my dear father and mother. Dear parents, dear brothers and sisters, dear scenes of my childhood and youth, I love them well; yet why should I dwell upon the painful thought of leaving them? All on earth is changing; but our Father in heaven changeth not. This truth keeps my mind in peace. May a heavenly father's blessing attend me wherever I go, and I be made a blessing. And oh! may my dear parents be made happy in the decline of life, peaceful in death, and blissful in eternity.

*April 12th.*—May grace be given me to discharge the obligations of the covenant into which I have now entered.

*April 14th.*—Came with Mr. Little to his house, which is now my earthly home.

*April 30th.*—The last two weeks have been spent in getting things so arranged that I can take charge of household affairs, which I design to begin to-morrow, being May 1st.

I feel desirous of forming some resolutions, depending on divine aid to enable me to perform. In regard to myself, I purpose on no day to omit the reading of the word of God, and prayer. Yes, prayer. Here is my sweetest hope. Let me, so long as I shall remain under this roof, offer in secret the morning and evening sacrifices to the God of Jacob. Let me daily seek fresh supplies of grace to lead me to a proper discharge of duties in this family. Let me daily ask for them, each of them, the especial blessing of God, for the Spirit to lead them by repentance and faith to apply to the Redeemer of the world. Let me bear with Christian meekness, patience, and humility, any provocations, trials, or sufferings, I may be called to endure in consequence of my connection with this family. Let me ever seek to possess and manifest toward them the spirit of kindness and affection.

Should the occasions present when self-interest shall appear to tempt me from duty to those to whom I stand in the relation of mother, let me at once renounce self, making all the sacrifice the opportunity may reasonably admit. Let me ever be governed by the rule to do by them as I would that one in similar circumstances should do by my own. Ever acting as in view of the judgment of the great day when I shall meet their departed mother, and be judged according to the deeds done here from day to day.

May I never lose sight of the truth, that, as a wife, obedience and respect are due from me; and may I constantly exercise the affection and faithfulness due in the marriage relation.

*May 28th, 1837, Sabbath Eve.*—Six weeks last Friday I left the home of my parents for this, my new abode. Thus far things have been more in accordance with my wishes than I expected, and I can not but entertain strong hopes that I may here be blessed and made a blessing.

*June 7th, 1837, Wednesday Eve.*—My husband absent. Left this morning for New-York. The family retired in safety and comfort, through a kind and merciful providence. My reflections

to-day have led me to fix upon Friday next as a day of private meditation, to seek for pardon and an increase of personal piety and holiness.

A week to-day Aunt Newman was surprised of speech suddenly by a fit.

Mysteries, however, are the ways of Providence. May we do with our might what our hands find to do. Soon shall we be called from our labors.

Last Sabbath had our first recitation in the Sabbath-school for the season. Subject—The Flood. Eight pupils under my charge. Two seniors a happy one with me, and very interesting. May the Saviour bless the truth to the hearts of the eight, and of all others in the school, and lead them to take refuge in him when the ark preparatory.

*July 12th, 1837.*—Three months yesterday I took upon me the marriage vow. Others who art my Master in heaven! teach me daily, and conduct me in a right discharge of the duties and obligations which this vow imposes upon me, and all my covenant vows! and incline the heart of myself and companion to walk in the path that conducts to that bright world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. My path is still strewn with blessings—more than I looked for. In the friend that God has given me, I find more that is agreeable to my own mind than I expected.

*22d, Friday Eve.*—After retiring for the night, my mind is so disquieted that I can not sleep. This originates, I believe, in conjecturing that my husband manifests a disapprobation of some of my doings in relation to visiting and sleeping.

I know my inclination may, and probably has led me astray in these particulars, as well as in others. I would be humble and reform wherever I have erred, and seek to be more fully informed of his mind.

Where is the sincere and candid friend of whom I may inquire what are my faults in character and every day deportment? that when thus informed I may make it the subject of my prayers, and the object of my every day efforts to correct them.

Whatever things are pure, true, lovely, and of good report, let the Christian think of these things.

*Sept. 24th, 1837.*—Our dear pastor again permitted to instruct us after an illness of several weeks. One part of the lesson I would retain.

After the example of Abraham, rise early and sacrifice sloth, pride, worldly-mindedness, and the sinful passions and dispositions of the heart, that in the exercise of faith and obedience, I may glorify God, and be ever prepared for his will respecting me.

*Sept. 27th.*—My husband gone for the rest of the week to New-York. Myself lonely and unhappy. Still the subject of many mercies. Our Saviour saith: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

Purpose to set apart Friday next as an especial occasion for seeking the blessing of God upon the conjugal union into which my husband and self have entered; to pray that he will make us blessings to each other, and lead us in our duty to all; that if it be God's will that I shall become a natural mother, he will prepare me for the event; cause that it result in his glory, and the final good of all connected with it.



*Nov. 18th, 1837.*—Resume my diary, which I have several weeks neglected. Fear that I shall break a resolution I made in earlier life, namely, that the cares of a family shall not deter me from writing, as I have thought is too often the case with my sex. Extract from a sermon by Rev. Mr. Turner: "An impenitent sinner can not be indifferent in the midst of so much divinity as reflects from the countenance and demeanor of the faithful Christian."

*Dec. 3d, 1837.*—Another winter has commenced. May I enjoy the presence of my Saviour, a sense of his love, and conformity to his precepts, that my soul may not mourn a mental winter fiercer than nature feels. Being circumstanced to prevent so regular an attendance at the house of God upon his holy day as I have hitherto been accustomed to, I fear lest I shall misimprove the hallowed hours, and find barrenness in spiritual fruit a consequence.

O my Saviour! be present to raise the heart of thy servant in heavenly contemplation and holy devotion on thy sacred day. Inspire her heart with prayer to heaven, arouse her from sluggishness, pity her frailty, pardon her crimes, guide her in duty to her friends, and prepare her so to live that thou mayest be honored; so to die, that to her it may be gain.

*31st.*—My husband this day completes his fifty-third year. May the ensuing year be one of many blessings to him; blessings of providence and of grace, particularly the latter.

Thankful should I be that my dearest friends are spared to me and to themselves through another year; humble for ingratitude, unbelief, and all sin which our heavenly Father has recorded against us. May his forgiveness be sought and obtained; may his blessing attend and spirit guide us through another year, if we may be spared; and if called from time before its close, may we be found in Christ, and raised to an ever-enduring home where peace and love exist without mixture.

*Jan. 1st, 1838.*—Another year has passed, fraught with mercies toward me. I have learned to look for ill in this sinful world. Yes, we must constantly witness in ourselves and others, that sin and suffering which shall move us to pity and deplore.

But mercies more than I dared expect, more than I could reasonably hope for, have been and are still bestowed upon me. The powers of body and mind, the comforts of a home with all needful supplies, the blessing of friends, particularly the kindness and affection of a bosom companion, the various means for an increase of grace and knowledge, are all occasions for devout thanksgiving to the great Author of my being, and of all my blessings. But what returns do I make? I have occasion for the deepest humiliation and abasement before that exalted Being the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, and yet condescendeth to dwell with him that is of a humble and contrite spirit. For more than six years I have rejoiced in the evidence of pardon through the great Mediator, the Son of his love. But when I examine into the degree of patience, meekness, kindness, forbearance, forgiveness, charity, self-denial, fidelity, and all the Christian duties required in the Gospel, which I have been led to practice, I can truly say with Paul, What I would, that I do not; and the evil I would not,

that I do. I have endeavored this day to ask for an increase of vital piety; wisdom to guide me in all duty and in every difficulty, and grace to prepare me for every event awaiting me this year, particularly in reference to the expected event of soon becoming a natural mother, that if I may be spared, I may rightly meet and endure the bodily sufferings which are the effect of sin, that if it may be the will of my Father in heaven, I and my offspring may live to glorify him on earth; but whatever his appointments, that he will prepare me and my friends for the event, and make all work for our greatest good and his glory.

The pen, which I have hitherto regarded as a means of improvement and usefulness, I have much neglected of late. Resolve to use it daily in communicating to others, or writing for myself, if health and ability be given me.

To whom shall I go, but unto thee, O my God? Thou only hast the words of eternal life. Purge thou me, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. To thee do I commit my interests for time and for eternity. Bless thou me, even me, O my Father! and bless my dear companion and his children, and all my friends, for thy mercies' sake.

*7th. Sabbath.*—Detained from attending as I had purposed at the house of God, where the sacrament is administered, and a new year's discourse had in connection with the funeral services of Mr. Albert Clark, who died by suicide. I feared I should be unreconciled at heart if deprived attendance at the house of God to-day.

Remarkably mild and pleasant this first portion of sacred time in the new year. May any who are destined this year to wake up in eternity witness the dawn of an infinitely more glorious Sabbath; and those who may survive, bring forth more fruit to the glory of God, than any preceding year. Amen.

*March 11th, 1838.*—Again enjoyed the privilege of attending divine service in the house of God on his holy day, after being absent through the winter.

Oh! for a heart to record the goodness of my merciful preserver, who hath helped me hitherto; who has granted me recovery from a bed of sickness to a good measure of health and strength. May grace be given me rightly to improve the blessing, and to use the powers of body and mind still granted me, for the glory of God and the benefit of my family and fellow-creatures. On the 20th of January last I became the mother of a living child.

My daughter! My first-born! A helpless little being, but destined to an endless existence. Oh! the responsibilities of a mother! the painfully-pleasing emotions that fill her mind as she gazes upon the dear precious gift, the little stranger introduced into a world of mingled pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow; where dangers beset every step of life's path, and death sooner or later puts an end to the mortal life, and introduces to an endless state of inconceivable bliss or of unutterable woe. Born into a world where the nature we inherit is averse to holiness and prone to evil, and where temptations to wrong are constantly attending us. In view of these truths, I would hasten to consecrate the gift to the Maker and Giver, beseeching thee, O my God and Saviour! that thou wilt, if consistent with thy will, preserve the life thou hast given to old age, and

protect from natural and moral evils; guide in the way of virtue; and may she see and do good in the land of the living.

But, above all, do I implore for her that new birth (of the water and Spirit) without which she can not meet the Author of her being in peace. May she be a subject of thy kingdom of grace, O my Saviour! and spend an eternity of blessedness in celebrating thy praises in the song of redeeming love.

It is the privilege of thy servant to train her up, help thou her to do it in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Amen.

She commenced her existence before twelve, Saturday night. The first daylight her eyes beheld was that of the holy Sabbath. May she spend an endless Sabbath in the New Jerusalem, enlightened by the sun of righteousness. Perhaps my affliction for her may be a temptation to deviate from the path of duty as step-mother; but I pray it may rather enable me better to judge of my duty to those to whom I sustain that relation, asking myself what I would another should do by my own in exchange of circumstances. May I rightly judge and act as taught by the precepts of my Saviour.

I do not ask for my child worldly riches, but may she have food and raiment convenient for her, and be enriched with treasures of divine grace, such as are bestowed upon the humble and devout. May she feed upon the bread of life; drink of the water which Christ giveth; be clothed with robes of a Redeemer's righteousness, and ornamented with a meek and quiet spirit. I crave for her the *beauty* which consists of a combination of the Christian graces: the *peace* which comes from God only: the *pleasures* which flow from a well-spent life, and peace and communion with God her Saviour.

27th.—My mind is too cheerless of late. It seems in a measure overcome by the cares and perplexities which daily fall to my lot. I fear that I too much cherish a repining or complaining spirit, notwithstanding the mercies which attend me and mine. Having food and raiment, I would ever be content. This is a state of trial; and whatever crosses, disappointments, difficulties, privations, or provocations providence permits to fall to my share, I ought to bear with submission; acknowledge it merited at the hands of him who holds the destinies of all at his control, and who dispenses in wisdom and mercy. May the trial of my faith work in me patience.

29th.—Purpose to begin on to-morrow, to make preparations to change our residence to a farm east of our village.

'We've no abiding city here.'

Every removal should remind us of our final removal to an ever-abiding home. May all our days be spent with a wise reference to these concerns, and when the changes of life are over with us, may we remove to a home in the skies.

Have lately commenced reading the book of Job with Scott's remarks, feeling that such has been my state of mind of late, I need the instruction on which may be gathered from it.

April 3d, 1838, *Tuesday*.—This day removed to our new place of abode; not knowing the things that await us here, neither should we be anxious to know. Our anxiety should be to know and attend unto present duty, leaving

events with God who ordereth wisely. Have left some privileges, conveniences, and pleasant things; but those which we have here are better than many have, better than I deserve, and I hope that advantage to me may result from the change. My windows give a view of the temple of God, where it has so often been my privilege to worship, and where you seem to pour the heart to heaven, to a home where impurity and sin never disturb more; where love, peace, and harmony, increasing repose. Likewise a view of the admirable range of mountains, beneath whose shade I have passed the years of my childhood and youth, still the home of my dear parents.

Oh! may I never, while under this roof, cease to offer the sacrifice of acceptable devotion, morning and evening. My removal or change of place this spring, though attended with many cares which have much distracted my mind at times, owing to bodily weakness, is yet unlike those of the years that are passed, when commencing employment for the season; inasmuch as I do not leave the dearest objects of my affections, my companion and my little Mary, (for so we concluded to call our babe the morning after our arrival here.) I have felt a strong wish to have her bear my own maiden name, but for several reasons have concluded best to relinquish the idea, and hope I may never feel or express dissatisfaction; but feel happy in having her bear the name of her of old who sat at Jesus' feet. Like her, may she choose and obtain the good part which can never be taken from her.

11th.—I this evening purpose in my heart to set apart to-morrow, (12th April) being a year from the day of my marriage, to pray for forgiveness of sins in reference to duties which this transaction imposed upon me; for the blessing of God upon the child which he has given me, and for grace rightly to discharge my duty to this child; that I may be permitted to bring her to the ordinance of baptism in an acceptable manner, and that I may be guided in all duty toward the members of my family. Lord, forgive, and direct thy servant.

12th.—Have attended the funeral of Daniel Forbes at the house where I have passed the scenes of the past year; have for the first known the duties, the trials, and the joys peculiar to the wife and mother. I see cause for deep humility of heart in view of a lack of doing good and of glorifying God by a well-ordered life and gaily conversation, by abstinent self-command and self-denial. Especially do I fear that I have not felt and practised all the affection, forbearance and forgiveness which my station as step-mother has given me occasion to exercise.

I would this evening most humbly beseech of Heaven to forgive all the transgressions of the past year, and lead me to forgive, as I would be forgiven. I would beseech that wisdom from above may guide in all duty, and grace prepare for all events of the year to come. I would review the mercies of the past year with heart-felt gratitude, particularly the gift of my little Mary with the powers given her and myself, and ask our Maker to guide me in all duty and patience to her accomplishment on my next visit with her, a promised visit of Abraham.

Lord, thy servant is unworthy. Amen.



her request, and answer and bless for thy mercy's sake in Christ Jesus. Amen.

22d.—Among causes of decline among professed Christians, as mentioned by our pastor to-day, is excess of cares, which struck me as applying to my own case. May I guard against such cause and effect, and as difficulties and trials present, may I by prayer and watchfulness overcome. Had I no trials I could not know myself, or practice patience. Without provocations I could not exercise forbearance or forgiveness. May the love and tender affection I bear my little Mary lead me to judge of my duty to the offspring of a mother now in the silent tomb, and to act as I would one in like circumstances should act towards my own.

27th, Friday.—Have felt that the powers of the mind should be constantly cultivated in order to progress, or even to secure what is already attained; and comparing my present with past efforts, see fit to resolve on a daily lesson in science, and commence to-day the perusal of Mrs. Lincoln's Botany, purposing to read attentively two pages per day.

May 20th, 1838, Sabbath.—Funeral of Mrs. Maria Wilcox, a near neighbor, one in whose society I anticipated much pleasure. Last Sabbath she was taken ill; now she is numbered with the dead.

The providence and word of God have this day spoken loudly to us: "Be ye ready." Lord, help all to improve aright these instructions.

27th.—This day, accompanied by my companion, have been permitted to bring my little Mary to the ordinance of baptism. My heart rejoices (although I see much to regret through the depravity of the human heart) in being permitted to come to the God who entered into covenant with our father, Abraham, to bless him and his seed after him, and consecrate this dear little immortal being, and plead with him to be her God, and sanctifier, and eternal portion.

June 9th, 1838.—Being this morning exhausted from too much labor when very weak, and too much excited by rebellious conduct in another, my frame was almost unnerved, and for some time I felt as if my powers were leaving me. I would not willingly ever endure again precisely what I then suffered. Would be more studious to be calm under every provocation which providence permits that I shall endure; knowing it to be duty from Christian principle, and in my present weak and nervous state, from regard to my health. Oh! how do I feel the difficulty of administering reproof and instruction daily with becoming meekness, forbearance, and love.

Nothing but the grace of God can enable me properly or successfully to discharge these duties in my present circumstances. Why should I after all the precious experience I have had of his goodness hesitate to come to him in Jesus' name for large supplies of grace, that I may discharge duty aright; and for his especial favor upon each member of my household.

Aug. 31st, 1838.—Completed my twenty-ninth year on the 8th inst. The summer now closing has been one of considerable nervous depression. My health has not been firm; my cares many; difficulties great; and, alas! too much of sin in all my course. Too little prayer; too little self-command and self-denial, and faithfulness in duties.

I am convinced that seasons of especial prayer should be resorted to by the Christian who would attain to a comparatively holy life; and I would to-day (having perused the ninth and a part of tenth chapter of Nehemiah, with Scott's observations) pray, often and particularly, for pardon of the past, and a preparation of heart, better, and rightly to practice duty toward my husband and the elder six children who have been bereft of a natural mother, and toward my own natural offspring, who, perhaps is becoming the unconscious idol of my heart; that I may conceal that partiality which nature forbids to repress; and (remembering that she, with the whole human family, is by nature sold under sin) that I may have given me to seek for her that grace which shall prepare her, if she may live, to glorify God, and do good on the earth; and if she shall be called hence, shall prepare her for the society of the blessed above.

Dec. 23d, 1838.—Resume my long-neglected private journal. The past season fraught with scenes of good and ill, has been one of neglect in writing; one of much bodily weakness, attended with many cares, and great need of strength and ability. In the retrospect I think of little of interest to record. Have been in a state of mind tending to dejection much of the time. I have thought it owing to nervous irritation, but perhaps the true cause is more in the state of my affections than my bodily organs. Am of late encompassed with difficulties peculiar and trying, particularly as respects my duty to the youngest daughter of my husband's former wife. I have endeavored to lay the cause before God at his throne of grace, and ask strength and guidance.

The eldest daughter is away at school this winter where I have strong hopes that she may improve in mind and manners. I have recently finished the perusal of Abbott's Young Christian, and have resolved to endeavor to practice his rules for the improvement of character.

I will insert in this part of my epistle two articles which further tell my heart-workings during the year 1838.

The first is a line addressed by myself to the daughter at school.

Thanksgiving Eve, 27th Nov. 1838.

MISS ANNA: I hope you have spent the day, and are spending this evening in a manner becoming a rational being and an intelligent mind.

We did speak of sending for you to come home with Lucy this week, but finally concluded it might be pleasanter for you to come three weeks hence than now. Work has crowded ever since you left. No help to do housework until to-day, Mary Peaster has come to live with us. I will try to have Elizabeth here in three weeks if you come home then. Misses Goodrich (tailresses) here last week. Miss Austin (mantua-maker) finished last Friday. Ephraim Birge staid with us one night last week. His friends were well. Mr. Stillman (house-joiner) has worked in the chambers three days, and made much confusion there. I presume you find the exchange from *house-work* to *school-work* a luxury. I really hope the hurry of business will soon be so far over with myself, as to allow of a little regular reading. Augusta is a pretty good girl. Mary as bad and as good as ever. Your pa, not



very well a few days past. The hand-kerchief a present from Louisa. Be a good girl, and make the most of your opportunities as they pass, not to be recalled. And may we all be of the number who spend an eternal Thanksgiving in nobler praise than mortals render.

Yours, affectionately, L. J. L.

I will here answer an inquiry which may arise in the minds of some, namely: Why not subscribe yourself, *mother*? Anna had by inheritance, great strength of purpose, and for reasons not explained, had ever refused to address me except as "you." I had kindly invited her to call me "mother," if that could be agreeable to her, and if not, to pronounce my name when addressing me. I did not doubt that she had encouragement from some "body-bodies" without, in fixing her purpose from which she never deviated, as she has at no time since my marriage written or spoken to me either as mother or Mrs. But Anna has done many, very many things for which my heart has blessed her; and when in the bitterness of her spirit, in after years, she cursed me to my face, I did not lay all the sin to her charge, and prayed still that God would bless her.

Now, that she is blessed in being the mother of five children, I doubt not she has other views of duty, and that when this Offering of Truths Stranger than Fiction, shall reach her, she will receive it as from a mother.

The next article which I copy is a folded sheet labeled, "To be preserved," which was ever kept where, in case of my decease, it would fall under the eye of friends interested in executing my will. It is as follows:

Sept. 1838.

My little Mary, endowed with ordinary gifts for a child of seven months, is an object of deep solicitude with her frail and ailing mother. She beholds in her a being who has just commenced an endless existence; and it is in regard to her eternal destiny that she is particularly anxious. Three mothers, within a mile or two from our dwelling, have been called to leave their tender offspring, and slumber in the grave, since our removal here five months ago.

This circumstance, together with a state of mind and health during the past summer which has led me to dwell much upon my liability to be soon called from this world, has told me how dear to my heart are the interests of the little helpless being committed to my care by her Father in heaven.

What I now write is in view of the truth that I may be called to leave her to the care and training of others, and I would (in such a case) have them know my choice in a few important particulars.

Should such an event take place while her kind-hearted father is living, I would earnestly entreat of him to forgo the pleasures of her company at home, as from the early and confirmed habits of her elder sisters, (whose misfortune it is not to have had the salutary discipline most essential for their good in their earliest years,) I consider it would be unwise to suffer her to receive the influence they would be likely to exert. I would have her continually under the authority of a female who would enforce obedience to reasonable commands; would have

her taught to feel that to be useful here, as far as capable, and to strive after it, are the ends for which she should live; would have her used to habits of industry, punctuality, and order; would have her constantly returned to the commands of her Maker to improve her talents, that her fear may be the principle to deter from evil; would have her regular at church, as far as her situation allows; always a member of the Sabbath-school and Bible-class; and would desire that she may daily witness the devotions of others in family worship or otherwise. Should myself live to train her, I feel that, in the absence of family worship, (as is now the case,) I must make a daily practice of retiring to pray with her—would have her directed to the Saviour as early as his mind shall make any inquiries with respect to her Maker, or a future existence.

Rather would I that she be a servant to a pious, intelligent female, with the above-mentioned privileges, than enjoy ease and idleness, and be led to follow the bent of her own inclination, and the influence of unwelcome example.

I am fully persuaded that female authority and watchfulness are essential in forming the early habits. Men, however correct in his station, is not fitted for these duties. L. J. L.

The above was penned when, in weakness and utter helplessness in myself, and in hopelessness from man, I committed my way to God in behalf of my child. How he hath brought it to pass is to appear in tracing her future history.

DIARY: *January 1st 1839*—Commenced the year under the *dear, dear, paternal roof*; yes, in the dwelling that gave me birth. And not only so, but the spot where the Holy Spirit first witnessed with my spirit that I was born of God, that my sins were pardoned through the atonement of the Lord Jesus.

I did indeed feel, as I knelt in the apartment where I was wont to converse with my Saviour, that I was returned to my Father. Oh, how sweet it was to be there! How near to my former life, to memory dear, arose to the soul's view! Still sweet scenes on earth must be transient. To me they may be far beloved. But time's rapid flight will soon bring me to a home which shall be abiding. Oh! I hope and trust to a holy, happy home. Oh! then, let me cheerfully bear the trials, fatigues or afflictions, and perform the duties of the way; thankful if I may live for the good of those who are very near and dear to me.

6th.—This day listened to a deeply interesting discourse from our pastor, in which he reviewed the quarter of a century which has passed since his connection with this church and people.

20th.—This day my little daughter completed the first year of her existence.

I view her Maker's power and goodness in her little frame; and in her opening and expanding powers and faculties I rejoice, admire, and adore. And, oh! I would consecrate the precious gift to the Giver.

Have this day endeavored to pray, particularly for her regeneration and sanctification, and for the conversion of her earthly father. Have resolved, I hope, depending on divine grace, to pray daily for my child in an audible voice in presence.

*January 1st, 1840.*—The year which I was permitted to commence at my father's, it was my privilege to close there, and again to greet the opening year with those whose love and friendship I can not doubt; parents, brethren, and sisters dear.

Myself and little daughter have passed several days with them. How pleasant to hold interviews with real friends! Oh! how pleasant! My tongue or pen can not express what I feel on this subject. But does my heart feel in reference to the goodness of my Maker toward me in giving me friends, in prolonging my life to enjoy them, and in sparing them to me. But what is this favor even in comparison of the friendship proffered of him who is Lord of lords, and King of kings—an ever-living, all-powerful, and gracious Redeemer?

I have hoped that this Redeemer is mine. I have rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

Oh! I have desired that my life might be spent in doing his will, and in glorifying him on the earth.

"Alas, and shall I ever live  
At this poor dying rate?"

I would look at the past year, but my heart faints. O Lord! forgive, sanctify, and save. Direct thy servant this year, O Lord! in all duty, I humbly pray thee.

Oh! that this principle, which I have, in years past, felt to be an abiding and governing one, might still be such, namely: If I suffer for well-doing, let me take it patiently; and if for evil-doing, let me not complain.

I sigh for domestic happiness, and if denied me, let me seek to know how far it is attributable to my own errors, and labor and pray daily to correct them. When waiting to decide whether to accept the proposal to enter the family to which I now belong, I laid the case before God, in prayer, to be directed to choose the course in which I should most glorify him, and best promote my eternal well-being.

Perhaps God is answering my prayers in his own best manner, notwithstanding my way seems to myself shrouded in thick darkness.

Perhaps the Searcher of hearts saw in me wrong motive, and is visiting my sins with the rod. In either case, it becomes me not to murmur, but to acquiesce in his will and pleasure, and to praise him for the good which I experience. My little Mary is a promising child, and her innocent prattle a sweet comfort. How good is the Lord in sparing her to me, and in giving me opportunity to administer to her wants! I have been permitted to perform what I resolved the last year in relation to practicing devotion in her presence.

*17th.*—A visit the present week from sister Elizabeth and cousin C. Newman. The hopeful conversion to Christ of the latter, has recently rejoiced my heart.

*18th.*—Intelligence has to-day reached us that the steamboat Lexington was burned upon Long-Island Sound last Monday evening, and that all the passengers except two or three, perished. Among the number was cousin Philo Upson of Egremont. Oh! the distress, the heart-rending, and grief unutterable which this awful catastrophe has produced! Oh! to think of the consternation that must have prevailed among the com-

pany at that fatal hour—so suddenly and unexpectedly called to look death in the face—in hopeless agony to commit themselves to the watery deep, to perish by drowning or by cold! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How does it become all who survive to deplore the fate of the unfortunate sufferers, to heed the solemn warning, and seek henceforth to be constantly ready for the coming of the Son of Man; to be doing what we can for the glory of God, and the salvation of ourselves and others! May the Spirit of the living God in mercy be given to make this event a blessing to surviving friends. To-morrow my little Mary completes her second year. I purpose to observe the day, to pray particularly for her conversion to God, and for grace to perform my duty in Christian fidelity as a parent.

*March 1st, 1840.*—Returned to-day from my father's, where I have spent the last two weeks with my little girl.

*Sept. 1st, 1840.*—The last summer has been one of entire neglect relative to my diary, and of much trouble and anguish of spirit in my domestic relations and situation. May the Lord yet smile upon us, and give us to enjoy the blessings of peace, and fit us to join the happy family above, where is holiness, and harmony, and light, and love, without mixture and without end.

The following are resolves I was led to make on the day I completed my 31st year:

*1st.* Bear with silence those things that I feel need to be rebuked in the children.

*2d.* Treat my husband with deference, kindness, and attention, and endeavor to cherish toward him that affection which I felt when I married him.

*3d.* Rise early.

*4th.* Be three times a day on my knees in my closet.

*5th.* Attend more to writing; and paste Dr. Humphrey's *Thoughts on Education* saved from the *New-York Observer*.

Oh! that my Maker would lead me this year to be good, to do good, and to glorify him!

"Be angry and sin not." Oh! how difficult for me to feel a just indignation at that which is evidently wrong, and not indulge in improper resentment or bitter feelings!

*9th, Wed.*—With my husband set out to visit his relatives in Harpersfield. Had but two days' notice to prepare for the journey, and from indisposition greatly unfitted for the undertaking.

*22d.*—Arrived home. My late visit is a source of peculiar satisfaction to me, in having afforded me opportunity to become acquainted with the kindred of my husband and child.

*January 19th, 1841.*—Anna Little left for Harpersfield to-day with the intention of spending a few months with her cousin, Mrs. Newell. I have strong hopes that this arrangement may conduce to her improvement, and to the good of the family.

*20th.*—This day my daughter completes her third year. I have endeavored to pray particularly for her, that she may experience that new birth which is by water and the Spirit; that she may be new created unto righteousness and true holiness. Oh! for a heart to praise the Lord for the mercies he has bestowed in the dispensations of his providence toward her thus far! Surely he hath been better than my fears. And shall I not with unwavering confidence trust him for



time to come? Yea, for all things needful for her, for body and for soul, for time and for eternity.

27th.—With my husband and child visited at my father's. Interview with kindred under the dear, paternal roof has been allowed me, this, another year. Death has yet made no vacancy in our family. How multiplied and long-continued are the mercies of our Parent in heaven! May he graciously prepare each of us for all his holy will and pleasure.

7th.—Mary Little has been troubled with cold, which appears to affect her lungs. This at times causes me some alarm, lest disease is senting upon them. How frail our bodies! The soul, what a priceless gem! To-day sent a letter of exhortation to sister Elizabeth. Oh! that the Lord would incline her heart now to seek him, and devote herself to his service.

21st.—My child, who has been several weeks ill, is again able to go out with me to church. Oh! for a grateful heart for the mercies of my God.

28th.—Away from the house of God to-day; attending upon my mother, who is ill.

March 8th, 1841.—Went to-day to assist in taking care of mother, who is very feeble. May our heavenly Father, if he can consistently with his holy will, again restore her to health.

14th.—To-day sent a note to cousin Helen, speaking to her of the things which concern the soul's salvation.

24th.—To-day, while busied with the business of the world, and engaged in planning for the future, suddenly the bell struck and aroused my mind to think of a soul recently sped to the world of spirits. I stopped my pursuits for a moment, and listened to count the age of the recently departed. It was twenty years. At our dinner we had conversation relative to the qualities of teachers employed in Sheffield the last year. Miss Martha Ward, formerly a pupil of mine, ranked with the highest, in the estimation of the committee present. Before night, information came that she had finished her work on earth. Yes, the blooming Martha has been

"Snatched away  
By death's restless hand."

But she had confessed Christ before men, and now we may hope she is present with the Lord, in the Paradise above.

June 6th, 1841.—My diary has been neglected for many weeks, while I have been called to pass through solemn and afflictive scenes.

My mother, my dear mother, has been called away from her labors on earth: from her family and her friends. Ah! the scenes of this busy, bustling world will never, never more share her attention. I look at the verdure and the bloom of this lovely season, and reflect that the eyes of my dear mother will never gaze on these again. The scenes I love seem to bring a melancholy delight. But why should I mourn? for I feel the comforting assurance that she is joining in the song of the redeemed. She deceased Wednesday, May 5th, half-past eight p.m. Was buried Saturday 8th, at ten a.m. Sermon at the house by Mr. Bradford, from the words, "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Hymns sung, 615, 616, 618, of the Church Psalmody, to the tunes Sunderland, Burford, and Kambia. Her age was fifty-four. The

Wednesday morning mother's burial I returned to my own home, when I felt the loneliness of my situation. No longer a mother in earth, my health poor, my mind depressed, in view of my prospects of a worldly future, yet in respect to mother, comforted, in that sense I say: "For me to die will be gain." She lived to know that her daughter Elizabeth was rejoicing in hope of pardon from God through Christ. Soon after her death, Pamela, my eldest sister, was rejoicing in hope.

8th, Tuesday.—To-day Ralph and Anna Little returned from Harpersfield, N.Y., bringing merciful tidings. Ephraim Birge, eldest son of my husband's eldest sister, was drowned on Friday last, while attempting to swim from a pleasure-excursion row-boat to the shore, on a small lake.

27th.—Have spent a few days among my friends, and visited my mother's grave. There has been a change in the aspect of our family affairs, highly favorable to my own comfort and peace. My health is mending, and I feel myself comparatively blessed. Oh! that all the good gifts of my merciful Father may be sanctified unto me, through the word of God and prayer; and may I have wisdom and grace as I shall need!

To-day intelligence of the death of Morton Birge, of Galea, Ill., third son of my husband's eldest sister, by drowning while bathing. Dark and mysterious are the ways of providence. These two brothers, fifteen hundred miles apart, within five days of each other, came to their death by drowning. Both young men, the eldest thirty. Both were, and had been for many years, the professed friends of Christ.

July 4th, Sabbath.—Christ's death commemorated.

On the last communion, I was with my sick mother. It was the last Sabbath of her life. To-day my two eldest sisters have entered into covenant to be the Lord's, and partaken the emblems of his body broken and blood shed for sinners.

One year to-day I partook of an excellent supper prepared by my mother's hands. Though our earthly friends die, our Saviour ever liveth, and those who sleep in him are blessed.

Aug. 8th, 1841, Sabbath.—To-day completes my thirty-second year.

In the retrospect of the past year, I see much cause for gratitude to God, and much for self-alienation before him. He in his providence has spared my life with that of my offspring and other members of our household, and has given unto us a goodly measure of health. He has taken from me a wise and affectionate mother; and by his grace has disposed two of my sisters to seek the Saviour. He has kept me from falling into outward neglect of religious duties, though I have so far come short in the affections of my heart and the tenor of my life.

I am more favorably situated in my family than a year ago. May our kind heavenly Father graciously remove the evil that we endure, and lead us all to love that which is good, and pursue it.

Oct. 2d, 1841.—Mrs. Birge, my husband's eldest sister, with her daughter and family, arrived, on a visit.

6th, Tuesday Evening.—Had a season of prayer with sister Birge, and made an agreement with her to go to a throne of grace on succeeding



Tuesdays at eight P.M., to pray especially for the conversion of her *brother, my husband*.

7th.—This morning our friends left for home.

22d.—A letter from Mrs. Newell, informing us of the death of her mother (sister Birge) on the morning of the 12th inst. Two weeks did I resort to my closet at the appointed time, little thinking that her spirit had fled to unseen worlds; yea, I doubt not to a mansion in the skies, where prayer is turned to praise.

I may no longer unite with her in prayer for the object above specified; but she has long prayed, and if I may live, let me not cease to pray that her prayers may yet be answered.

I will here extract from a letter addressed to me by the daughter of Mrs. Birge, who accompanied her on her last visit to my husband, her brother.

O my dear Aunt! how little did we think, when parting from our friends, that the angel of death would so soon come among us and lay his hand upon such an idolized object of our affection! Yet so it was.

I suppose from the moment she first felt that any thing was the matter, there was no hope for her, though we were not much alarmed, as we supposed it a sudden cold. She first complained (about two hours after setting out for home) of a slight sickness at the stomach, and said she could not swallow. I think she did not take a spoonful of any thing from the time she left you; yet her strength held out remarkably, so that she appeared quite cheerful when we reached sister Newell's, at the close of the second day. Her physician supposes it was a sort of apoplexy, produced in a great measure by her recent afflictions.

It seemed at first as though I could not survive her death. Yet I did survive. But oh! how has this world, (which once appeared so bright and beautiful,) how has it changed! Yet the thought that this is not our continuing city enables us to live on, and strive to perform the duties that devolve upon us until our time shall come. M. B.

DIARY: Dec. 21st, 1841, Tues.—Returned from my brother's, where I have been spending a few days, to get the change needful for my health. Suffer from chronic affection of the stomach, and sometimes apprehend that it will soon wear me out. I feel anxious to do what I can for the promotion of health and continuance of life, on account of the religious training of my child. If God sees fit, I desire to live, and have grace and wisdom to train her for him; but if he purposes otherwise, I desire to acquiesce, and to rejoice in the truth that he reigneth, and will do all his pleasure.

I merit his chastening; yet he mingles in my cup unnumbered and unmerited mercies.

Feb. 24th, 1842.—Was taken ill with measles on the 31st Dec. Employed a physician Jan. 5th. My stomach became very irritable, and I suffered a daily sinking until the 15th January, when I was brought to death's door.

Then was my disease rebuked, and I began to amend.

Walked from my bed with assistance 23d Jan., and on the 25th rode to my father's, where I have spent four weeks, receiving those attentions

which contribute to improve feeble health. My little daughter had the disease lightly, but attended with a very severe cough. She was taken to her Grandpa's the day she completed her fourth year, the time fixed upon in my own mind for commencing to teach her to read. I took with me the *Mother's Own Primer*, and began to give her a short exercise in reading once a day.

March 4th, 1842.—Our son Lucius' wife has become the mother of twins, two little girls.

May the blessing of their Maker and Giver rest upon them; the first-born of a new generation to this house.

April 12th.—Five years to-day I entered the married state.

Have occasion for deep humiliation in view of my unprofitableness; and for gratitude that I have been sustained under the various trials I have experienced. Would anew ask of my heavenly Father wisdom and grace to prepare me for duties or trials before me. Have spent the last week in my father's family, attending my brothers and sisters sick with measles. How thankful should I be for being permitted to supply the place of my departed parent toward my younger brothers and sisters, at such times as those in which they feel most their loss!

This evening attended the marriage of our son Ralph to Miss Sarah Boardman, at her father's.

May the blessing of Abraham's God rest upon the married pair; and they, being clad in Christ's righteousness, be permitted to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Oct. 11th, 1842.—This day set apart, in my own mind, for private humiliation and prayer, that God will assist me to become spiritually minded, and prepare me to resist temptation; to endure the trials, crosses, or provocations I may meet in the domestic circle, with meekness and patience.

I have felt of late that disease is gradually fitting me, ere long to depart to the world of spirits. I am now somewhat better, though illy able to endure all that seems needful in my present situation. Oh! for grace to enable me to rise above the world; to rejoice continually in God, and to be faithful in the discharge of all duty!

Lord, wilt thou hear my prayer for help to love thee more and serve thee better, and so to live as to be ready when thou shalt call for me. Amen.

Nov. 1st, 1842.—Have to-day prayed especially in reference to my own and my companion's spiritual state, that we be fitted by divine grace for a final reception into the Paradise above.

24th, Thanksgiving.—More comfortable in the domestic circle, and hope for continued improvement.

January 1st, 1843, Sabbath.—Cousin Eliza C. married to Dr. M. at the close of afternoon services in church.

May this *New Year* be a better than all former years, in that I may be more humble, more holy, more diligent in the work assigned me.

My health poor, though able to be about the house most of the time, and to go out.

3d.—Our son Robert married to Miss Cornelius Eldrid, of Salisbury, Ct.

March 7th, 1843.—Returned to my home after an absence of seven weeks, spent with my father and brethren, for benefit to health.

April 4th, 1844.—To-day perused my journal of the last six years, and have reason to exclaim: The Lord hath been my helper, or I should not have been sustained. Six years yesterday we removed to our present abode, not knowing the things which awaited us here, as I then expressed in my journal.

I have learned the truth, "In the world we shall have tribulation," as I had not learned it during my first twenty-eight years. Yet God hath been better than my fears, in that he has sustained me. And shall I not then trust him for time to come?

May 12th, 1844.—Have been laid aside from labor the last five weeks, but am to-day able to resume the instruction of my child, and my accustomed devotions with her. On her account I desire to have my life prolonged, if it may be the pleasure of our heavenly Father. His faith provided me trials in this my time of suffering and of trial. May he give me a grateful heart, and bless my benefactors abundantly.

June 2d, 1844.—Our Sunday-school reorganized to-day. My child, whose interests, both temporal and eternal, are so near my heart, is within its influence. This I esteem a great privilege. May she be taught of thee, O Lord! not only from thy word, but by thy Spirit.

July 30th, 1844.—To-day completes my thirty-sixth year. Had I ever expected to man have I been spared until the dangers which

"Stand back through all the land  
To pass me to the tomb?"

Oh! that I may henceforth be more wise and more lowly!

Dec. 15th, 1844.—Resolve that I will endeavor to use my pen in doing good.

1844.—Last day of the year. Set apart by myself for private humiliation before God. May I so read, and so meditate, and so pray, and so resolve, that with the blessing of God my spiritual strength may be renewed, and I be better prepared for Christian duty another year than heretofore I have ever been.

Jan. 10th, 1845.—Our society enjoying more of a revived religion than at any time since my own removal to Christ. Feel my heart drawn out in love to my husband, with strong desires that he may now come to the Gospel feast; and one end aimed peace and pardon bought with blood. Sixty years of his life have been passed without hope in Christ. May he enter the vineyard of the Lord, though at the eleventh hour, that we may eventually sit down to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and in spotless robes, and our hearts filled with holy love which shall know no abatement and no alloy.

Lord, grant it for thy Son's sake. Amen.

20th.—This day my only child completes her seventh year. Notwithstanding all my weakness and disease, which have given me so much anxiety lest she be bereft of a mother's care and training in her character-forming period of life, and some under unfavorable influences, I am still spared to her, and she to me. Am permitted to have her join with me in reading the sacred Scriptures, and bowing before the mercies of our heavenly Father notwithstanding the peculiar trials of a domestic nature to which we as a family are subjected!

In prospect of becoming a married man a mother, I would entrust the God of Heaven to all to be essential unto me, and if he can, consistently with his holy purposes, spare my life, and grant life to my unborn offspring, and make the event result in the good of all interested, and in his glory.

June 12th, 1845.—Our Sunday-school reorganized. I am privileged to see the return of another convert, with health sufficient to go up to the sanctuary of God, and see my daughter again among those gathered into the blessed congregation. Oh! what shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies?

On the 2d of February last, I was made the mother of a living son which, though feeble at first, has ever improved, and is now a fine, healthy boy of four months. Myself more comfortable in body and mind than for a long time—more so than for years I have dared hope to become. Not that all the cares of my heart have been removed, but that I have become under them as a warrior child; and enabled to bear them with a more calm and serene mind; can look upon them as molesting things which I hope have perished and are removed.

July 5th, 1845.—This day, being Preparatory Lecture, I brought my little son to the ordinance of baptism. Gave him the name, Charles Henry. My husband and an accompanying son, Charles L. Ballard and Richard likewise brought their little son.

Divine Saviour, graciously lay thy hands upon these little ones and bless them. May they live to love and serve thee, and in the number would join the redeemed throng who shall celebrate thy praises for evermore. Amen.

Aug. 8th, 1845.—And still another year has been added to my life. Thirty-six years have I been a proscriber upon the bounty of a merciful God. The last has been fraught with anxieties for which I scarcely dared to hope. I feel that it becomes me to be deeply humble and grateful. With reference to the latter blessing mentioned toward me and my children, I feel desirous of receiving that I will refrain from speaking words of resentment or reproach under the provocation I may receive. If another year shall be added to my life, may I spend it in strict adherence to this resolution. My daughter Mary, too, in view of the evil, she is obliged to witness, arising from discord and strife, is disposed to promise that she will guard against participating in the evil. O Lord! strengthen thou us to persevere, and guide and bless us.

Jan. 14, 1846.—

"The opening year thy mercy shows,  
Let mercy crown it till it close."

My family, this winter, reduced to myself, husband, and children, affording me a peace and quiet for which I have long sighed. May my time and privileges be wisely improved. The past year has been one of distinguished blessings. The preservation of my own life and the life of my infant son call for devout gratitude to the Author and Preserver of life—him whose promise it is to exult or to abate. He hath been with me in six troubles; yea, in the seventh he has not forsaken me. Oh! that I may ever love and trust him, ever magnify and bless his holy name!

Jan. 1st, 1847.—This day met a hundred and twenty or thirty at the house of our beloved pastor, on the occasion of our annual visit.

The past has been a year of unusual mortality among us, yet am I spared to taste the sweets of social intercourse with friends and Christians dear; still to enjoy the blessing of continued life and health to my household—a peaceful and quiet home—with opportunities for securing and doing good.

Oh! for a grateful heart, a penitent, believing, and obedient spirit!

Jan. 2d, 1848, *Sabbath*.—United with my fellow-disciples in celebrating the Lord's Supper. Weather and traveling so bad that the accustomed New-Year's discourse is deferred.

Jan. 9th.—New-Year's sermon, from the text: "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?" There have been nine hundred and twenty-two deaths in Sheffield during the last thirty-four years, or since Mr. Bradford was set apart for the mini-try here. Of these more than half were under thirty-five years of age.

Dec. 31st, 1848.—This last Sabbath and day of another year am attending the sick-bed of my daughter, who has been much afflicted during the year now closing with poor health and weak eyes, but has suffered more intensely the last two weeks than ever before with sickness. She was taken with fever two weeks to-day. At the time of the attack her nerves were very weak, and her suffering has been extreme. But she is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well; who saw fit to lay upon his well-beloved Son greater sufferings than mortals know for our sakes; and who is able to make all these trials of my child result in her greatest good. In this truth my soul finds support. The year now closing has been one of much sickness with myself and children. It has likewise been one of a return of domestic evils. But these, for the present, have been greatly alleviated or removed. I feel that I have cause to call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless the Lord for all his benefits; yea, and to trust him to work in and for me all things needful. The tolls of mortality have this day sounded thrice in our ears, calling upon us mortals to redeem the time as our years are swiftly passing. Soon our hatred and our love will be buried; all our works, whether good or evil, shall cease.

O Lord! forgive, and sanctify, and bless, for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

Jan. 20th, 1849.—

"That voice, oft heard, that speaks, Be still,  
Submissive to his holy will,  
Has called by death your darling child,  
And bids you to be reconciled.

"He's called her from your fond embrace,  
Consigned her to her resting-place;  
Her spirit winged to God above,  
Dwells there in holy bliss and love.

"He's called her from her earthly home,  
In a far-distant world to roam;  
No more to sin, no more to sigh,  
No more to languish or to die.

"The mother's heart that's rent in twain,  
To bear afresh her wounds again,  
May go to him, pour out his grief,  
And on his bosom find relief.

"In that great day when Christ shall come,  
He'll claim your 'Mary' as his own;  
Raise her immortal, pure and white,  
To dwell with him in realms of light."

Yes, dear Mary, thou loved companion of my life's journey during "ten years," thou art gone! gone to return to me no more! gone to a better world, to a happier home, to know the bliss of love divine! The tenderest ties of thy beloved mother's heart are severed! the deepest fountains of grief are there opened and gushing. But 'tis God, thy Maker and Giver, who hath called thee. I feel to bless his holy name, and to say: "He hath done all things well." He gave that faith unto thy mother which led her early to consecrate thee unto himself, to seek to imbue thy young mind with his sacred truths, and to lead thy young heart to seek him in prayer. He wrought in thee a love of filial duty, gentleness, patience, purity of heart, meekness, humility, and faith. He chasteneth thee as a wise father; and when thou wast purified as gold in the furnace, he terminated thy sorrows and thy sufferings in a peaceful death, and introduced thee to those joys which mortal eye hath not seen, or ear heard, or imagination conceived. Farewell, sweet child, until I have accomplished the work that remains for me on earth. Then will thy mother come!

Thus closes the fourth and last volume of my private journal, commenced in 1831. From the day it thus closed I have not taken up my pen to *speal* out of the abundance of my heart, except in communications to mortal friends. And now I must have recourse to some of these to show further the state of the inner or hidden life, as well as the manner in which God has answered what I have addressed to him. Before proceeding to this part of my work, it seems needful for me to do a thing to which I have hitherto been a stranger—namely, set the specific faults of another than my single self in a note-book. I have spoken in this letter of being *cursed* by one whom I sought most earnestly to bless. I did not lay this sin wholly to her charge.

I do not believe that God lays this sin wholly to her charge; neither do I believe that the act of indorsing this curse by one who had sworn to bless me, is a sin laid wholly to the charge of the indorser. I believe that she who was *impulsive* because she was a woman, was *more* impulsive because she was the offspring of a man who cherished a causeless hatred against the woman he should have loved, namely, her own natural mother; and that when God was visiting this iniquity of the father upon the child, the father's mind was so "harassed" that he knew not what to do, except to yield to any terms of peace she should dictate, and that her dictation was very much influenced by the selfish passions of her own heart and of a class of meddlers without.

The birth of her little brother was to Mary an unlooked-for blessing. She could scarcely give utterance to her joy, or describe the bright visions in the future which unfolded to her view. New sources of joy must develop new sources of sorrow in her case as in others. To see the little helpless stranger an object of hatred and contempt in his father's house caused her gentle and loving spirit an additional grief. But she, through sympathizing with her mother, and more or less participating in a similar hatred, had learned, too, to lock her sorrows in her own bosom, except as she poured them out to God.



Her father seemed not to understand that a child could suffer and not complain. He never meant to be harsh with a child. But she could read; and as she was ever present when the darkness toward her mother was upon her father's brow, she had become excessively sensitive in that direction. Her mother's sickness was the times of her greatest trials.

During the first three months of the little brother's life, her father took no more notice of his mother or baby than of beggars whom he encountered in his house, because he could not lawfully turn them away, except to maintain his dignity, if others than the discontented members of the family were present.

But Mary's winning way and love for the little stranger, added to the charms of May, so far removed the "melancholy" of his mind that he spoke peacefully to his wife in their retirement.

When the light of my husband's countenance was lifted upon us, we rejoiced; when it was withheld, we wept carefully before him. But we were permitted every day to go together before God and make large requests; and here we obtained supplies which made us too happy in the view of those who looked at what should be visited with stripes. Though profoundly religious, I was not a saint. My fastings and prayers were not before him, except as I silently worshipped in the congregation. I was one of the general loafers of my day. I lived in the world. I studied to know how best to disengage myself before the world, and here, as to religion, or rather as a part of religion, I acted out my own faith. My husband held to the idea of doing with out servants. He did not descend to part with a scold, either did he ever write or utter anything to take back. The fiat had gone forth. I possessed a *laundry spirit*—was *conscientious* and *inflexible*, and every appearance in me of a contrary character was only evidence of my power to carry out designs, deep and dark, for the destruction of his house. I might not desire to be a *Calverley's girl*, therefore did not attempt it. They were emboldened in attempting to dictate to me on the authority of "somebody," or "a person." I acted my own judgment. They reported me, and professed to have good judgment against me from the populace. I still believed that I was wiser than the children, in my own affairs, notwithstanding the number of their condemnations. I told their father that I had examined my heart and my life in the light of God's word and Spirit, earnestly sought, and I could find nothing in myself or course which appeared to me a cause of the unhappiness in the family; but I had sometimes given expression to resentful feeling, which, however, nature or reason might plead for under great provocation, was *unforgotten*; that I was sorry and desisted forgiveness. But he who never did any thing to be forgiven was under no obligation to forgive; therefore my prayer found no favor with him. Yet my Maker says: "He that confesses and forsakes his sins shall find mercy." And I gave the mercy promised. Yes, the power which I received, to live and walk before the man of unabated and concealed wrath, for years, enduring every provocation which the long-existing and ever-accumulating enmity against me could give, without uttering a reproachful word, was a gift which came by fasting and prayer. When I could reconcile myself in no other way, I called

to mind the prophet's words to God, "Vindicate the wrath of man and praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Yet I knew that the wrath of man could never praise him who should permit the men to go down upon it. Opposition to this truth was working injustice toward me and my unobedient children. Children who have a step-mother must be permitted to act out nature, and they, as well as others, desire praise. I will here attempt something like a narrative of the last year of Mary's life. Will begin with copying a letter from her own hand.

SHIRFIELD, March 12th, 1845.

DEAR AUNT ELIZABETH: Mother and I were going to write to you on a sheet, and I thought I would send a few lines to her. I have had the scarlet-fever and have not long regained my strength. Mother and Charlie have been sick with the same. Mother has not recovered, but Charlie is so as to be about. He had many times when he was sick: "I wish Aunt Lizzy would come and take us."

I have not been to school any these four weeks, and probably shall not be able to go any more until the ground gets settled. We have not had any very good sleighing here this winter, and I do not think we shall this spring. We have a very large drift in front of the gate. Father says he hardly ever saw it so high. Uncle George's school is out, and he spent one night here last week and watched with mother and Charlie. Perhaps Eliza will mention that George Cook's wife is dead. There have been a number of deaths in Barrington of the scarlet-fever. I can think of nothing more of interest, unless it be that my Christmas present was a parcel about an inch long. It cost twenty-five cents. The marks on the left hand of the page are some of Charlie's writing, as he took the liberty to use the pen when I stepped out of the room for a moment. Perhaps you can understand their meaning. He often says I wish Aunt Lizzy to bring me another sugar money. Perhaps that is what they mean.

Give my love to Arabella Knox, and ask her to answer my letter.

Please accept this, with much love, from your affectionate niece,  
MARY LITTLE.

The sickness of myself and children, spoken of by Mary, but as, as scarlet-fever is often one of its subjects, with a protracted convalescence. My husband, or the dear children, knew nothing of weakness, and expected or seemed to expect every one who was not prostrated by fever, to be strong enough to help himself. Mary had for some years been to me a mischievous source of times of such weakness, but now she, too, was a sufferer, and there was room for misanthropy, except as the weak sought to hear the intimations of the weak, while we were comparatively locked upon and spoken of by the strong about us as too lazy to exert a living, and as wretchedly smothering upon the products of the hard work. Exercise in the open air as far as practicable had always been my resort for improving strength. But we were now too weak for much of that, and my husband had long uttered the unobjectionable "No" to prayers for aid of the kind. He was very indulgent to his children, and I, relying upon that, had sent Mary to make

requests to be taken abroad, till she said: "Mother, I don't like to ask father for any thing which he does not choose to grant, he *looks* so."

Finding that my husband had thoughts of visiting his relatives, in Harpersfield, I flattered myself that providence was opening to us the way for a cure. My husband had never taken his two younger children to see his own kindred, and at this state of our health, a ride by our own conveyance to the farther side of the Catskill Mountains would be health and pleasure to us, and money to him who was so oppressed by the thoughts of supporting us in sickness. I ventured to express my thoughts to my husband upon the subject. But his brow contracted and darkened, and as he refused, he said he supposed I would do all in my power to interrupt his going.

This I knew to be an unmerited charge, for I knew that if I were to plan a journey to my friends, I should desire no interruption; and to do as I would be done unto had long been my study. This accusation, like many of the kind, had its unfavorable effect upon my health. Not that I willed it so, for I sought by every means in my power to restore and preserve health. But it was a law in nature, and therefore a law of God, every jot and tittle of which must be fulfilled, either in obedience or penalty. About the 1st of May my husband and a daughter were in readiness to depart on the journey west, when my rapidly failing health led my husband to hesitate. The daughter then repeated the charge of interruption through feigned sickness. I urged that the visit should be prosecuted, believing it best under the circumstances. Asked the physician who was called to assist my husband's judgment in the case, to encourage it. They left to be absent about two weeks. My health failed till friends became alarmed. Mary heard the fears expressed. She had seen the enmity toward me acted out. Her eyes had been weak since her own sickness. Now, she had not the attention she needed, but had an anxiety unfitted to her strength and years. Charlie, too, was taken down with an eruptive erysipelas, spreading over his back. Mary screened her eyes partially from the light, and kept around till the second day of June, when she called to me from her bedroom, and said she could not bear the light at all, so as to arise and dress herself. I was unable to leave my own bed. My servants consisted of a strong woman who came through the day, doing all the housework and nursing, and returned to her own home at night, and a delicate niece of fourteen, who came to be our company nights, and assist to divert my children. But there was one element in my house which had ever before been wanting. All was peace. Myself and son began to amend. Mary could be led about with her eyes so covered, as not to let the light fall upon the closed lids. When my husband and daughter returned, we were all comfortable, pleasantly walking and talking. Mary being led by the hand. We thought ourselves blessed, in being able to give them so cheerful a reception. But *they* seemed to see differently.

The charge of *interruption* had not been erased, nor of *feigned sickness* forgiven, but both seemed to have resolved themselves into a charge of *vengeance*. And during the five months that Mary lived, shut out from nature's light, did their

treatment of me seem to say: "You have tied up that girl's eyes to excuse yourself from labor, and to take vengeance on us because you were not permitted to go abroad as you desired." But I was conscious that not a word, nor a look, nor a tone, nor a thought of mine, indicated such a heart in me. Mary's power to endure light about her person gradually failed, until she was compelled to seek that every ray should be excluded from the room she occupied. And just in proportion as she retreated from solar light, did she rise into intellectual and spiritual. She had no pain except that caused to her eyes by admitting light to her room. She asked but one thing beyond her food and raiment, and that was not to be left alone. But if any one referred, in her hearing, to the strange conduct of her father or sister, a low groan from her, told me that it must not be allowed.

As I could not endure to be constantly confined to a room so unventilated as hers must necessarily be, and as no other one should attempt it long, for health's sake, we offered to the girls of her acquaintance to take turns and spend each three days in succession in her company, at the rate of fifty cents per week, or the six days allotted to labor, while her father and myself divided the Sabbath between us. We had medical advice from Dr. Chapman of Egremont, a person of great skill in chronic disease, but of so extensive a practice as not to allow of his visiting his patients very often. This circumstance lessened the doctor's bill, and increased my own study of disease and medicine. The doctor told me that my children were scrofulous in their constitution, and in his opinion, I would do well to go with Mary to the vicinity of the sea as soon as she was able, and spend as much time there as I found practicable. To impress my mind the more strongly, he related the history of Mr. Phineas Chapin's family, where a scrofulous taint ran through the family, and one after another died of consumption. He had advised this course in relation to a daughter of that family who was beginning to go in the way of several sisters, then deceased. Her mother went with her to the sea, and remained with her till her health improved so as to allow of her being put to the study of music and some other lessons, and then left her near the sea; and at the time he related this to me she was to all appearance as healthy as any one.

In my solicitude to do what I could for the dear child, I obtained her father's consent to address a letter to the principal of the Eye Infirmary, New-York, describing her case as well as I could, and asking advice, to which I received the following answer:

NEW-YORK, Aug. 26th, 1848.

TO MRS. RALPH LITTLE:

MADAM: In reply to your letter in reference to the case of your daughter, I would state, that it is impossible for me to give a decided opinion without seeing your daughter. From your description, I should say she could be cured without much doubt. The New-York Eye Infirmary is a charitable institution, founded and supported at the public expense, for the purpose of affording relief to paupers. If you wish your daughter admitted as a patient at this Institute, the only expense is for board. The advice of the



surgeon and the medicines are given gratuitously.

My advice is, that you bring your daughter to the city, that I may examine her eyes, and judge of the facility of effecting a cure.

In regard to the expense, that can be managed after the case has been seen. It will be impossible to treat your daughter without seeing her. It is probable that such treatment may be given here, that you may return home again, and pursue your treatment there. A. 100 Hous, M.D.,

Old Housh St. near Greene St.

In my letter, I inquired to know, as definitely as possible, in regard to the expense of counsel in that direction. Mary's labors of a glorious future were now inspiring and hastening; but they were not yet entirely harmonized with the law of the mortal body; and to join to meet its future wants was one of the present employments of her idle room. I went to the view of all except those who saw it, seeing for her wants to be met at her father's expense. The work for the family was to be done by two daughters who had taken the journey with the father, except what I should find myself able to do. It was impossible for me to undertake a great deal more than the care of my children; and that for months to come should give room for thought, I took upon me two care of the daily, and making the latter, then our two eyes. This was could be cut only about from all the other, and be attended to as my leisure and strength allowed. And all the latter not used in the family, I was allowed to sell where I could obtain such articles of dress as Mary would like when she would come into the light which discombed the eyes. My husband had taken home from the West a horse, which a nephew had had have to discharge an old obligation. This was a good provision for me, for the animal was cut up for sale and used by others having an opportunity, and I was allowed occasionally to ride to Great Barrington with my little boy, on the ground of disposing of butter and eggs, and nothing in the time of her who patiently waited to see those things of which we speak, and of which she could then free.

These occupations were truly inspiring, and my strength was, through them, made equal to my care until Mary began to show signs of amendment. Then my failing health led me to select my husband to take me to see a physician, but I had not proceeded far before a sinking came over me, and I was landed into the most distressing and the most painful position. This was Dr. Sargent, a young man of great promise in his profession, yet one of the "early dead" from overwork. He considered my attack as a stroke. This event led me to speak to him of Mary's case, and the result was that she was placed under his care, and continued to improve till October, when she could again go into the open air to do duty, or on a cloudy day. She never more became able to find an unclouded sun, a gentle, or a fire. I was now led to look for a way to go where her nervous strength might be restored. I was aware that I must be very careful about asking for money. I addressed a friend in Brooklyn desiring her to seek, if possible, a place where I might defray our expenses wholly or in part by teaching. I

employed a man to find to fit to Mary the dinner which had been waiting for her to come into the house. Mary said, as she rode abroad: "I never enjoyed riding so much in my life as now." But, under the cloud that hung over the brow of her father and sister, she said: "Mother, I must take half as much as I can now as I did when I was in the dark room." No opening appeared for our relief, and I felt constrained to ask my husband to meet me to go abroad with Mary. I thought, if he would give me forty dollars, it would enable me to go to New York or Brooklyn, and stay awhile, and possibly I might find some way of paying, by my services, to stay a little longer. At all events, a short trip to the sea would do a great deal for her. I approached my husband, and asked if he would let me have forty dollars, that I might take Mary abroad.

"I have nothing to say about it," he said, and then returned to his job.

"Why will you not?" said I.

"Because you don't compel me to."

I further urged the consideration in Mary's case, and again asked of him her help, but "I have nothing to say about it," was the stereotyped reply. I then said: "Mr. father, what permission do you bring against us, for treating me as you do?" He replied: "I bring no permission against you; I treat you well," and again expressed the tips. I then turned to the inner sanctuary, feeling that Jesus said of me, "She hath done what she could," and that to finish what yet remained for me to do, should be my sweet employ.

Mary went to visit my father on the latter part of November, on Thanksgiving-Day, and spent six or seven days; then took a final departure from those most-loved scenes. December had much deep and foggy weather. I sometimes expressed to Mary a fear that the outdoor air she so much sought was injurious; but she would reply: "If you only knew how much father I had for long and mother you would not let it."

She, however, awoke me early on Sabbath morning, December 17th, saying she felt sick. She roused from her couch a large amount of watery fluid. But she was so much better at the hour she was going to church, that she thought she might go, and I joined the ride would benefit her. But before the close of service, she and her were again sick, went out into the open air, and waited till the congregation was dissolved. She met me with a sweet smile, as I arrived at the door, and said she felt better. But no more did she feel the motion of the wagon, as we set out for home, then she said it made her head swim. After a little, she leaned upon my shoulder, looked up longingly into my face, and said: "Mother, what shall I do?" I reported her as best I could until we reached home.

She leaned her weary head in the room where expression was given to her feelings by other words than words, till I could get a draught of water from the room. Here I attended her till Wednesday evening, watching symptoms with which I was unacquainted, and feeling that I knew not what to do.

She had ever been subject to severe head-ache, which passed off with the great warm sleep, but now she slept and woke with a continuous head-ache. She was weary with lying down, but she could not hold up her head. I took her into my arms; but no, her head must go back to the



pillow; and as I laid her back, she plaintively uttered: "Oh! that I could get health and strength." I desired medical advice; but I desired not to meet the bitterness which seemed excited if I asked love or money from my husband. However, a sense of duty impelled me, and on Wednesday evening, December 20th, at eight o'clock, I approached my husband for the last time, to make intercession in Mary's behalf. She was lying upon a bed in the south-west corner of the south front-room of our house, with her head to the west.

On the same side of the room with her head, a door opened into the keeping-room of Mr. Little. I timidly went out, half-assured he would hear me for a suffering child's sake. I told him I would be glad to have the doctor called in the morning to see Mary. But, alas! I had approached my monarch when the golden scepter was not held out, and death must follow! With a manner which can not be conceived by those who have not seen, but which was too well understood by the wounded, fluttering heart of the sick child, he said: "I should think you had found out by this time that doctors do no good." I replied: "Scripture says, they that are sick need a physician." He said: "I know Scripture says so, but I should think you had found out better by this time. Well," continued he, "what are you going to do about it? Are you going to take a club and drive me? If you are, why don't you go at it?" I had often felt an oppression in the region of the heart when I had met his wrath, silently or otherwise expressed. But now, such was my agony, it seemed that death must literally follow soon, if I found no relief. I returned to Mary's room, noticing, as I retreated, that I had left the door open during this memorable conversation. I looked at the dear child. There she lay, neither moving nor opening her lips. I fell upon my knees before her bed, laid my head upon the same pillow with her own, and cried unto the Great Physician of body and of soul to take our case into his own hand; and I had an answer of peace. Instantly was the distress about the heart, and the greater anguish of spirit, removed. And the unseen Angel of the Covenant did not leave me till sickness fled from my child, to return no more. But who shall picture the scene which was to follow in that furnace and that Bethesda? Why did God give me to behold alone a scene without a parallel, and yet deny me a scholar's pen or an artist's pencil? He is wise in all his appointments, therefore I patiently wait till he shall show me why. Nothing ever passed between my husband and self relative to the conversation about the doctor. The next day, he went of his own accord for Dr. Kollogg, who, at that time, resided in Egremont. The doctor was in poor health, the weather severe, and traveling bad. I do not know how many times he saw Mary, nor do I believe that human skill could have saved her after the blow given, through a physician being asked for her. The doctor came once in two or three days, until sickness in his own person prevented. Then we were too far from him to know the cause of his delay, and waited from day to day in suspense. We were remote from neighbors, except a family in a tenant-house. I had learned to think I must never ask for help to take care of myself or

children, while able to arise and walk. An aged colored woman had taken the place of the daughter who had charge of work through the summer. My husband was alone in his department of labor. The cold was so intense, that water would freeze near the windows in our room, and for seventeen days and nights, after I first asked a physician, was I alone with the suffering child, except as her father came into the room to bring the fuel, and the physician to pay his few short visits. She once asked me if I could not bring the wood into the room, and prevent a necessity for her father's coming in; but I told her I had not strength, and she said no more about it. He once told me he thought Mary did not like to have him come into her room, but I do not know what led him to think so. Soon after the scene of her father's anger, she said to me most tenderly: "Mother, do you love me?" "Yes, Mary." Soon the question was repeated: "Mother, do you love me?" "Yes, my child." No groans escaped her lips, but still the question came: "Mother, do you love me? does any body love me?" "Mary, my dear child, it has been my love for you that has led me to pray and strive for the preservation of my own life these many years." "Mother, I know it can't be but that you love me; but it don't *seem* as if any body loved me; it don't seem as if I was worthy to be loved. "O mother! does any body love me? does any body care for me?" "Poor Mary!" said I. "Don't call me poor; I know I am poor, but it makes me feel worse to be called so. O mother! O mother! does any body love me?" Thus she lay, and thus spake, desiring that I would not move or speak when it could be avoided, until she would sink from exhaustion into a short slumber.

"Mother, mother, mother," in a tone subdued, languid, feeble, and tender, was much of the time all that escaped her lips; and when I felt constrained to try to say a soothing word, she said: "You need not reply, mother; it makes me feel worse to hear you, but I must say something, I feel so bad."

Oh! how many hundreds of times the word "mother" fell upon my ear from those parting lips, in that last sickness, is only known to Him by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered. She sometimes sank into a slumber, which gave a refreshing rest to my own tried nerves, but each succeeding return from these her transient slumbers brought an increase of intensity to her sufferings. "O mother! do you love me? Does any body love me? Does any body care for me? O mother! what does make me feel so? It seems as if I must run, and jump, and scream." All this time she lay motionless. Not a muscle seemed to move except her lips. Her voice only subdued and plaintive, till at last a sudden shriek burst forth, rending the air around; but she immediately spake with her accustomed voice: "Mother, what does make me scream so? I can't help it. O mother! you don't know what I suffer. Nobody knows what I suffer. No one can conceive the agony I feel." Thus passed the days and nights. She would remember the accustomed hour for retiring; ask me to go to bed, and as I leaned upon my couch, would utter "Good night, mother," in the same sweet tones as when in health. Her mind sometimes slightly

wandered, but was at no time lost to a full sense of all her distress. She at once said: "Mother, how long have we been in prison?" At another time she thought we were upon a boat, and once entreated of me to cut off her lower limbs. With these exceptions, she seemed like herself, except her unsupportable sufferings.

On Saturday evening, sixth January, 1843, I felt my strength so far gone that I could not attempt to arise and supply the fire with fuel through the night, which, like several preceding, was among January's coldest and most blustering in our region; I therefore asked my husband to sleep upon one of the beds in our room, that I might call upon him to replenish the fire. He consented, and took the bed at his usual hour for retiring. Mary then had sunk into her last sleep, till palsy should come to the relief of her suffering nerves. Her father too slept, till her waking started around him, and placed in his ears a "dear old melody," the echo of which, I am persuaded, never forsook him till it was drowned in the strains which flow from the "Song of Moses and the Lamb." "O mother! do you love me? Does any body love me? Does any body care for me?" and then two sudden strokes, which for duration and intensity could be compared to nothing in nature except the lightning's flash, and immediately the plaintive and subdued voice uttered: "O mother! you don't know what I suffer. Oh! this distress. Oh! this agony. It is insupportable by those who don't feel it. It is unutterable. It is indescribable. O mother! mother, does any body love me? Does any body care for me?" These complaints and shrieks of hers, with short intervals of breathless silence, filled two hours from midnight till break of day, in that distress, (shall I call it?) Ah! I knew not then where to class it.

Although Mary had taught me not to reply to her inquiries, I felt constrained to utter something, her sufferings continued so much longer than at any time before, with little respite by sleep. And as she repeated, and re-repeated, "Mother, mother, O mother! does any body love me?" I felt impelled to say: "Yes, my dear child, every body loves you." Then with a tone mild but firm and assured, she said: "No, mother; you know some hate me." I said: "I don't know that any body hates you." "Don't — hate me?" "I don't know that she does." "Yes, mother, you know she hates me." This is probably the only complaint from that child that ever fell upon her father's ear. And though she seemingly poured her whole soul into her mother's ear, she had ever refrained from alluding to her by telling her her own personal sorrows. This last mixture of hatred from an individual, was the first, and what led her to feel that it was sensibly as yet to be revealed to the writer, as much as to the reader. Mr. Little rose at break of day and left the room. Mary continued her utterances a few moments, when her articulation became indistinct, her tongue seemed to fill her mouth, and soon she ceased attempting to speak at all. She was gradually sinking but I looked at me, all round me. I told her I thought God was about calling her to leave me, and asked her if she was willing to go? She faintly said: "I don't know." I asked her if her soul had peace, and she said "Yes." I asked her if she could

raise her heart to God in prayer, and she calmly answered: "Yes." In a half hour she had to all appearances, become unconscious to all around. And thus she lay to the third day; from Sabbath to Tuesday morning, from a ceiling to take a last look of one whose countenance had given so much occasion for remark the last year, and the rumor of whose sudden exit had surprised them; or waiting when the last breath should tell of the soul's release from its prison-house of clay. Her father preserved his accustomed calmness until exulting scenes.

On the morning of Tuesday, ninth January, I sat a long time alone by her bedside, bathing her brow, and washing from her cheeks the matter which had discharged from her eyes, and dried upon them during the night. As I sat thus employed, I gave utterance to some of my heart's deep love for the cherished one before me, as I would have done had I stood above her remains in a new-made grave. I left her bedside and took a seat near the stove, where I could warm myself and at the same time look upon Mary. Her father came into the room, stood a long time by her bedside, gazing in silence upon the form before him, and at the same time holding one of her hands in his. Suddenly I saw that hand clasped by his own rose to his lips. He imprinted upon it a kiss, laid it back upon the bed, turned his back to Mary, and as he stood with his head over the stove by which I was sitting, the tears gushed forth from his eyes (which I had never before known to weep) and fell, not in drops, but in streams, upon the stove. It was then to me a marvel. He left the room, where silence had not been broken since he entered it. I again sat alone where silence as of death reigned. I thought I heard the very sweetest breathing of the word "Mother." I arose and went to the bed and looked inquiringly at the child. Not a muscle moved; but there was a distinct breathing utterance which said: "Let me kiss you." I placed my cheek upon her lips. They moved not, but the kiss was breathed upon my face. I said, "Mary, do you hear your mother?" and the still small voice of a breath uttered: "Yes, ma'am." "Do you see your mother?" "Yes, ma'am." "I said: 'Mary, are you better?'" She fixed her eyes upon me in silence, and I, who had so long read their expression, understood them to say: "I know not what you mean." I then said: "Are you very sick?" "Not very." "Do you remember that you have many times of late asked your mother if she loves you?" "No, ma'am," was breathed through those palsied lips. I said: "You have been very sick, for a few weeks past, but do not remember it now." She looked thoughtfully at me a moment, and then, as it resulted from nothing, said: "Believe I do." She then seemed to know that her power to communicate was gone, and only asked the love she would have spoken. I now felt to watch and see if Almighty's God designed to restore to me the child whom I had viewed as dead. My husband seemed anxious to do what might be done. Sent for two physicians, Dr. Darman, of Scotland, and Dr. Mulhouse, of Great Barrington. But the latter doctor said he could give me no encouragement. Mary was too much emaciated and too much prostrated to be restored. In attempting to remove or turn her body, the hand no more



turned with the chest than if her neck were broken. Yet the breath of life chained her soul to earth till noon of Friday, January twelfth, 1849. In the mean time, she occasionally gathered strength to answer a few inquiries in the same still, small voice, which could only be heard where a deathly silence reigned. But her meek, and quiet, and loving soul spake through the mild lustre of her eyes, and as friends came around her bed she gave them a parting hand, to speak the farewell her lips might not utter. One of her arms was strengthened so that she could move it, but the other remained completely paralyzed. And when she could not speak, she could raise the right arm to express a negative or an affirmative. At three o'clock of her last morning on earth, I arose from my slumbers and asked the watcher in attendance (Miss Mary Wilcox) to withdraw and give me her place by my daughter's side. I found she could no longer speak, but retained all her consciousness. I asked her some questions relative to her present wants, naming something, and saying, if you wish it, raise your hand. She expressed her wishes in reference to anything I thus named. I then said to her: "Mary, are you willing to die? If you are, I wish you to raise your hand." She looked at me with an earnest, loving, uncompaining look; but her hand was motionless. With an anxious heart, I said: "Mary, do you wish to get well? If you do, raise your hand." She fixed upon me the same look, and her hand remained motionless. I then said: "Mary, do you desire that God's will be done in respect to your living or dying?" Instantly her hand was raised. With a full heart I said: "O my child! that is just as I wish you to feel; and just as I wish to feel myself." No sooner did I say "just as I wish to feel myself," than her hand was more quickly raised, to be longer held up than at any other time. Thus was I told, with an eloquence which mortal tongue can never utter, the depth of love for the mother in the heart of that dying child; and the still deeper love for the Lord her God. What could I ask more? I addressed her in the poet's words:

"See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms."

I said to Mary: "Your mother submits and yields you back to God, to dwell with him as one of Jesus' lambs." This was our last conversation on earth.

At nine in the morning of that day I stood by her bed with a garment in my hand, designing to change her dress, as I thought her gradual sinking might continue a day or two longer. She then did by me, as she had for two or three days been doing by others, gave me her hand as a token of farewell. I understood the token, and said to her: "Mary, you can no longer pronounce the 'good-by,' but I'll remember how often and how sweetly you said it during the past summer." It had been my custom while she was in the dark room, to go in and inform her whenever I was to leave the house. She would wait a little, to bring her mind to acquiesce, and then most pleasantly say: "Well, mother, come and tell me when you are ready to go." When my bon-

net and shawl were put on, I would go into her room and say, "Now, Mary, I am ready;" and the child whom I fed, and dressed, and combed, and washed, for many months in a darkness as dense as that of the grave, till I daily longed to behold her features once more, would come to me, imprint the kiss of affection, and say, "Good-by, mother," in tones more rich and sweet than I can express. I folded and laid aside the garment I had designed to put upon the dying child. Soon her difficult respiration confirmed the suggestion given by the parting hand. Friends and neighbors were summoned to her bedside. The difficult breathing increased, and I felt constrained to go to my closet and ask my heavenly Father (if it could be consistent with his holy will) to grant the waiting spirit a speedy and an easy release. I went back to speak to Mary for the last time, till I, with her, shall awake at the sound of the archangel's trumpet. I said to her: "Mary's sufferings are almost over. Angels are waiting to convey her spirit to Jesus' bosom, there to remain as a lamb of his forever. Mother will be coming soon; perhaps very soon." Then Mary departed; yea, she flew away to be at rest. And as the Angel of Death touched the fair form Mary was now deserting, there was a dissolving view upon the countenance, such as no human artist can imitate. The King's daughter, all glorious within, could not so drop her mantle that it should not bespeak the character of her who had worn it. As I closed the shutters of those windows which would no more need the light of the sun, or of the moon, one of the weeping friends, Miss Julia Roys, who sat by, said: "Why, Jane, how can you be so calm, and close the eyes of your departed child?" Ah! *she* has since forded the stream of death, and now she understands "why."

And what was to be the effect of this unlooked-for affliction to Mary's father? He had fallen to weeping. Yes, he who had long put on the stoic, and set all trials at defiance, must now weep. The promise is; "Though weeping endure for a night, joy shall arise in the morning." But a long night of weeping was before him; yea, a night of seven years. And ere that long night closed he told me he believed he had shed *barrels of tears* since Mary's death.

He had been laboring, during a long life, to justify himself by the deeds of the law. After the former deaths in his family, he began to feel some need of Gospel. He took to himself a partner in life, in whom he had confidence as one taught of God, and who, had this confidence continued, might have assisted him to find the light of life. But some body readily understood that I had married one so much older than myself from no other motive than love to money. That being the case, my professions of love to God must be hypocritical. He had failed to use his reason in regard to duty to the wife, until its light was put out. So I see the case. I did not so clearly see the truth then as I do now.

His first wife loved another man more than himself. His second wife loved his money more than himself. And no possible or positive proof could convince him to the contrary. But the spirit that troubled him was a dumb spirit, suffering none but himself, single and wedded, to know its workings, until, alas! the blows that



were desirous to correct or take vengeance on the erring sinner, had shown an unfeeling victim. The conserved husband proved from before him, that his name was fixed, not to be removed from his mortal vision, and now the waters from his eyes like those from the rock scattered by Moses followed him in all his journeyings till the fever of his own dissolution would restore his rest remain. Then, as I believe, being a convicted sinner, lost the Christ and lived. That opinion of mine, not being sustained by those with whom I have to do, it became me to proceed to give my reasons for the faith in me, concerning this thing.

Mary was child: and the dead must be buried—the "bel of death" is filled. The fair form which a little before had emerged from the dark room, the figure tall and graceful, was now washed and clad, and lay sleeping in beauty. Gleams of light. No costly perfumes or splendid decorations were needed to charm the eyes of its mother or Redeemer. Nothing was wanting; no, nothing but a squalor, where she might sleep till morning. A glorious morning whose day shall know no cloud.

But when shall she be buried? Where and what shall be the funeral services? And what her age as told by the bell? Mary was of a joyous spirit. She had ever looked forward to annual anniversaries with delightful anticipations, particularly that of her own birth. But now, the mother recalls that Mary had within a few months frequently said: "Mother, I seem to dislike to have my birthday come again. It seems to me that to be *two years old* is better than to be older." Her birthday had not yet come; so let the word go round that a child of ten years is dead. And let it be told also, that godliness with contentment is attainable at that age, even where *travelling* is seen and felt.

I repaired to the house of my pastor, to learn if he could preach a funeral sermon for her on the afternoon of the following Sabbath, at the church. He was then engaged in preparing a funeral sermon, occasioned by the death of a very aged man, (a wife of Rev. Mr. Tuller,) to be delivered at that time, but would adapt it as far as he could to the circumstances of my child. And on the Sabbath, January 14th, 1849, at one o'clock p.m., Mary was borne, in her coffin, into the church from which she walked out sick four weeks that day. The discourse over her remains was founded on the words: "We walk by faith, and not by sight." O! how did my heart then feel their appropriateness! After the services a last look was taken; and rumor has since told me that inquiring eyes then saw that all others of the household gave proof of stronger love to Mary than myself. If weeping is proof of love, why should they not? The beloved on whom I leaned was invisible to mortal eyes; the joys I experienced, unshared by tears around me. The air on that day was hoarse, and every breath that I inhaled as I followed my child to her grave, seemed as designed especially for my inspiration by Him who came to bind up the broken heart.

We returned from Mary's grave to our lowly dwelling. A light had gone out. My husband, that night, complained of Mr. Bradford's severe judgment of himself in the funeral sermon. Such a thought had not occurred to my mind. He

then once more opened his lips upon a subject on which they had for years been closed. I had prayed, and had proof that his prayers were answered. The night after Mary's death he felt that he could not go through the scene of burying her. The blessed help of God sent a witness was given him that his prayer was heard, and he then felt assured he could not have been sustained but for the aid of God in answer to prayer. The fixed ray beamed upon the thought that an angel had now gone to behold the face of our Father in Heaven, whose benedictions would not come till he should come near her. But I, almost might have no direct part in the work of burying her, because he could not now stand alone, and he dare not lean upon me. I and my young child must yet be supported, and peace with his mother's children be sought. The "inwardly" of his mind was cheered but confirmed by Mary's death. About two times he uttered a saying to me which contained a mystery for time to reveal. He said: "I am going to have a conservator." That like many of his short sayings, was as a healing to a chapter which must be read in the dark. A conservator implied insanity. He had said nothing of insanity for many years; except there were a few days while Mary was in a dark room, that when he was alone in my presence he would repeat his parting lesson by a howl unless any thing else I ever heard from him in voice. I was ever silent; and when he became too dark in his contemplations, he told me he believed he had been a little out of late. What this conservator meant I knew not, and dare not ask, lest a spirit that would destroy me was seeking for a conversation where wrath might find an excuse for striking the heart which could now bear no more and live. Soon after Mary's death, his half-brother, Noah Burtley, deceased in Chicago bequeathing some property to himself and his youngest son by the former wife, and appointing them executors of his will. This was an event looked for by the family. Lucius, the eldest son of Mr. Little, had been ten years at the head of the mercantile establishment which his father had built up, and he was now sole proprietor. Two other sons were married and had farms of their own. The only remaining son was with his uncle in Chicago at the time of his death—was executor and personal legatee of his estate. The two daughters were fixed away from home, one with her brother and the other with her mother's sister. The time to which I had so long looked forward seemed now to have arrived—the time when no influence in our house should divert my husband from the truth, and he should gradually learn to see me as I was; should in his old age enjoy a repose from labor in a peaceful home. I knew that I, or his younger offspring, had no representative in his private comfort. I knew that his reason had urged upon him plans most ridiculous and absurd. But I stood still, waiting for law and reason to assert the right. I had been told that some of his children and for years talked of their father's living with them, and sending me to my father's house. But I did not believe that their plans in that thing would be attempted by him.

Neither do I think he would have believed it when first he yielded unduly to them. He concluded to go to Chicago to spend the summer. He asked my oldest brother, who had possession

of the old homestead of the Roys family, to board myself and son. My brother consented; and as my father was then living with him, retired from busy life, and having at his command a horse and buggy, I was placed in circumstances most favorable for restoring health. After arranging for my board, my husband one evening caused an extra fire, and asked me to withdraw while he should have a conference with his children. Next morning he said he was ready to take me to my brother's as soon as I could be ready; that he had concluded to sell the farm on which we lived to his second son; that he should also divide among his children most of his personal property, as we should not have occasion to use much of it. I had never interfered in any way with his business affairs which he chose to keep from me, or inquired, Why do you so? and felt no disposition to do so now. I told him I would be ready to go next morning. Before retiring that night he told me it would be necessary that I should sign the deed, which would be ready on the next Saturday, and they would either take the deed to me or take me to the village. I believed that I could not "do justly," (a thing which God requires of man,) and sign the deed, without a condition. He had valued his farm at five thousand dollars, and I said: "I will sign the deed if you will secure to me five hundred dollars." He said he should not do it; he did not think of any such trouble; and added: "I despise hypocrisy." I wished very much that he might pursue the business of distributing, for I felt assured it would remove a strong temptation to deception and waste in his house. I believed that the expectation of something from Chicago increased the solicitude concerning the sharers of the house; and that I might do all that in me lay to promote peace. I told my husband at that time, that if he would secure to me a thousand dollars I would sign a quit-claim to all he possessed, or ever might possess, and ask nothing more from him than my board (if I should live) during the remainder of his life.

Had he been himself, as when I married him, or known me as he would have done if no wrong influence had come upon his mind, he would doubtless have done it. But he had committed himself to other counsel than mine. He confided in that counsel and in the power of his own strong and steady hand to execute its will. Whether its name be "legion," or "trio," or "unit," is not for me to say. But its disastrous workings I have read, and will now attempt to write. Nothing further was said to me about the deed. I went to my brother's to board. My husband gave a deed of the farm to his second son, and of his real estate in the village (the birthplace of Mary) to his eldest son. This he had held at three thousand dollars. He went to Chicago; was thrown from a stage and broke his leg. Charlie was very sick with the scarlet-fever in April after his father left. This again left him with very weak nerves, and myself worn and feeble. I was not able to do my own washing or sewing through the summer. Yet my body required exercise and my mind occupation; and my friends very generously contributed to these objects. I did what I could to compensate them, and left the rest with God. My husband returned in autumn. He gave me a cold hand. I endeavored to interest him in conversation, but

he only gave the monosyllabic reply. When we retired, he took a separate bed and spoke not. He soon made arrangements to return to the house where Mary died, to spend the winter. My strength did not allow me to do without a hand-maid, and for the first time in my life I was served by Irish help. My husband was "dark," as Irish Mary expressed it. Charlie was subject to sudden and severe inflammatory attacks affecting the brain. On one occasion he was playing as well as usual at twilight, when he half-playfully said, "My ear aches," but continued to complain till he raved, except as he sank into a short sleep, from which he would awake with screeches, and springing from his bed. His father went next day to Town Meeting without having laid off his coat or rested his head through the night. He that day told a daughter-in-law he had no reason to think Charlie had long to live. Knowing my husband was intending to go West in the spring, I wrote and obtained a situation at Eaton's Neck, L. I., where I, by teaching a few pupils, could have board for myself and son, and one dollar a week. I was not able to sit up through the day when I entered upon my second stage of teachership. But I had learned to go forward, though weak, when the pursuit of life seemed to demand it, trusting to Him who teaches that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. When I returned in autumn, my husband had returned for the winter from Chicago, and was stopping with his daughter, who married one year before, and commenced house-keeping in the spring. I stopped at a brother's, and my husband called to ask that Charlie and self should be allowed to stay through the winter at a dollar a week each. His request was granted. I was yet waiting the time for which I had ever hoped, when I should enjoy a peaceful, quiet home, and at last apply to my husband's "malady" the remedy he had so long since discovered. I had in autumn become so strong as to believe that I might, in a hired house in the village, where the intellect, and heart, and soul could be fed without serving guests in my own house, do without hired help. Before I left the Island, I consulted a man who owned a house on the Plain in Sheffield, and found he would hire to us the second floor for thirty-five dollars per year. I ventured to write my husband and tell him the terms, suggest that it might be a good home for us, and ask him to reply before I should leave the Island. Before giving further particulars of my husband's course, I will copy such letters as he was led to address me, from which, as from those addressed to my former self, the reader can draw his own inferences.

SOMONAUK, 11th June, 1849, Monday.

MRS. LITTLE: Your letter which was mailed the 3d May, I did not get till last Friday, 8th June. Where it had been so long, I do not know. I received intelligence of Charlie's sickness by letter from Anna, but not till he had got better so as to run about. I was thus spared the pain of being left in suspense about his getting along. I went to the interior, seventy miles, in the stage, on business, and on my return, had the misfortune to have my left leg broken, both bones between the knee and ankle a little below the middle, by stage accident.



The roads were awful. I happily had a friend on board, in the person of Edmund Burrell. He has been acquainted with me for a long time. He was for many years connected with the Home-Store Bank at Chicago, first as cashier, then as president. He took measures to have my leg bandaged up so as to keep it straight, and with the assistance of the other passengers, got me into the stage and brought me here, three quarters of a mile, where I am to remain. It happened seven weeks ago last Friday, the day I received your letter. Mr. Burrell stood with me three days, and then Frank got here next day, and stood five days. I am sixty miles from Chicago.

The house in which I am confined is a log-house, eighty feet long, and known by the name of the four-story house, but the stories are all on the first floor. I have been well accommodated and well taken care of. The family have been exceedingly kind and attentive to me. I have not yet been out, and can hear most of my weight on my lame leg, and get about pretty comfortably on crutches. Still probably go out soon, perhaps to-day. This is the first letter I have written since the accident, except a few lines to Frank while bandaged up in bed. I might have commenced writing letters a few days earlier, but had not the convenience. I am in hopes to be able to walk in a few days, and return to Chicago. This accident has so much interrupted my business, that I may not be able to return till October. My bodily health during my confinement has been good as usual. Give my kind respects to all friends.

Now a few lines for Charlie.

MY DEAR SON: Your father felt very bad to know that you had been so sick, but was glad to learn that you had got better. I have also been confined to my bed, not from sickness like yours, but with a broken leg. I lay upon my back four weeks without getting off the bed or turning over, but am now much better, so that I can sit by the table and write this letter. It is a long time since you and your mother wrote to me, but only three days since I got the letter. I hope I shall have another before long. Do you go to school this summer? If you do, I hope you will have a good teacher, be a good boy, and will learn to spell small words. Has your Uncle Levi got your wagon done yet? If he has, I suppose you are almost ready to begin to draw hay? In the part of country where I am, we see things which you do not see in Sheffield. Amongst other things are the great prairies. Do you know what prairies are? I will try to tell you. A prairie is a very large parcel of land without any trees upon it, and in some places no trees in sight. It is all level or nearly so, and we can see a great way off. It is covered with grass and flowers in summer, and looks very handsome. And then there are wild hens running about in the grass, and a great bird which they call the sand-hill crane. When it stands up and stretches up its neck, it is almost as high as Uncle Charles. I wish to write a good many more letters, and so will bid you good-by for the present, and hope you will be well and happy till I see you again.

From your father,

MR. LITTLE.

I will here explain. Charlie, when he was sick, would often say, "Mr. Little," when addressing his father, through an unconscious imitation of his mother. I would be glad to write out here, as in former sections, the entire correspondence, but the letters addressed by myself to my husband after Mary's death were his own property and not mine. I am sure that I responded to every letter from my husband. I recall that I once spoke of my joy in the thought of having been permitted to introduce Mary's departing spirit to waiting angels, as she left to enter upon her maternal inheritance. I once said, "how much as was lost in the gray hair to men, and an unpotted life is old age, how old will Mary appear in comparison with multitudes who have outlived their three-score years and ten! He may have thought I designed a rebuke. But I could not realize that my joy, in respect to Mary's blessed estate, was not his joy.

CHICAGO, 24th Aug. 1847.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: Do you not think your father has been gone a long, long time, and do you not want to have him come home soon? I assure you, my dear son, that however long the time may have seemed to you, I have little doubt that it has seemed much longer and more dreary to me. You have had your cousins to play with, and I suppose have got your new wagon done long before this; and you have probably been to school some, and I hope have been very well since you had that bad spell of sickness last spring; and I hope you have enjoyed yourself very well. Yes, I hope you have been happy. But with me it has been very different. I have been mostly amongst strangers, a great way from home, and for a long time unable to get about at all, and another long time had to walk with crutches; and oh! how often I thought of my dear Charlie, and longed to see him! But however slow and laggingly the time has passed, the summer is almost gone, and autumn will soon be here. I am now so far recovered that I get about very comfortably, and time does not hang so heavily upon me. My bodily health has been good ever since I left home; so that, with all my trouble, I have great cause to be thankful to the kind and good Providence which has sustained me. I wrote to you and your mother a number of weeks ago, and have been expecting a letter this good while. I think I shall be home in October, and perhaps the fore-part of the month. I hope you will be well and happy till I see you again. What does your mother find to do this summer? Is she pretty industrious? I do not suppose that you can well answer these questions, but perhaps she can answer them for you. There seems also to be another difficulty: you are not big enough yet to read this letter, nor to answer it if you should wish to. So I don't see but you will have to be dependent on mother for both. Remember me to grandpa, to mother, Uncle Charles, Aunt Pamela, the children, your cousins, and all others who wish to think of me, if there be any such. Be a good boy, and say you have had a letter from your

Affectionate father, MR. LITTLE.

Master CHARLES HENRY LITTLE.

These are the communications from the husband and father, addressed to myself and child



during the first season of his absence from me since our marriage.

He returned in October, and took us to the farm he had put into the possession of the second son, where our family consisted of himself, myself, Charlie, and "Irish Mary," as Charlie termed her. He was gloomy and silent, but not wrathful. No accusations were made; no explanations asked or given. He assisted me to go to the situation I had obtained upon Long Island on the first of May following. Two weeks after I entered that field I addressed a letter to him in Charlie's name, to which he replied as follows:

SHEFFIELD, 25th May, 1850.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: I received your letter of the 13th inst., a few days ago. I was very glad to learn that you got safely to the end of your journey, and that you are quite well. You seem to like your home very much, and I hope you are very happy. But if you continue to eat five times a day I do not know but you will grow so large that I shall not know you, sure enough, when I see you again. I saw Ellen and Charlie Bartholomew a few days ago, but I had not then heard from you. They are very well, and seemed to be glad to see me. The peach-trees were all in full blossom when I was there, but the season is remarkably cold and wet and backward. Few of the farmers are yet through planting, and some have not yet commenced. It is truly a discouraging time. I believe your cousins are all in good health. Emily was here yesterday, or rather the day before, to get Elvira's letter. She came at noon from school. I hope you will be careful and not go too near the water. The ocean is all about you there, and there may be danger of getting into it if you be not cautious. I hope to hear from you again before long, and hope you will not forget your loving father,

R. LITTLE.

MR. CHARLES H. LITTLE.

P. S.—Anna sends love to Charlie, and I think many others would if they knew I were going to write. I have not seen Uncle Lent and Julia since I got your letter, but think I shall soon, and will then do your love to them.

My husband went to Chicago for the summer. I do not find in my possession any letters from him while there in the summer of 1850. I still indulged the hope that the "malady" of his mind was curable, and that opportunity was soon to be afforded me of ministering under circumstances favorable to such a result.

As I have mentioned, I ventured to suggest that he should hire rooms in a house upon the Plain, and asked a reply before my return to Sheffield. He replied as follows:

SHEFFIELD, Friday 15th, Nov. 1850.

CHARLIE AND HIS MOTHER: I have only time to write a few words. It will not be convenient for me to comply with your request respecting a certain house you mentioned. I hope you are both well, and suppose you will be home before long; friends are well, so far as I know. In haste,

R. LITTLE.

Tell Charlie, father would like well to see him.

The above did not arrive before I left Long

Island for Sheffield. I stopped at a brother's, as I have stated, and Mr. Little called and contracted for myself and boy to stay through the winter. Avoided seeing me except in the presence of others. Some time in December he called; said he wished to communicate to me in the presence of others; that he desired to make me the offer of seventy-two dollars a year for my own support, and seventy-two for Charlie's, which he said would pay one dollar a week for the board of each, and leave twenty dollars each for other expenses annually. He told me that he had given notice to the public not to trust me on his account, and asked me if I would accept his proposal. I told him I thought that as my strength then was the amount was too little. He left, and a few days later the following was brought me from his hand by the school-children.

MRS. LITTLE: Although it is painful for me to dwell upon this subject, it seems to be necessary and proper that it should be pursued until an arrangement shall be concluded. With regard to the proposal I made to you, I know of no particular reason why it might not be continued, as I gave you to understand. But if my trials should crush me, in mind or body, it might be interrupted, and there may be other unforeseen events which might produce the same results. In my present state I am not willing to entangle myself with bonds of any kind, and I suppose you would not expect it.

As respects dear Charlie, I did not intend it as any thing permanent, for the reason that increasing years will necessarily bring increasing wants, and I do not intend that he shall suffer for want of supply while I can supply him. And furthermore, after a suitable time, if I live, I shall probably prefer having him with me, than to paying for his board abroad. I suppose I can have a place to stay with some one of my children while I remain upon the earth.

With regard to furniture, it is my wish that you take away every thing that you brought with you, and leave to me all our old furniture, together with what has been manufactured in the house at my expense. Many of the old articles are of little or no value; and I think it would be doing injustice to others to have the best or most useful selected out.

Thus closes the epistolary address of R. Little to his chosen and wedded self. I understood the causes of this depression, as I could not then assist others to understand. Yet hope of a cure did not forsake me. I looked upon this as a crisis where amendment might begin. I penned a reply, in strong hope of helping him into a happier life. I would gladly insert it here, but can not command it; neither can I recall it distinctly. I know that I urged him to take whatever he felt that he could, in justice to others, use for his own, his wife's and youngest child's support, and hire the rooms I had mentioned, where I should hope, by dispensing with visitors, to be able to do without hired help, and would accept twenty dollars a year each, to cover other expenses than board for Charlie and self; and would gladly do all in my power to make his life comfortable and happy.

He called soon after, and said to me: "It won't do for me to live with you. Such would

be your interest in entering upon a well-earned portion, that if I should choose to do so, I should not wish them to have." Promising now that no better course was open before me, I a few days later wrote Mr. Little a letter telling him that I accepted his proposal for a provision; expressing my happiness in finding in my grandfather a rule for every emergency, and quoting the passage from Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, 7th chapter, 15th verse.

My health was much reduced by these reverses. Still I could say: "My soul is saved on God and kept in perfect peace."

I had no idea of asking any one to open a boarding-house for the reception of myself and son at one dollar per week. I needed but little food, but I needed a house-room and quilt, with opportunity to walk abroad as I so up to worship with the congregation. I therefore contracted for the rooms I had desired my husband to hire, and was making preparations to take possession on the 1st of April, 1851, when my husband came to me, saying that I could not live by myself upon the allowance offered me, and if I prosecuted that plan, he should withhold from me the money agreed upon. But as my brothers no longer consented to board as they had done, and no one else, probably, was expected to do so, he was led to take back his word, and I was allowed to take possession of a house in my own, where dissection and strife might be excluded; and to order a house where a "conservator" had no foothold. My husband, though a pattern of consistency in all business transactions with me, kind, was under the influence of conservatism, led to prove the inconsistency of refusing to pay a partner's allowance for his wife and minor child till the end of the quarter, although he had given notice to the public not to trust a cent to his account, and we were without a dollar in hand. The things which I brought with me on my marriage, to my husband's home, consisted of a bad silver, but open standing, both of wool and lace, with crockery bearing the emblem of peace, with a reference to Isaiah 11-6, and a few articles of furniture, amounting in worth to one hundred dollars or more. Before taking possession of my prematurely widowed home, I addressed a line to Mr. Little, inquiring if he would supply me with such articles as were worn out and broken of what I carried, to which I received no reply; and the first or second year I was obliged to purchase shooting, and hire the sewing, because I was unable to do it. I was able the first or third year of my new experience to do for myself and boy, without hiring any other services than a little sewing; my friends understanding that I lacked strength of body and of purse to serve or entertain them, assessed no tax of the kind upon me. Charles had an attack of illness the first winter, and Mr. Chapman visited him twice. It had been my fortune to receive from Berkshire Teachers Association a prize of five dollars for an essay on "Exercising an Abiding Interest in School Duties," a few weeks previous, and thus was I prepared with cash in hand to pay his physician. On receiving the fourth quarter's allowance on the 1st April, 1852, I paid up my last bill for the year's expenses. My soul was greatly refreshed through being where my position could be accurately defined, although

the pain of feeling that the population did not understand the causes which brought me to this impoverished position mindily endured. No. They were surrounded with enlightenment when I was smothered by the reason between Mr. Little and his wife's disunion. What in the case was considerably asked, and too was answered: "We don't know, but we do know that such a man as Mr. Little would not do so by his wife without some cause." True, of course, was a truth, as there is not an effect in the universe, either in mind or in matter, which has not its cause.

I was told during this first year of our separation that Mr. Little and if any supposed that difficulty between himself and me had caused it, they were mistaken. I was told that those to whom he had committed himself saw him within under an impression which they had not power to message, and that the daughter with whom he stood, when asked, "Is Enquire Little in your home?" replied significantly: "His *body* is there."

Soon after the expiration of the first year of my separate maintenance, Ralph Little, Jr., came to me as a suppliant, desiring that I would release my claim to a part of the farm he had from his father, saying he had ceased to raise money, and could sell a lot for cash, if he could get the incumbrance removed. I had never judged a dissipation, so far as I knew my own heart, to withhold a right or reasonable request from one of the children. I told Ralph I was willing to do anything to assist him which I could do in justice to myself. But it was difficult for me to judge of a proper course in such a matter, and that I thought it belonged to his father to treat for a provision for me, instead of himself. He replied: "I believe pa is crazy." I said: "I have long thought your father meant upon the subject of a provision for myself and children, but as long as I stand alone in the opinion it avails me nothing." Yet not willing to stand in two ways of his prosperity, and not feeling able to endure his trial to my mind of taking over matters with those who saw my case in another light than myself, I said: "If you choose to confer with my children, I will do what they think is best." After several conferences, an arrangement was agreed upon by all parties interested. And I received a deed of twenty-one acres of meadow-land, in consideration of my selling the deeds whereby my husband conveyed to his sons Isaac and Ralph all his real estate in Shelburne, which he had held at right through his deacons.

The avails of this meadow were, by a agreement to be substituted for the seventy-two dollars which I was to receive annually for my own support. Pay for Charlie was to be continued as usual. This act of mine, which was agreed to by myself purely to oblige Ralph, brought a new burden upon me—that of looking after crops and taxes, as well as uncertainty in regard to the time of receiving the wherewith to pay my own obligations. Beside, there was one side of the field unfenced. Ralph told me when the proposal was made, that he had contracted for a fence to be built. The rails were on the ground, most of the post-holes dug, and the fence would be completed in June. But the fence was not made. After haying was over, the neighbors' cattle pastured on the field without paying; and



eventually the fence timber was taken away, and no explanation given. I never asked any; for I suppose that men and larger boys understand themselves and I have no idea that it becomes me to call them to account. They have a Master who will not neglect His duty. He is allowed to keep a book, and in his own time he will unloose the seals thereof. He is no respecter of persons, but whosoever feareth him and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him. All the children of Adam go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies. They must be born again before they will love and obey the truth. But phrenologists will tell us that untruthfulness is more largely developed in some than in others. This fact or result has its cause. Doubtless, one cause is found in the sharp business tact of merchant fathers. I doubt not it was so in the case of the sons of Jacob. When children who have such an inheritance become motherless, the humane feel bound to believe all that they say, without asking for proof, or considering their temptation. Thus, instead of restraint, is culture; instead of religion, perverted nature.

I thank God that with all my trials he has given me to live, and teach my offspring to love the truth, and obey the truth, let it cost them what it may.

There being an unoccupied academy opposite my hired rooms, I was solicited to teach a few pupils in the building, during the summer of 1852, the second year of my unexampled widowhood. To this I the more readily assented, because I chose to watch the effect of my boy's application to books knowing that I better understood his powers to endure mental effort than a stranger could. He was now seven years of age. His natural mental activity, and his sicknesses affecting the brain, had made it necessary that he should be diverted from study, rather than urged to it. He was greatly delighted with the idea of being in school, and particularly with going to unlock the door and ring the bell, a given time before the opening of each morning's session. In a few days I discovered that his health was waning, and contrived as many ways as I could to find errands or diversions for him away from school. Having been one afternoon to the store, of an errand, he came into my school one hour before the time for closing, saying: "Mother, I am sick." I took him upon my lap, and said: "School will close in an hour." He sat a moment, and said: "Mother, I can't wait till school is out, and I can't walk home. What shall I do?" I said: "I will write out the record now, and go home with you." I began to repeat the names of the pupils, when he laid his head upon my shoulder, and said: "Oh! write the marks, but don't talk." I bore him home in my arms, and laid him upon the bed, when he desired me not to move about the room, but to sing the little songs I used to sing to him. This was early in May. I looked from my open window, and seeing a neighbor, asked him to go for a physician. The physician arrived in an hour or two. Charlie was looking wildly across the room, and entreating me to send away the big boys, or moving his arms vertically back and forth, and saying: "Mother, why don't the bell ring?" He soon commenced boring his pillow with his head, and talking in a low and incoherent manner, while he noticed nothing that was said to him. None

who saw him expected him to recover from that illness. A portion of calomel was administered to him during the doctor's first visit, and afterwards homeopathic doses of acouite and belladonna. As nothing seemed to soothe him so much as to have some one continue squeezing a cloth from a vessel of cold water, and with it stroke his brow, this practice was continued almost without intermission for three days. Then his low muttering ceased, his fever left him, his extremities became cold, and the purple beneath his nails told that life's current was about to cease its motion, when it occurred to me to immerse his hands in warm water. I did it, and found that the purple was removed from beneath his nails. I then had his feet placed in warm water with the same results. But while attending to his feet, his hands resumed their former appearance. I then caused them to be again placed in warm water, and in the mean time caused some potatoes to be cut in slices of a half inch thick and laid upon the top of the stove, and turned till they were as warm as could be borne by the flesh. Then as soon as the water could be wiped from his hands, I caused these slices to be bound inside the palms of his hands and upon his wrists, and as soon as this was done, his feet were served in the same way. I then thought of some wine I had in the house, and had just taken the bottle in hand when my physician entered. I said to him: "Doctor, is my boy about leaving me?" He looked at his half-open and motionless eyes, and said: "His eyes look very bad." I said: "I was about to give him some wine as you came in; what do you think of it?" He inquired: "Can he swallow?" I replied: "I wet his mouth a moment ago, and he swallowed then." He said: "It may be well to reduce it a good deal so that it shall not strangle him, and try it." We did so, and finding that he swallowed the dilution, the doctor said he wished he might have a little weak chicken-tea. I immediately set a vessel of water over the fire, and went to a near neighbor and asked her to let me have a chicken. She took a handful of corn, stepped to her door and threw it down before a brood of late chickens, which she thus reared in the winter, and as they were eating it, she stooped and caught one and wrung its neck. I ran home, took a sharp knife and severed a leg and a wing from the body, and peeled off the skin, and put the limbs into the water, where they were boiled five minutes, and in fifteen minutes from the time the chicken-tea was spoken of, the doctor was feeding it to the patient. In a few minutes the doctor said: "His fever is coming back, and I am glad to see it." From that hour he began to amend. In a few days he was able to be carried into the open air. He had, while recovering, seasons of delirium, which he since distinctly recollects. On one occasion he called very loudly for his mother, and on my telling him that I was his mother, he expressed the utmost contempt. He now recollects that he thought I was John Doten. He at length became able to walk, and helped himself out of doors one day, but on arising the next morning, could not bear his weight upon his lower limbs, though otherwise as well as the day before. I had been conversant with a case of chronic debility in the lower limbs, of a child on recovering from disease upon the brain. I



was impressed with the importance of restoring strength before this disability should be permanent. I accordingly made haste to go to the sea. I borrowed money, hired a lad to draw my child in a hand-cart to the railroad depot, and on the afternoon of the day on which Charlie first complained of nasal debility I went to Hudson on the cars, took a night boat down the river, and next morning took cars and stage for Huntington, L. I., where I took private conveyance for Northport. Through this journey I carried my boy from one spot to another, except as I could find a stranger to assist me. While at a hotel in Huntington, a stranger came into the room and inquired what ailed the boy, having noticed that the stage-driver took him from the stage in his arms. I told him his case, and he remarked it would be a long time before he would recover his strength. But said that if I would place him under his power as a psychologist, he would put him upon his feet in an hour. I, however, chose to pursue the course I had marked out. After arriving at my destination in Northport, I found myself suffering intensely, around and through the body above the hips, from my exertions in carrying my child.

My hostess saturated a towel with camphor, with which I enveloped the distressed portion of my frame. This relieved me from pain, but not from weakness. The next morning after our arrival, Charlie slid from his bed and exclaimed: "Why, mother! I can bear my weight." He found there a playmate, went out upon the grass to play, and before noon called me to see that he could stand without holding to any thing with his hands, and before night he called to me to come and see that he could walk a few steps alone. We rode on to the Neck, where we had once spent a summer, and in a few days he was so far restored that I returned to Sheffield and resumed my school. But on asking Charlie to go over and ring the bell, he said: "Mother, I don't wish to ring the bell any more. The last time I rang it the big boys came from the other school and pulled the rope away from me, and troubled me." In August, a child of the family occupying the first floor of our house sickened and died of dysentery. The next week I had a very severe attack of the same complaint. My husband, who went every spring to look after his business in Chicago, had returned, and my boy was taken to stay with him. An excellent nurse, in the person of a young woman, who, the winter before, took the small-pox from rage in the post-office in our place, was employed to take care of me, at a charge of three dollars per week. Every person remaining in the house had the same disease as myself. In two weeks I recovered so as to have my child taken home. During my sickness my suffering was most excruciating in the region where soreness had existed since the illness of my boy. Nothing but the application of cold water gave relief.

Being about the time of my recovery solicited to go to Eaton's Neck, L. I., to teach, or to send a teacher there immediately, I found a lady in the person of Miss Emma Holmes, who would go as soon as released from her engagement for the summer in Sheffield. I therefore went on to open the school, and introduced Miss Holmes to it on her arrival, and to explain to her my own method pursued in the school; my main object

being the restoration of strength by the journey, exercise, and change of scene. Finding, however, that the only power I possessed for working a livelihood, in winter as in summer, lay in the direction of primary teaching, I availed myself of the advantages to be derived from our County and State Teachers' Associations and Teachers' Institutes. A State Teachers' Association being held at New-Berford the latter part of November, and members being allowed to travel over the railroads for ballroom and professional board being offered the balance, I could not stay so to those in my circumstances, and as my husband had the year previous invited Charlie to spend a few days with him on Thanksgiving week, I declined to send Charlie to spend the whole week with his father, if he should be accepted; and instead, to go on to my brother's in the same school district, and to go myself to the Convention. I returned, and took a few pupils into my own rooms for the winter. But before the close of winter, I was obliged, on account of Charlie's weak nerves, to discontinue my school. I lived one mile from church, and Charlie was now unable to endure the air of a congested house, and not willing to be left alone through the day, while I went out to church; and as pleasant rooms could be had beneath the Town Hall, (a new building near the church,) for thirty dollars per year, I removed to that building early in March of 1853. On April first, 1853, or at the expiration of my second year's widowhood, I had given up notes for something like seventy dollars, beside expending my income. I well understood that the sickness which increased my expenses had arisen from over-exertion, and resolved to be more wise for past experience. I attempted nothing but to do for myself and child, as our necessities required, and the third year I paid all dues contracted during that year, at its close; those who extended hospitality to the thus widowed and fatherless, understanding that all that remained unpaid by their companionship was lent to the Lord. Having some friends in Michigan, who had frequently solicited me to visit them, I was induced, near the close of the fourth year, which had been spent much as the third, to appropriate the money used in paying rents and supplying our table, to paying traveling expenses, and commit myself to the hospitality of friends, in what had till recently been considered the Far West. I went with my child to Detroit, by way of Niagara Falls and Canada, about the middle of January, 1855, where I remained till the latter part of April. I then went to Grand Rapids, by way of Kalamazoo; and the latter part of May went into the Wild Woods, or a new township in the timbered lands, twenty or twenty-five miles north from Grand Rapids, where we spent the time till the latter part of November, with a brother, whose wife (one year married) died five weeks before our arrival.

This was an era in the history of myself and son, inasmuch as it gave us to appreciate, as so others of the family could do, the starting-point in the history of the head of our own divided household. I addressed him while on his business stay in Chicago in Charlie's name, speaking of the novel scenes around us, and of our interest in them; myself indulging the secret hope that he might be induced to return to Massachusetts

through that part of Michigan and give us a call, and, perhaps, conclude to take up there a humble home in which to spend his winters with us, so long as his business required his presence at Chicago through the summer. I did not presume to ask him to do this, because I had, when we were all in Sheffield, invited him, verbally and by note, to dwell with us, to which he had made no reply. He only called to make quarterly payments, and on town-meeting days, or to bid a good-by to Charlie when about to go West. He said but little. His fate seemed inexplicable to himself. His countenance and tone seemed a prayer for relief which his soul disdained to utter. He at one time told me that he was generally able to keep his countenance in the presence of others, but when at work alone, weeping was his relief, and he believed he had shed barrels of tears. I thought, when in Michigan, that if he would see fit to join us so far from his "Conservator," he might, like the subject of an absent psychologist, have power to judge for himself, and act for his own personal benefit. But the true workings of his mind were to be developed in a way that I could not mark out. I find in my possession but one letter of his after his open desertion, in 1851, till autumn of 1855. It is as follows:

CHICAGO, 22d May, 1852.

DEAR CHARLIE: I have learned by Anna's letters how very sick you have been. I longed to be with you and give you comfort, but I was far away and could do nothing to give you relief. I have heard of your getting better from time to time, and now learn that you are in a fair way of getting well, which is a great relief to me, as I felt very anxious about you until I knew you was better. I hope you will be protected from a return of your disease, and be quite well soon.

This is from your affectionate father,

RALPH LITTLE.

I will here mention that this was the year when my expenses were so much beyond my income, by reason of sickness, and that when my husband made the quarterly payment, October first, of that year, he told me he had paid the girl who took care of me when sick, and abated the amount. I was afterward pained to learn that he canceled it by turning it to pay a demand which he held against her father, a poor man. Also when he paid the next quarter's allowance he abated a dollar for Charlie's board Thanksgiving week, while I was gone to the Massachusetts Teachers' Association. He also spoke of abating a dollar a week for Charlie's board with him during my sickness; but I ventured to beg, and with success, that he would do *so much*, as a neighbor, toward bearing the burden of our sickness, inasmuch as there were those who would have done it, in addition to their other gratuitous assistance. I mention this to show that the unnatural state of his mind about defraying expenses for sickness on one side of his house was not removed. The next date of his is addressed to my brother, in Detroit, and is near the close of his own life.

SHEFFIELD, 7th November, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I yesterday received a line from Jane, requesting me to send to you the sum I was to pay first October. I should have sent it

sooner, but had no directions. I here inclose eighteen dollars, which is intended for Charlie's expenses. I suppose you have an understanding with her, and will know what to do with it. Intend to have it registered at the office, and hope it may arrive safely.

Respectfully yours,  
Mr. JAMES A. ROYS. RALPH LITTLE.

I hope you will be good enough to forward the within few lines to Charlie in some way.

R. LITTLE.

SHEFFIELD, 7th Nov. 1855.

DEAR CHARLIE: Your last letter to me was a long time on the way. I should probably have answered it sooner but did not well know where to direct. It has been rumored that you had gone to Iowa. I am glad to learn that you are well, and hope you are spending your time happily in that new part of the country. Have you been to school, so as to learn to write yet? I hope you take lessons occasionally, if you do not go to school. I should be very glad to have another letter from you soon, if convenient. It seems a long time since I have seen you. We have never been apart so long before. But I trust you have not forgotten your father. It is not convenient for me to write more now. I hope you will be gratified with even this short letter, and say it is better than none at all.

Your affectionate father,  
Master CHARLES HENRY LITTLE. R. LITTLE.

The next date is the latest, and to me bears the impress of a finishing-stroke of a mind deep, and strong, and calmly mad.

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 24th, 1855.

DEAR SIR: It is the request of your sister Jane that, what money I send West for her use, should be inclosed directly to you. I here inclose eighteen dollars for the first of January, 1856. It is for Charlie's expenses. It is probable that I shall not send any more until I learn something about Charlie, and how he is getting on. I have much anxiety on his account; I fear his precious time is being spent without that improvement which he ought now to be making, and which is so essential to his future well-being. I am much at a loss what course it is proper to adopt with regard to him. I have thought that if you were willing to take him and bring him up in your business, (in case he would be contented to stay with you,) that that might be as well as any course that I could adopt for him. I should expect still to help him on until he should be able to earn his own living. I hope you will consider the subject, and give me your views as soon as convenient. Do not think me hasty; I have had the subject in contemplation for a long time. While my health and strength shall be spared, I shall expect to be back and forth through your region every season, and shall always call and see him.

Yours respectfully,  
Mr. JAS. A. ROYS. R. LITTLE.

Please forward the inclosed to Charlie, wherever he may be, if you know. If not, retain it till you ascertain. It contains a dollar. R. L.



SHEFFIELD, 24th Dec. 1855.

DEAR CHARLIE—Tomorrow will be Christmas. That day, to be sure, will have gone by before you get this, but still I wish you a Merry Christmas. Hope you are well and happy. Did you get my letter by way of your Uncle James? I have not heard from you since I wrote it. When do you expect to come to Sheffield? Hope you will write me a few lines when you get this. I have been a good deal unwell for some days with a bad cold, but am now nearly well again. I have inclosed one dollar for a New Year's present.

From your affectionate father, R. LITTLE.

MAJOR CHARLES HENRY LITTLE.

We will now look after the manner in which Charlie's time was being spent, after leaving Sheffield, nearly one year before this date. Shortly before we left, Mr. Little came to my brother's, where we were making ready for our journey, and led Charlie by the hand to his stopping place, (a distance of two miles,) to make him a visit of a few days. When Charlie came back to me his hair was filled with Master's ointment, and he complained of a constant headache, caused by heating his head while resting with a shawl. I administered Homoeopathic doses of *aranea*, *aceticum* and *belladonna*, until he was so far relieved that I set out upon my journey to Detroit. But the motion of the cars hurt his head so that he was unable to sit up during the journey. After stopping in Detroit, he, for a few days, seemed better; but a regular headache again returned with a good deal of feverishness. I consulted a Homoeopathic physician, who only prescribed the same remedies I was administering, but advised me to repeat doses at much shorter intervals than I was doing. He soon needed, but was troubled through the winter with a hacking cough, which was greatly irritated on going into the open air; so that his uncle was sometimes obliged to ask him not to come to his store, because his cough, for a time after having been in the cold air, was to his nerves "a two edged sword." In April, however, after the snow was off the sidewalks, and weather day and warm, he got out to play, and learned the art of making kites. He furnished himself with kite-paper being going into the country, near Grand Rapids, and during the month of May, commenced the navigation of the little lake in the families who extended to me their hospitality, by his wonderful exploits in kite-flying. When we went, the latter part of May, to the northern part of Kent county, to his uncle's, in the township which has since been named so on, his uncle was engaged in burning logs on the ground where, the December before, himself and wife, recently a bride, took up their abode in an impenetrable wilderness. Charlie was able to assist, by gathering and throwing chips to intensify the needed fire, and as soon as this work was finished, by dropping corn and potatoes for the planters. Then, the rainy days were spent in making shingles, and Charlie took the business of packing shingles at a certain rate per thousand. His uncle sharpened a light axe for him, that he might assist him in chopping when the planting was finished, by cutting the smaller trees. Charlie was delighted with the idea of clearing, and ardently hoped for the day when his uncle would be ready.

But the first day's trial gave him such a headache that it was many days before he was relieved, and he was not able, through the summer, to resume the work of chopping because of a rush of blood to the head. He only kept himself comfortable by frequently dipping his head in a basin of water. There was nothing a day when his hair was dry, from morning till night, so dependent was he upon this cooling process. He was no companion of the uncle, and greatly enjoyed the privilege of talking freely with one who had been four years in his country's service in the Navy, and three years in the gallies of California, and who now, by reason of his recent bereavement and removal from working land and sea in the complicated p of a mercantile, thinking boy.

I had taken with me such valued books as I wished him to study, but knew his health forbade close mental application. He assisted me in making smooth paths and bordering them with flowers and vegetables. He also rejoiced with me in seeing a growth from our seed-sowing, more rapid and luxuriant than we had ever before dreamed of. But he must sometimes call to mind the absent and the past as well as inquire concerning the future. One day as I was sitting, with no one else present, he said: "Mother, what shall I do when you die?" I replied: "Charlie, we must leave that with God. I often, when a child, had similar thoughts, but my mother has died, and I have been provided for." "Well," said he, bursting into tears, "you had brothers and sisters; but my brothers and sisters don't care any thing about me." I said: "You have the comfort of knowing it is not because of any wrong you have done them. Their want of love to you arises probably from their desiring to have you share in their father's property." "I don't care any thing about my father's property," said he, sobbing; "I want somebody to love me." Then, thinking of his cousins, and smiling through his tears, he added: "There's Ellen and Carrie, and George and Eddie—they will love me." I will here copy a letter, addressed by Charlie, with my assistance, to "Uncle Frank," editor of *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, after our return to Sheffield:

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 1855.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK: I think that none of your adopted nephews and nieces more highly appreciate the favor of having such an uncle and aunt as we are furnished by the authority (to speak) of the *Cabinet*, than myself. I am indebted to real uncles and aunts for the favor of a home on earth. And the pleasure of the different places I occupy as I move are greatly increased by the confidences of my adopted uncle, aunt, and cousins, through the *Cabinet*. Should your self or Aunt Sue travel near where I am staying, I should be very happy to invite you to call, and to do all in my power to entertain you. My Uncle Ross, of Detroit, told me you called at his store a few days after I left there for the West, last February. But I must tell you I have one uncle who is helping to "get Michigan out of the woods" with whom I spent the previous summer; and although I enjoyed the novelty of a new country life in a township not named or organized, and where the families had come in within less than a year, where was not a school-



house or any other public building, I can assure you that communications through the post-office, from uncles, aunts, or cousins, adopted or real, were never so acceptable at any other time or place. And now, Uncle Frank, I wish to ask one thing of you in a whisper. Please don't scold, for I do so dread being scolded. It is this: If I furnish a new subscriber for the *Cabinet*, will you send a copy of the forthcoming volume to some very nice little girls whose acquaintance I made in the new settlement, and who loved dearly to read my *Cabinet* when I was there? I know very well that this does not come within the limits of your premiums. It is only a proposition of mine that you and I together make a donation visit, where so many privations are necessarily felt. Perhaps we may, at some future day, meet there, as it is only about twenty miles north from the rapidly rising city of Grand Rapids, and on the line of a contemplated railroad. If you say, no, please admit, if you can, there was no harm in asking; and if you say, yes, please direct to Reuben Jewell, Esq., Laphamville, Kent County, Mich. At all events, send the *Cabinet* to my Aunt Angie, who has decided to take it for the benefit of her pupils, and has authorized me to order it for her. She will forward the pay. Address, Miss Angie Roys, Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Your affectionate nephew,

C. H. LITTLE.

Uncle Frank responded in his *Cabinet* of March, 1857, as follows:

CHARLES H. LITTLE: You'll make your way through the world. I'm sure of that. What a persevering Yankee! I couldn't resist your appeal touching the subscriber out West. The *Cabinet* is to be sent as you desire.

The only domestic animals we were able to keep in the forest home, were a yoke of oxen, named Buck and Bright, one of which had a horn knocked off while roaming in the wide pasture. Charlie had heard his uncle tell of riding on horseback in the company of Colonel Fremont while in California. After the last Presidential election, Charlie wrote his uncle on his own responsibility, and making his own inferences, he said: "How does Buck's horn get along? You will have to change his name now, as you are a Black Republican, that is, a Fremont man." His uncle, in reply, says: "As for a Black Republican, I never was one except while burning logs. A Fremont man, never." To show how my way was prepared in Providence for that summer's residence, I will copy some papers, the date and authorship of which must tell without mistake:

NORTH OF ALGOMA, May 4th, 1855.

MY DEAR SISTER JANE: I received yours of the 28th April on the first instant, and now, seated in my forest home, nearly a mile from any human being, surrounded by so luxuriant a growth of timber that the woods are inaccessible of a night, I will try to reply.

It is certainly an alleviation of sorrow to know that there are those who truly sympathize with us in affliction, and I thank you from my heart for the expressions of interest which your letter

contained. Would that such sympathy could restore to me what I have lost. What I have lost, did I say? What the world has lost in the departure from its precincts of superior talent, unpretending excellence, and unbiased Christianity, such as departed this life with Mary E. Roys. But she can no more be recalled. We can only lament that one so young, so formed by nature to receive and impart happiness, can dwell no more among us. But I feel that such lamentation is a selfishness in ourselves; for who would recall one well beloved from beyond the "dim valley of death," to share a lot in a world like this, where all is vanity and vexation of spirit? As you truly observe, the period since we parted has been to me one of life-experience. It has been full of the depths of joy and grief, but no one but myself can ever appreciate either. Early in the year of my married life, almost before I had learned all the superior mental qualities of my Lizzie, qualities which, when known, caused the deep love I before felt to border on idolatry, I thought I discovered almost certain symptoms of consumption. I can not go on in detail. You, I believe, are one of the few who know something of my nature. Imagine what must have been my life for almost a year, when I knew, (or at least reason told me,) that I must soon lose her in whom I had centered all my affections—when I heard her planning, in tones so faint with weakness as to be audible only to the ears of love, long years, ay, almost ages of prosperity and health, and knew that in a few short days, (alas! how few!) she would need no more earth planings. You offer to come and assist me in house-keeping. How gladly would I see you installed as mistress of ceremonies in my lonely domicile!

But I fear that you would not be content to stay here in the woods long. My society is the birds, and my neighbors (that is, near neighbors) are the wolves. But come and pay me a visit, and judge for yourself. My mother-in-law thought, when she left me after Lizzie's death, that I could not live here after the loss of my wife. But I thought I could live no where else. I sometimes think that, for my years, I have had too much world-experience. When very young I was allowed to have my own way, because I would not take any other, and now, at the age of thirty, I can look back over a long and dreary life. Nothing that I loved was ever long near me. I was but a boy when mother died. My school-friends never remained more than a term in the same school. Soon after I was of age I left all. Since then I have been a wanderer. I saluted the Emperor of Brazil, made my obeisance to the President of Chili, and touched my hat to the Queen of the Hawaiian Empire, helped to take from Mexico her richest province, dug gold in California, and walked through the halls of the Montezumas, nearly died in the city of The True Cross, (Vera Cruz), was nearly a bachelor, was married, and am now a widower, aged thirty. Truly

"Kingdoms and nations in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old—  
But I would still survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive."

Yours truly,

JOHN E. ROYS.

I went to pay my brother a visit, and judge for myself, and though my first impression was that I could not stay long in a house and clearing so limited, I soon learned that my resources and duties were proportioned to my strength. The house and furniture, by reason of the late maistress' feeble health, had been made more comfortable and pleasing than our stranger neighbors yet commanded. I had never seen my recently departed sister-in-law. A lady of the place told me that she heard her physician say that she was too benighted to die. And as my brother would dwell upon her excellencies, or exclaim, "How Laura would have enjoyed this!" when we together admired the luxuriant growth of vegetation, or partook the first fruits from human culture, or that portion of earth's wilderness, my heart would turn pale, and recall the thoughts pointed by this brother before he left the home of his nativity. I will transcribe them here:

"Though life is short—though weary, and woe,  
And prizes lost, and hopes unnumbered,  
Are stamped indelibly on every page  
Yet so exulting dear, We cling to life  
With an instinctive grasp. In worthlessness,  
In weakness, its end and closing hours,  
In that dread moment when the unknown comes  
That life is far too truly precious  
To differ not. 'Tis true we are to live  
For the first time with ourselves. At the close  
A brief hour neither man can depict,  
Nor justly wish to grasp, when we are called  
To bid adieu. How joyfully  
Who now, yet wish not to grasp those yet  
Who while the dazzling pleasures of the world  
Are round us here, how a higher life  
Awakens, beyond the shadow of death,  
And the weeping friends are fond farewell,  
Sinks joyful to the deep and silent tomb!

"I saw a being, whose home was eye,  
Shimmered it seemed then mortal happiness,  
Whose features were illumined by what is worthless  
He yearned for love, he loved his neighbor  
With any thing he could do, and he grew old,  
And plucked the weed rose in the best growing,  
With less sorrow, fiercer than when he was young,  
He gazed but failed to see the passing years  
Could not be any more; and he still lip  
There lived a weary smile of quiet joy.

"Again I saw him, when the laughing boy  
He glowed to see or married. In his eye  
There was the softness, look of goodness,  
And all-prevailing joy, that years before  
Had glowed in his heart to love the boy.  
Now it was covered by a trace of thought,  
As if, though ever all truth by love,  
He yet had heard of grief. Around him stood  
A throng of friends; of human friends, whose hearts  
He felt for him; whose words as the life spoke  
Were no doubt to get by, but his ear  
Shuddered at the sound with a harsher sound.  
Then dwelt within the music of the soul,  
I could not level his thoughts flew with joy,  
There was no time for care, no time for woe.  
He was a lot to be loved and on earth,  
Where every thought, where every word or care  
Seemed more than realized. He saw his friends  
Gaze with affection on him, saw the smile  
That was reflected from his eyes in theirs,  
And he was satisfied. He asked, he wished,  
For nothing more. What could mortal ask?  
But all too soon his joy must have an end.  
A vision upon his fading cheek,  
He labored breathing, and a faint, faint cough,  
Shuddered but plain he had a secret foe;  
That that dread fiend, Consumption, was at work,  
Sapping the very fountain of his life.

"Again I saw him. He had just been raised  
From off a bed of languish, and was placed  
Upon a cushioned seat before his door,  
To gaze on nature for the last, last time.

It was a summer's evening. I had just  
Were told of his departure. Drops of dew  
Glistened on the grass along the verdant fields.  
Of nature's music. There, a grassy plain,  
A small river held its peaceful course.  
Here, shaded by the willow's drooping boughs,  
There, a group of friends sat on the bank.  
Where golden beams reflected, and a glare  
Of splendor far too bright for mortals eyes.  
All this he saw and gazed with rapturous joy.  
Oh! that I had been there, too. Must I not  
So soon from earth and earthly joys be torn?  
Is this the dawn of blessed human life?  
To stand in view of beauty and the glory  
Is this the privilege by the Father,  
And then be cast away, leaving the soul  
All torn, and desolate? Thy doom shall be  
It will be well to hear? Where are the doctors?  
The glorious deeds he has at hand!  
That I would I had seen him, as I have?  
Alas! I die, and leave thee as I leave!"

"I saw a slow and solemn funeral train  
Approach the village churchyard. So many  
They lost a coffin in a common grave.  
It was the youth grown to his long hair, and  
I heard the dirge, with that North Atlantic  
Fallen by river and sea. With young heart  
I turned away. I could not bear to dwell  
On thoughts of him, Consumption's latest victim.

"Consumption's 'dearest victim' seemed as  
elected to my heart from the page of this brother's  
confession, as if the finger of his love, to the  
man, been taught to utter a law which seemed  
to the deepest feelings of grief. I heart was  
destined to know in later years. At the time  
this brother called in the Navy, he wanted to  
know who would be the representative of that de-  
partment, that if he should desire a release he  
first his term expired, he would be able to obtain  
it through friends petitioning the Secretary of  
Navy to that effect. In the summer of 1840, he  
wrote a friend, desiring him to make such effort.  
This friend drew a petition, in which, to show  
the unnatural state of his mind when he had  
come, he quoted from a private letter addressed  
to himself when about leaving Boston:

"I think, had there been a great number of friends,  
To share the burden of my sad heart."

This petition, having been signed by many of  
the wise men of our own town and country, in-  
cluding ex-Governor Briggs and James Brooks,  
W.C., was forwarded by the latter to the  
Secretary of U. S. Navy.

The following correspondence resulted:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 24, 1840.

SIR: The expression of your services on the Pa-  
cific station, and a compliance with your re-  
quest of the twenty-seventh ult., for the re-  
lease of John F. Roy.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. HARRIS PIERCE.

HON. JAMES EDWARDS, Providence, R.I.

PROVIDENCE, July 24, 1840.

MRS. RALPH LITTLE, South F. Mass.

MADAM: I regret to inform you the letter  
which I have just received from the Secretary of  
the Navy, in reply to my letter of the twenty-  
seventh June, which was accompanied by all the  
papers you left with me. I regret also to say,  
that I now see no probability that any applica-  
tion of the kind can be successful. I wrote  
every thing which was proper, I think, and the  
ground upon which the refusal is placed seems  
to put an end to hope in the matter. The ex-

agencies of the service on the Pacific station are known to be quite imperative at the present time. You have done every thing which affection for your brother, and regard for his wishes and feelings, could prompt you to do; and have done all in the best possible manner. I think you must now leave the matter in the hands of an overruling Providence.

With much respect, your friend and obedient servant,  
JULIUS ROCKWELL.

SHEFFIELD, July 12th, 1849.

HON. J. ROCKWELL, Pittsfield, Mass.:

SIR: Receive the thanks of my family and self, for your kind efforts in behalf of my brother. May heaven generously shower her choicest blessings upon yourself and those dear unto you, for this act, indicating the principle of expansive benevolence within your soul. I calmly acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence, hoping yet to see what I now believe, that all is wisely ordered.

Mine has been the pain of following in fancy, both in my waking and sleeping moments, that brother, afflicted with privation, and oppressed with wounded sensibilities, as he has journeyed and dwelt amid the perils of the deep or greater perils of war: a voluntary exile from his Berkshire home and Berkshire friends; contemning the selfishness of those who sacrifice at the altars of wealth or pleasure, yet seeming likely to become the victim of an undue devotion at the shrine of knowledge.

Mine shall be the pleasure of telling him that Berkshire's wisest heads and noblest hearts have been engaged in his behalf; have done all in their power to procure for him the favor he desired. And this, as a cordial,

"Shall inspirit and serene"

his heart when again subjected to the trial of crushed hopes, and perhaps cause the blessing of him that was ready to perish to return upon his benefactors.

Upon me, as an elder sister rest the care and solicitude once felt by an affectionate mother, but which ceased with her heart's last pulse, ere this son, upon whose brow her faith had caused to be placed the seal of the everlasting covenant, committed his destiny to the foaming billows. I know that if he shall survive these adverse scenes, the school in which he has been placed will have imparted unto him lessons of wisdom, and given an energy to his character indispensable to true greatness. May he yet return to bless what he left with the curse of a too generous heart, and reward his benefactors by himself becoming a benefactor in his turn.

Nature had endowed him with generosity above his fellows; and in doing as he would be done unto, and judging others by self, he committed errors that brought upon him those "dark ills" which he attributed to "Fate." May experience correct these errors of his, and he yet be made to feel that fortune smiles.

With high respect and unfeigned gratitude, I am your humble servant,  
L. J. LITTLE.

I will here copy a separate petition which I felt compelled to address to the head of the Navy Department, and which was among the papers alluded to by Mr. Rockwell.

SHEFFIELD, Mass., June 23d, 1849.

To the Secretary of the U. S. Navy:

HONORED SIR: My brother John was born at Sheffield, Mass., August, 1825. He belonged to a numerous and respected family, who were confined to the humble walks of life. Nature had endowed him with a superior genius and an aspiring heart. He early resolved on an education, though possessed of no pecuniary resources save his own hands and time. He long pursued his object with high hopes, and made praiseworthy progress. His talent and character gave promise of good. But from pecuniary embarrassments, and lack of sympathy in those whom he loved, (and who loved him with the same strength of affection, but, from lack of similar experience, were totally unqualified to put forth a sympathy adapted to his case,) his path became dubious or blocked with insurmountable difficulties. He suddenly resolved on quitting his course, and plunging into the wilderness of the world, without a guide or fixed purpose, where he believed some path would eventually open before him, in which to see his way more clearly. He left his friends without communicating to them his change of purpose, except by a letter dropped into the post-office at his departure. He enlisted in his country's service, and sailed for the coast of Mexico, aboard the U. S. razee, Independence, nearly three years since. That vessel is lately upon our coasts; several letters have been forwarded to his address, and his friends have waited a reply with intense anxiety until yesterday, when a letter was received from his hand, under date of May, 1849, mailed at San Francisco. He is aboard the U. S. ship Warren; says there is at Monterey a school-house in good condition, vacated in consequence of the teacher's leaving for the gold regions; that several persons who have become acquainted with his qualifications, are desirous of obtaining his services as teacher; that it is impossible for him to obtain a discharge there; that he feels himself in a state of abject misery through being confined from a sphere in which he considers himself endowed to move, and that he desires his friends to ask for him a discharge from his present service. I am aware, sir, that it is not *woman's* province to counsel in matters pertaining to her country's government. But *woman* may *pray*, not only to the Lord of the universe, but to the lords of this lower world, in behalf of those whose interests are dear unto herself. I, therefore, prefer my prayer to those empowered to decide my brother's destiny, with reverence and submission, that he may be released from those fetters in which fate seemed to have bound him, and be permitted to enter the path now open to his view, in which he may hope to realize his laudable desires in the pursuit of his favorite object.

With deference and respect, I am your humble servant,  
L. J. LITTLE,

Wife of Ralph Little.

In behalf of my brother John E. Roys, marine on board U. S. ship Warren, coast of California.

Accident has placed in my hands a scrap-book of my brother's, from which I will copy some of his lines, written during the year of the correspondence above:



## TO A G. O. R. 1849

Charles! that knows I've roamed rough  
Through life's dark path, as wild as rough;  
Ay, roamed away a solitary elf  
Of lonely world;  
Saw, too, the homeless wanderer's lot,  
That wandered as our youthful monks,  
(Yes, we wandered as the monks of those days)  
We wandered together.

I saw, too, what on the battle-field,  
O'er fields of glory, with victory, we,  
Exulted to see swell to the  
Dance of the laurel,  
To our song, as it fell away,  
Have turned our thoughts, to hope that they  
Would never meet our names doing,  
Or be forgotten.

And when, on Marathon's plain,  
We stand beneath a morning rain,  
We thought, not moving to restrain  
The trumpet's tone,  
That there were those, who had been near,  
Who thought they were they were near,  
That, in some way, we were near,  
O'er the dead, and the living.

And when, the latter day, we,  
Saw, too, the latter day,  
We saw the latter day,  
We saw the latter day,  
We saw the latter day,  
We saw the latter day,  
We saw the latter day,  
We saw the latter day.

Charles, my dear old friend,  
As I stand here, at the end,  
With you, I hope to find  
A good friend,  
You know, I hope to find  
With you, I hope to find  
With you, I hope to find  
With you, I hope to find.

## THE VIRGIN 1842.

I wandered after you, my own native land,  
I left the grasp of the strong arm's hand;  
"My mother, my mother, my mother," I cry,  
O'er the waves, my mother, my mother, I cry.

At night, the moon, I stand, I stand,  
With the moon, I stand, I stand,  
With the moon, I stand, I stand,  
With the moon, I stand, I stand.

I saw the moon, the moon, the moon,  
The moon, the moon, the moon,  
The moon, the moon, the moon,  
The moon, the moon, the moon.

She was, and she was, she was,  
She was, and she was, she was,  
She was, and she was, she was,  
She was, and she was, she was.

A moon, a moon, a moon, a moon,  
A moon, a moon, a moon, a moon,  
A moon, a moon, a moon, a moon,  
A moon, a moon, a moon, a moon.

"You are, W. G. O. R.," To be wonder, when,  
When, when, when, when, when, when,  
When, when, when, when, when, when,  
When, when, when, when, when, when.

"Where were you, when, when, when, when,  
Where were you, when, when, when, when,  
Where were you, when, when, when, when,  
Where were you, when, when, when, when.

See, the, the, the, the, the, the,  
You have, the, the, the, the, the, the,  
You have, the, the, the, the, the, the,  
You have, the, the, the, the, the, the.

"Bliss, that," I replied, "that is, that is,  
For the day, of my, my, my, my, my, my,  
For the day, of my, my, my, my, my, my,  
For the day, of my, my, my, my, my, my.

"To dwell, when, when, when, when,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where.

"Where, where, where, where, where, where,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where,  
Where, where, where, where, where, where.

"To have, when, when, when, when,  
To have, when, when, when, when,  
To have, when, when, when, when,  
To have, when, when, when, when.

"You are right," I replied, "You are right,  
You are right, I replied, "You are right,  
You are right, I replied, "You are right,  
You are right, I replied, "You are right.

## TO GEORGE WATKINS. 1841.

Ships, ships, ships, ships, ships, ships,  
Ships, ships, ships, ships, ships, ships,  
Ships, ships, ships, ships, ships, ships,  
Ships, ships, ships, ships, ships, ships.

Although, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
Although, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
Although, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
Although, the ships, the ships, the ships.

For I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
For I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
For I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
For I, the ships, the ships, the ships.

And, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
And, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
And, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
And, the ships, the ships, the ships.

## TO THE SAME.

We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships.

To, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
To, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
To, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
To, the ships, the ships, the ships.

The ships, the ships, the ships,  
The ships, the ships, the ships,  
The ships, the ships, the ships,  
The ships, the ships, the ships.

We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
We, the ships, the ships, the ships.

I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
I, the ships, the ships, the ships,  
I, the ships, the ships, the ships.

## WILL YOU GO TO THE LAND-MARK? 1841.

Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?

Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?  
Will you go to the land-mark? Will you go to the land-mark?

Shall we go to the gold-mines? What say you, my friends?  
 We are ready to use our best means for best ends.  
 Shall we go to the mines? It is vain to conceal  
 The heart-burning longing for gold that we feel.  
 It only remains to decide which is best,  
 Our own honor, or wealth? Be it plainly expressed!  
 There is no way, at present, the one we can gain,  
 And still let the other unblemished remain.

Shall we go to the gold-mines? We're long used to roam,  
 But still we have friends and relations at home.  
 Shall we leave them forever, when honor is sold,  
 And we have in exchange a few ounces of gold?  
 Or shall we, eluding each eye on the strand,  
 At midnight return to our own native land,  
 And, crouching like criminals, creep to the door  
 That never admitted dishonor before?

We will go to the gold-mines! We have but to serve  
 A few paltry months more, and we never will swerve  
 From our promise! Our honor shall never be sold  
 Though we were to receive for it mountains of gold!  
 When our term shall expire, and with faces of men  
 We can meet friends or foes, (we shall fear nothing then.)  
 We will go to the mines, or wherever we will;  
 And with consciences clear, all our bags we can fill.

But if haply by that time all digging is staid,  
 And a "stopper" by Government on it is laid,  
 We yet have a hope that for what we have done  
 In the strife when the gold-mines from strangers were won,

Our friends won't desert us, although we shall come  
 With pockets quite empty, at last, to our home;  
 And that leaving no blemish or spot on our name,  
 We shall go to the "gold-mines" of *Honor* and *Fame*.

Thus was there an opening for me to do for myself and son and the "brother born for adversity," in a twofold sense, without hired help by dispensing with visitors. For, when my brother told me that the ladies of the new settlement were promising him that they would come to visit me as soon as their duties at home should allow, lest I get lonely, and leave; I replied that I should stay longer if they did not come. This was not because I did not love society, or had not a proper regard for my fellows. But I knew the measure of my strength, and because I would live for my child's sake, I would not attempt if avoidable to go beyond it. However, our summer rambles brought us in contact, and my interest in the children being discovered, I was solicited to engage to teach a school for the winter. To this I cheerfully consented, in case health permitted. A school meeting was had and arrangements made for clearing the ground and erecting a school-house. The first team that went to Grand Rapids after this meeting brought a stove, designed for the school-house, for which twelve dollars were paid. This, for lack of shelter, was placed by the wayside in front of my brother's house. I felt an ambition for laying the corner-stone in the department of Primary School education in this new town of a wilderness yet to blossom as the rose. But the chills of autumn brought on an attack of lung-fever to my boy, followed by a hacking cough, and I knew I must not think of caring for him, and for a school. So the business of preparing a house was delayed till another year. My brother, the latter part of November, contracted for chopping by those whose family were to occupy his house, and board him. My prematurely fatherless boy looked on silently while the contract was written out and signed. Then he retired behind the bed-curtains, and on my looking in upon him, I found him silently weeping at the thoughts of his home being again broken up. We returned to Grand Rapids the last day of November, 1855, intending to spend a few weeks, and then go to St. Joseph's

county to see friends who had been kindly soliciting us through the summer to visit them. But an attack of chill-fever in my own person prevented. I was upon a sick-bed, in a comfortable log-house, five miles to the south of Grand Rapids, on the plank-road to Kalamazoo, when the papers from my husband's hand last copied reached me. I had concluded to return East as soon as strength should allow. The first time I felt able to go out, I rode to the city and paid my stage-fare, leaving orders for the stage to call for me. And on Monday, 7½ A.M., January 21st, 1856, at the hour when Mr. Little closed his eyes to open them no more upon the scenes of time, his repudiated wife and child turned their faces homeward from their western tour. Next morning at six we were at my brother's in Detroit. My brother told me he had waited to see me before he should reply to Mr. Little's letter to himself—said he should say to Mr. Little that he was persuaded Charlie must have more exercise in the open air than his business would give him. The Thursday following, a letter came to Charlie from Anna, saying that his father was dead. That when he was dying, she asked him if he had any word for Charlie. He said: "Tell Charlie I wish for the blessing of God upon him." She asked, "Any thing more?" and he answered: "That is all." Charlie had, after receiving his father's letter, and while waiting for me to recover, printed a little daily, till he had made an epistle for his father. He was intending to inclose it with his Uncle James' reply. As soon as he had word of his father's death, he inquired with weeping: "Mother, do you think pa knows now that I have written him a letter?"

Early in spring I returned to Sheffield to look after the duties that remained for me. I was without money, the rent for my meadow remaining unpaid, and the renter having left the place. I could sell the meadow for enough present pay to liquidate my debts; remainder to be paid eight, nine and ten years from date of notes given on mortgage deed; giving me an annual income of between seventy and eighty dollars, after deducting taxes. This, as I supposed all understood, was the provision for my own personal support. After thus disposing of this matter, I next waited to see how Charlie's support was to come. I looked week after week in the county papers to see when a notice should appear calling the attention of those interested in the estate of Mr. Little. Nothing appearing, I invited Mr. Ira Curtiss to wait on Lucius, the eldest son, and inquire of him concerning Charlie's portion of his father's possessions. He was informed that there was nothing for Charlie that he knew of. His father's affairs were all settled, and his father died possessed of nothing.

I had learned, while anxious to know duty that I might do it, not to wear myself out with anxious thought, which, instead of adding to life or its comforts, detracts from each. There was a testament in my hands containing a writing in which I had a personal interest. "Thy Maker is thy husband," and "Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive," were as good currency with me as any paper extant. Not that I looked for miraculous supplies, while I folded my hands; but I looked that by daily reaching to Him my hand in faith, and following

the indications of his providence, he could lead me in a way that I knew not, even in the way overhanging. I found my strength had improved since leaving for my Western tour. I was never troubled to find useful employment for all the strength I could command. But the care of my own child, in addition to the attempt to pay my way in part by caring for others, drew from my wasting energy faster than the supply was furnished, and each year's class found me more feeble than its commencement. This I felt, but did not see clearly a way of relief, inasmuch as my principal was to remain unpaid for many years. My brother, (to whom Mr. Little had by his last deed desired to commit my boy, with the intention of paying his way for a time, which intention implied possession of means) at his own expense, took upon himself to search for these possessions. Commissioners respecting the Bulkley estate, from Spafford and Tucker, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Chicago, Ill., commenced in June, 1856. The first states: "The papers in the case are voluminous, and their examination a matter of some time. Otherwise you would have heard from us sooner in reply." One of March, 1857, states: "We have never yet been able to get a line of reply from Mr. Franklin Little, surviving executor, to our letters of inquiry concerning his operations." The latest is as follows:

CHICAGO, Feb. 6th, 1858.

DEAR SIR: You desire us to write you our conclusion in regard to the matter of the Bulkley estate. You will recollect that by the provisions of the Bulkley will, Ralph Little was legatee to one fourth part of the estate remaining after the payment of certain specific legacies. There was in the hands of Franklin Little, surviving executor of said Bulkley, on the 22d of May, 1856, \$5100 00.

So far as the records were concerned it did not then appear but that a proportionate share of this sum was applicable to the satisfaction of Ralph Little's said legacy under the will, but it has since been shown that Mr. Little, before his death, drew from the estate all that he was entitled to under the will, and that therefore no balance remains for distribution among his heirs. Regretting the success of the conspiracy against Mrs. Little's interest, we remain

Very truly yours,

SPAFFORD & JONES.

J. A. ROYS, Esq.

My brother, the first year after my husband's decease, proposed to purchase a little house, where Charles and I might live without paying rent, as much of the time as we chose. He named a place near the Rags' Hotel, at the foot of the Tropic range of mountains, which border our town on the west. But instructed me, if I knew of any other I would prefer, to name it to him. He wished me to make myself comfortable, doing what I felt able to do, and look to him for money to balance my accounts on the return of each season for annual settlement.

This would place me in the neighborhood of four elder brothers, who were agriculturists, and give my boy opportunity to learn and practice proper work for such a lad. I most cheerfully accepted the offer of a home, where a portion of

the waters from the cooling and never-ceasing fountain at the door of my childhood's home, were conducted through leaden pipes to the room in which I should prepare food for my little household. A barn, and two acres of meadow covered with orchard, invited us to take our charge a cow and a pig. Charles took hold of farmer work with too much ambition for his strength, and chronic diarrhea kept him from laboring as he desired. Yet summer brought its varied delights in this rural district, where the mountain on our west like a great rock, in a weedy land, cast upon us its refreshing shade. But winter beneath rocks stripped of their verdant covering, and clad in a winding-sheet of snow to those who home-dwellers and short-dwellers had enfeebled the physical system more than counteracted the summer's increase of health. While those who were strong enough to bear the climate were made stronger through endurance, I found my powers steadily dwindling through a sense of undischarged obligations, owing to over-exertion, and winter's chills; and in the summer of 1859 a loss of appetite and digestive power, and of power to labor or to care, united to an occasional sinking, which I have failed to indicate a tendency to dissolution, led me to make an effort, by going abroad to seek life, with its mortal powers, for the sake of my boy, who yet prized the life of his mother more than the money it should cost to preserve it.

By riding over the hills and among the valleys of New-England, with my own private conveyance, avoiding conversation, by stopping at hotels to rest when weary, I, in a few weeks, enjoyed a sense of a new hold on life. But the chills of autumn soon told me that health was again on the wane. I advertised in the city of New-York, and also of Baltimore, for a situation as private teacher, and while waiting to know if my Maker would, in his providence open a way for my escape from a winter of death, through one or another of these channels, brain-fever brought me low. I was alone with my child in my house, when prostrated, and the Great Physician of body and of soul, who heard my prayer and sent his Comforter when I called unto him from the altar where my first-born drank of her Saviour's cup, and was baptized with his baptism, was present to bless and to heal. I saw my own case clearly. I had, in the person of my child, a vassal servant. He knew enough of brain-fever to be ready to use the most soothing attentions—to speak, to move, or to refrain, for the good he felt from me. Though the neighbors could not understand why I did not consent that any one should come into the house to do a thing except as he called them at my request, he did understand, because he had experienced similar sickness. Cold, wet towels about his head and chest, with bathing my feet in warm water immediately, were all the service or medicine I needed, till subsiding fever enabled me to take a little food. This he could go far to his mother's, where he took his own meals and lodged. I was, as my own bidding, his slave in the house through the night, and several hours at a time through the day. I was at the portal of death, and a deathly silence was (I felt it and the only comfort in which I could then live. Not a word might fall upon the ear which should suggest a thought, or rather urge the brain to the labor of taking in an



idea. But how shall I describe to those who, looking upon the outward appearance, thought me very lonely on that sick-bed, the true state of the case! Let them imagine, if they can, one lying in a room delightfully illuminated, who feels that not a muscle may be tasked as an inlet to the senses, who for once opens her eyes and looks upon a congregation of pure and spotless beings, whose loving countenances, beaming with delight, are all turned toward her as they sit in an attitude bespeaking that they are in attendance exclusively on her account, understanding that breathless silence is her present element; who sees among this congregation sainted parents and sisters, husband and child, pastor and Christian brethren, and having glanced a look that shows the fact, shuts the eyes, and enjoys all the comfort such a view imparts, while she lies motionless as inanimate clay. Then, as the hours pass, imagine this host breathing, not into the ear, but into the heart, the most precious truths contained in the Scriptures; and strains of music, sweet and soothing, not heard but felt. And then giving blest assurances of a glorious future; yea, a future of endless glory. And not only this, but an assurance that her earth-work is not yet finished; that she shall live to act an important part in the drama in which God unfolds his designs to the children of men. Let them imagine this and they have a view, as near as I can picture, of the real comforts I enjoyed in that lonely, disordered, and widowed home, where help seemed far, and death nigh. As soon as returning health enabled me to sit up, I felt that I must immediately leave the scene of my domestic cares. I had suffered a burning sensation about the vocal organs, while my fever lasted, and on arising from my bed could only speak in a whisper. I repaired to a brother's, feeling that a few days would strengthen me so as to return to duty. My brother was one morning about leaving for the village, and I was giving him instructions to do a few errands for me. This was after my voice became restored. While speaking, my tongue refused to articulate distinctly, and I knew at once that palsy was the cause. I felt no oppression except in the center of my forehead, and distinctly perceived that the effort to think intensely while instructing my brother concerning my errands, had been the exciting cause. I immediately retreated, dismissed care and thought as much as possible, and felt a relief. But on taking hold of a vessel to raise water to my mouth, I discovered that my right arm had been deprived of a portion of its power. Yet, not till attempting to go up a flight of stairs did I know that this diminution of power ran throughout the right side. I could not place my right foot first and raise myself, but could advance by continuing to raise the left foot first. I had no medical advice. I desired none. I could read my case clearly. The labor of explaining it to another I could not safely attempt. I could, after an hour's silence, speak a few words, and then felt that the nervous energy of the vocal organs was so nearly used that I might not proceed, lest total and confirmed prostration should result. My mother had a brother who early in his married life had palsy, depriving him of the use of his right arm, though he lived to rear a family. She had a sister (still living) whose right arm has been paralyzed twenty-two

years. I had had from my mother a detailed account of her brother's case. He was at first no more affected than myself. A physician was employed, who bled him a day or two after his attack. From the hour he was bled, the strength of his partially paralyzed arm withered. After it was completely prostrated, a voyage to the sea was resorted to without any avail. I saw at a glance that the only chance for me to escape confirmed paralysis lay in seeking a warmer and yet a bracing air, and in total exemption from care. I knew the attempt would be attended with difficulties, and with an expense which I could not have thought of incurring for any other object than to save life. I had a home, with stores for the winter, and my merchant trusted me till my interest in April enabled me to liquidate my indebtedness to him. All that I possessed beyond this consisted of notes from D. K. Savage, of Sheffield, one of four hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1864; one of five hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1865; and another of five hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1866. These notes being secured by a mortgage deed of a tract of good meadow, I presume some one might be found who would, in obedience to the command, "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not away," loan me the amount needed to pay my way to a cure, if so be a cure might be obtained, and take this security. A brother, who had ever been able to assist me to money when needed, told me he then found it very difficult to raise money. I felt that I must leave home as soon as possible, and on Saturday after my paralytic attack named the next Wednesday as a day on which to set out. I then began to take thought respecting the packing of a trunk, which I intended asking a sister to do for me, but as soon as the effort to care in that direction commenced, I felt a return of the symptoms of prostration. I saw that I could not endure the excitement of making ready, or of a parting scene with my boy or brethren and sister, or of endeavoring to convince those whose silence told me their doubts, that I could go forward unattended. I therefore asked my elder brother to let my boy take me to the village on Monday afternoon preceding the Wednesday I had fixed upon to leave. He consented, and while my boy was making ready the team, I stepped into my own house, which I had left as soon as I was able to be off the bed two hours at a time, and in twenty-five minutes from the time I entered it I left with a parcel in hand, put up in a newspaper, designing in my own mind, if Providence permitted, to go a sea-voyage to Florida. My brother said he would be in the village the next day and take me home if I chose. I found, as I anticipated, that the ride improved my strength, and on Tuesday morning, I leisurely put on a dress, having worn nothing but a wrapper since sick, and at two in the afternoon took the cars for Hudson, N. Y. The two hours' ride gave me an exercise in kind and amount such as I could endure and such as I needed. I then took a night-boat down the river, the motion of which, as well as that of the cars, tended to distribute the fluids and nervous energies equally through the system. My merchant loaned me ten dollars as I left Sheffield. I left a line for my friends, telling them I felt that duty demanded the course I pur-

said and that they should hear from me daily. I stopped with a brother in the city of New-York, who had, a few days before my arrival, commenced house-keeping, in rooms hired with only a reference to accommodate his own family. Here at 141 Second Avenue I was favorably situated to rest, or ride, or walk, as best comported with the prompt of health.

I for a few days devoted myself to studying how to alternate rest and exercise, so as to secure the greatest gain in strength, and my recovery was becoming very rapid, so that I anticipated a literal application to my own case of the beautiful Scripture promise: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." But on attempting to vent for borrowed money, that I might pursue the course so exactly adapted to my case, I had to learn that none to whom I should apply could assist me. I find assurance from the most authentic sources that there was never a time when money was so hard to be raised in Sheffield as then. Sheffield, too, was the place where my husband had astonished people a few years before by placing in the streets a notice cautioning the public not to trust any one to his account, and the public understood "any one" to mean me. Though I did doubt the justice of the deeds of my mortal husband, I had no misgivings in relation to the providential care and goodness of my Maker. I knew I should not faint and die for lack of supplies, when that were a greater good than to pursue his journey. I desired my boy to come to me in the city, and take with him the trunk I could not care for when I left.

I was not unused to straits in which I could find no guide other than an Unseen One. My walks in the city had led me to discover a daily Union Prayer-Meeting. Here I was permitted to hand in a note, over the signature, "A Stranger," asking united prayers in my behalf that God would guide me aright. I understood that it is as useless to ask guidance from God as from man, unless we go forward. I continued to address those whom I supposed to be able to command money to loan, (in Sheffield and vicinity,) and at the same time to ask for references, that I might, if able, do a little in the way of teaching or caring for young children, to enable me to stay near the sea. While I was thus perplexed, and asking for a right way, the truth was lined upon my mind, that the time had come when God would have me arise and ask for justice in behalf of my child. I believed that, though a cloud rested upon Sheffield too dense for light to penetrate, in reference to our case, the truth might now be taken into a light where, after being read and acted upon, they should return to disperse those clouds.

The mystery concerning the "Conservator" was now clear to my own mind, and I felt it my duty to remonstrate to its workings, inasmuch as it had neither been legally appointed, nor legal in its transactions. I knew that the lawful husband of myself, and the natural father of my child, at the time when he gave his real estate in Sheffield to his eldest son, was then worth thousands of dollars, after paying all his dues, (including his wife's legal claims,) independent of his legacy at Chicago, and he had then no minor child but my boy. I knew that he had,

by his labors in Sheffield and service as executor, more than earned his support from the time of their coming to the time of his death. I knew that the law of our land demands that a father who has the means shall provide for a minor child. I knew that my boy was well beloved of his father as my child. And when John Brown stood before that world, a monument of duty for attempting to carry out the principles, as he believed, of a right course, I was persuaded that my call to duty lay in the direction of bringing before the attention of justice in my own State a parallel case. How could I judge otherwise? I could not command a dollar of my own dues, and my child had no demand of his own. He had arrived at an age when the law requires a "guardian" for the fatherless. But he had nothing to guard, except a mortal body, with a weaker constitution, rendered more feeble by the trials he had endured through feeling himself an oncast from his father's house, and knowing that his mother's name had been brought as low as was possible without being clinged with crime. I knew, better than any other could know, the danger that his anxiety about me might impair his own health; for when I left him, his eyes had been too weak to allow of his sitting by fire or candle-light, since an illness he had in August, arising from a stone-bruise upon his head. In my deep solicitude, I called to mind the promise, "Leave my fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive," and to make the promise more sure to me, by an increase of faith. I took my request, through a written note, to the Union Prayer-Meeting. A letter told me that he had become poisoned, and his head much swollen, through the incident of poison swine being mingled with the feed. But my thoughts reverted to the fact that strangers imagined with me touching the thing I had asked of God, and my heart rested upon his promise. I proceeded in getting my boy and trunk to the city the first of the year, and on his arrival, found he had had his life endangered by a kick against his stomach, from a horse, but was so near the animal as not to be seriously injured. He brought with him the silver I took with me to my husband's home, at the time of my marriage. By pawning this, I was enabled to meet every exigence, until a way was opened for me to redeem my silver and prosecute my journey. In the mean time I had opened a correspondence with persons ignorant of my history, but conversant with law and justice, to ask counsel in relation to my duty to my child. My eyes and perplexities while waiting and writing were a check to the returning springs of life, and in addition to the feeling that I seemed as one compelling a brother to board me, who had not planned for such an event, soon brought upon me the symptoms of increasing debility in the weakened members of my body. About this time I noticed "Swedish Movement Cure for Paralysis" upon the door of an office in the Cooper Union. I resorted to this cure, and found a providential help suited to my case. By spending one hour a day where exercise, passive and voluntary alternating, tending to restore equilibrium in the system, was had, I maintained my ground until the last of February. This being the approach of the season which ever tried my health, when feeble, and a lady who was spending the



winter in Florida writing me that she had taken with her money which should be at my command on arriving there, at the same time giving me an order for money to pay my passage, I left on the last day of February, 1860, in the steamer *Star of the South*, and arrived in Savannah, Ga., on Saturday the 3d March. Was detained here till Wednesday following, when I took the *St. Mary's*, and arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, next day.

The sea-sickness I suffered wasted my strength and flesh rapidly, so that a friend from the North, on first meeting me, told the lady who aided me to take the voyage, she did not think I would live a week. But I was already feeling that this waste of animal which had been touched by palsy, was as necessary as is the fall of verdure, touched by autumn frosts, to a return of the springs of life; and I felt that such a waste, or reduction, could not have been effected in my case through any other means than by sea-sickness, without extinguishing life's flame. My strength gradually though slowly increased during my stay through March and a part of April, those months in which I had so often found my strength wasting at the North. Then the heat became so great that I dare not remain longer, as I could not take the exercise necessary to promote circulation, without exciting fever. I concluded to take a sail-vessel on my return passage, thinking I could now endure a stronger potion of the sea-sickness remedy. And I did endure it. But, happily for me, though greatly to the annoyance of the strong, our neat little schooner (*Julia Smith*, Capt. Orlando, of Cape Cod) was tied, by its anchor, to the bed of the Delaware, at Breakwater Harbor, from Saturday, 28th April, to Friday, May 4th. A few days of convalescence being thus granted me, I was prepared on arrival at Philadelphia. (Sunday, 6th May,) to go next day by railroad to New-York, where I stopped till June, the better to recruit exhausted nature, and to wait till the chills of spring had passed from Berkshire's hills and plains. I then returned to the town from which I had glided so imperceptibly away the November previous, that my village friends, many of them, had not found me among the missing, or upon the list of invalids. I had two or three dollars in hand, and was now in the town where I had tried in vain to borrow money, and in a state of health which forbade a pressing care. I passed from the ears to the hotel, and inquired of Mr. Miller, the landlord, if he would board me a few months on trust, telling him the condition of my finances. He consented, and I took up with him my home. Yes, *my home*. I have a home. I have always had a home. I expect to always have a home. I thank God for that system of legal civilization which secures to me an everlasting home on earth; and for that Christian system which secures to me an everlasting home when earth shall be dissolved.

The idea of the "Conservator" may now be clearly seen. To my mind it reads thus: "Go to the homes of your benevolent brethren, and tell them that you are *too poor* and *too weak* to have a home of your own, and they *must* take you in."

I have never indorsed this idea. I shall never indorse it while of my present mind. Whether that mind be sane or insane, let competent judges

decide. Perhaps the "Conservator" in this work was doing to others as it would that others should do unto it. I should not be acting in obedience to the golden rule, were I to follow such a fashion. My father and mother are passed away. My brethren are my neighbors. God bids me withdraw my foot from my neighbor's house, lest he be weary of me, and so hate me. My father and mother were among the married pairs who, though unlike, moved in harmony before the family band; and as a result, they presented to the world the good and pleasant sight of brethren and sisters dwelling together in comparative unity. I, the elder, mother sister, shall not voluntarily do that which God instructs me tends to stir up their hatred towards me. For however benevolent the impulses and slow the hatred of the more genial, the same elements enter into the composition of every human heart. Therefore the universal law of Scripture is applicable and profitable unto all. But how can I withdraw my foot from a neighbor's house, if I have not a home of my own? And how can I have a home of my own, if I have not strength or money?

Shall I go into the public ways, and pray God to send the manna from heaven to feed me? No, for the days of miracles are passed. Shall I go out without gold, or silver, or notes on paper, to offer in exchange for the supplies necessary to sustain life? No, for that would be departing from the blessings of civilization. I shall avail myself of these blessings, and have a home, a lawful home; the best home God empowers me to select, whether that home be with the rich or the poor; in city or in country; on land or on sea; a hired home, or a possessed home; a home in a corner of the house-top or in a wide house. If I have a legally appointed conservator, guardian, or master, I have to consult his instructions, and obey them in the Lord. But if I am a widowed mother, without such protection, I understand that I am head of a house, and am concerned in the truth, "he that neglects to provide for his own, and especially those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." At the time I consented to adopt my brother's proposal, after my husband's decease, and accept his proffered gift, I indulged hopes that I might be able, with Charlie's labor and my own, to live upon my income, and only feel obliged to my brother for gratuitous rent; but we both suffered loss through over-estimating our strength; and when my boy's father had been four years dead, the brother whom he addressed, as his last worldly act of which I have any account, had furnished me in money (as a gift from his own earnings) the full amount agreed upon by my husband. Had I felt less pressed by a sense of obligation, a less sum would (I doubted not) have supplied me. When I was compelled to relinquish this home, I felt sad at the thoughts of my brother's disappointment, and as soon as I had looked at my affairs with my own eyes, I advertised my brethren that I should act independent of their advice; that instead of trying to board at half pay, quarter pay, or no pay, I should seek the necessities of life, and pay the market price. I could then only write the "what" without giving the "why." As I reviewed the "Conservator's" work, I saw that one dollar a week each was the offer for board.



This, at best, was no more than half pay. At the decease of my husband my supply was reduced one half, which gave only quarter pay. When I was obliged to quit my grandfather's house I had nothing but robes and dirt, which refused to go, except as somebody would trust me, and now I felt compelled to try the experiment of making a new start away from my kindred, and flee to the flesh.

Before going South, I wrote my eldest brother, (the only one remaining of my house, who is older in years than myself) to ask him if he would permit my boy to stay in his family at two dollars per week for board, and if he or another brother should have work for him adapted to his strength, pay him for his work what it was worth. To this he consented, and Charlie left for Massachusetts the day before I departed South, having enjoyed the advantages of city rambles, seven lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the Cooper Union, and Sermons to Young Men, by Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, in the large hall of the same building; his eyes having strengthened so that he could look at the philosophical and chemical experiments where serious interest is taken in the burning gas and the eyes. These advantages rendered him richer when he left than when he entered the city, and those from whom they were derived no poorer in present resources, and we may hope richer in prospective harvest. I had the satisfaction of seeing him say voluntarily, that what he regretted most to have was these lectures and sermons; and when Rev. Mr. Smith proposed building a church in the upper part of the city, to cost six thousand dollars, and stated that if each male in the congregation then present would give ten dollars, the sum would be raised at once, Charlie remarked, on leaving the meeting, that if he had ten dollars to give any where to build a church, he would give it there.

When I was about to return from the city to Sheffield in June, I felt that the line of duty was not clear to me, and I presented a request to the Fulton-street Meeting, desiring prayers as a widowed mother and a Christian woman, that I might be guided in the appropriate duties of my sphere.

Having become established in my home at this hotel, I sent a line to my son, asking him to call and see me; and also notified my friends that I was able to receive a short call from one or two individuals daily. I also took daily walks of from one to two miles. I then had a room to which to retire and about domestic care, in flannel lungs, apply cold soft water to the more oppressed parts, by sponging, or wet towels, and rest upon my bed, or take up the pen, as duty seemed to dictate. I learned from my son that he had accepted an offer from his elder uncle, to work from May 1st to Oct. 1st for twenty-five dollars beside his board. This was a provision for the summer if health continued. But Charlie had never been through a summer without being laid aside from work by illness in some form. In case of illness now, I could not take him to myself, or longer nurse him as I had formerly done. How then should I, like the wise ant, prepare for such an exigence? I addressed a line, before leaving New-York, to his eldest half-brother, inquiring if I could receive the money his father agreed to pay me for Charlie's support, without

asking for it at the hands of civil law; and requested an answer before I should leave the city. But I received none.

My next conviction of duty led me to hold the following in the ballroom of the town which had given birth and residence to me and mine:

To the town of Sheffield, Berkshire Co., Mass., through the proper authorities for acting in behalf of its poor.

The undersigned respectfully represents that she was the second lawful wife of Ralph Little, late of Sheffield. That she ever sought aid as in her power, to perform the duties of a faithful and affectionate wife and prudent, industrious and frugal wife and mother. That her husband, from a peculiarity of his mental organization and circumstances in life, became the victim of a mania which disqualified him for a rational discharge of duty toward his household. That the influence upon his defective mental vision, of the *ecclesiastical game*, where a stammerer is introduced, completely unbalanced his reason upon the subject of a provision for his second wife and her offspring. That the result of this frenzy has been to destroy the health of the second wife; cause fatal disease of the brain in their first-born; a disinclination among his brethren of a minor son, their only surviving child; and the bringing down to the grave with sorrow of his own venerable head.

The undersigned further represents that in the providence of God, she can not now command the means of making a home for this son. That the only place where she can exact one at the hands of civil law, is the home for the poor in the town of his nativity.

Believing that the time has arrived when the truth of her opinion, as above given, can be shown in open court, she places her son at the door of Sheffield, desiring that, as his natural guardian, the town ask the court of Berkshire, so to overrule the debts by which her husband conveyed to his elder sons certain real estate in Sheffield, as to give the disinherited son one seventh portion of said real estate, together with the use of said portion since the decease of his and their father in January of 1856.

Respectfully submitted,

LAURA J. LITTLE,

Widow of Ralph Little.

SHEFFIELD, June 18th, 1870.

After preparing to take this last step, I understood that my eldest brother was chairman of the board of selectmen, which caused me regret, for I know it is hard for man to have a sister looked upon as "a strange woman," and harder to come out before the world as her defender or associate. He had stood by me when waves of trouble rolled over me, next in my rescue to Him who was once "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He has done his full proportion toward using hospitality without grudging, and I am now looking that he shall not be compelled to make his own house a private hospital for the reception of the weak of my house, because the bonds which bound the string to fasten them are broken. Therefore, I went forward with my work. So far as human encouragement is concerned, I stand alone. My first intent was to arrange the writings in my possession, leaving a

bearing upon the case, according to their dates, and then write out the facts to which I could testify before any tribunal empowered to try and decide my suit, so that I may be ready to give an answer to any who shall ask, What are the proofs in the case? About the time I was entering upon the work of examining manuscripts, I received yours, containing the inquiry which I quoted at the beginning of this, my chronic epistle. I now seemed to have found an answer to the inquiry which I had for many months been carrying daily to God, namely: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

I could more easily give my reasons for my opinion of slavery, and the proofs I could adduce to substantiate my opinion of duty toward my child, in a compound form, than in any other, inasmuch as the Creator had given them to me in that form. Having sought to unfold some of the darker passages of my hidden life, by copying from original records, and adding some notes by the way, I will proceed, by practical application, to endeavor to give you to see slavery with my eyes, and to persuade you that I am not deceived in my present view. In my private journal I find the following:

*August 17th, 1834.*—This afternoon, at Mr. Rogers's. Interested in reading anti-slavery publications. Am convinced that I, and most others in these Northern States, have had but little light on the subject of slavery, and but a faint idea of its horrors and its sins, as existing in the Southern States of our celebrated Union; or of the undue prejudices amongst us all, in relation to persons of color.

From the following letter, may be derived an inference of my own opinion, one year later than the above date.

NEW-MARLBOROUGH, July 13th, 1835.

MY DEAR MISS ROYS: I received your communication by the hand of S—, and was highly gratified with the sentiments of friendship and respect which it contains. It was no intrusion on my feelings, I assure you, but was received with all the cordiality of a long-cherished friend. I also feel a pleasure in the reflection that our acquaintance, though accidental and slight, has resulted in our mutual esteem and satisfaction. I think you however, worthy a little reproof for the undeserved commendation you bestowed upon an individual so unworthy. I indeed hope I am a Christian, but a most unfaithful one; a sinner, if ever saved, by grace, infinite and unmerited grace. This is all my boast, and all my hope. You mentioned last summer. I, too, often think of the happiness which I enjoyed in your society, and that of the other Sheffield and also New-York friends, as pleasures gone by, and probably in relation to some of them, at least, never to be repeated. This is the signet which is stamped upon all our earthly enjoyments. But it is a feature in the character of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, that separation is unknown.

"The fearful words, to part, are never heard above."

How, my dear L—, will the pleasures of Christian intercourse be increased when, free from sin and its flattering influence, we shall be

permitted to enjoy, not only the society of the just made perfect, but also of angels, and even of the benevolent Redeemer himself, whose presence fills his children while on earth, with such unutterable joy; the joy of pardoned sinners; the joy of being raised from the lowest state of degradation and misery, to the anticipation of the highest perfect blessedness of which our natures are capable. What love is this? How does all the vanity of earthly pleasures shrink into contemptible nothingness when brought into competition with those which flow from conformity to God. They are not worthy to be named with the same breath, or weighed in the same balance. I would I were more influenced by the former, and less by the latter.

You say you trust I am enabled to rejoice in view of several things. You will recollect them.

Yes, I do rejoice, especially in view of the benevolent enterprises of the day. It is not among the least of the privileges which God has bestowed upon us, that we are permitted to live in these ends of the world, when he is exciting his children to more spirited action in his service than formally.

Among the various other benevolent enterprises of the day, we behold the Anti-Slavery Society just emerging from a storm of opposition poured upon it, not only by the world, but by those whose names stand foremost on the records of Christian benevolence. But the cause, I trust, is God's, and will eventually prevail. More than two millions of oppressed beings in the United States have cried, and their cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of *Sabaoth*; and he has come down to deliver, and he will deliver, though it be by the destruction of their oppressors.

I shall ever be glad to see you or hear from you.

Yours respectfully,

ELECTA SHEPHERD.

After taking possession of a separate home for myself and boy, in 1851, I supplied the lack of society to my child, as far as able, by reading to him, a half hour of each evening, from works designed to entertain and instruct. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was put into my hand by a neighbor, and thus slowly perused. As I proceeded, day after day, my heart swelled with emotion too big for utterance, in beholding in Eva a delineation of a character so like the child I had given back to God two years before. The utterance I needed not to attempt, for none but God could understand my case, and he could read the heart. One, among mortals, has been led to say to me, that he was similarly impressed while reading the same work, although at the time he read, he was on the Pacific coast.

In January, 1859, I was with a circle of friends convened at the dwelling of your late grandmother. I found there those whose duty it is to qualify themselves to judge of matters pertaining to their country's government, that their influence as performing members of the body politic, may be upon the side of "right," whose opinions upon the subject of slavery were antagonistic. I very naturally suggested some ideas, when my former pupil, Mrs. Dowd, gently reminded me that I once commended abolition movements. I told her, as we retired so as not to be overheard, (for I perfectly understood that woman's experience



in no argument with man) that God had brought me into a higher sphere of place, a place where the same principle is carried out for a lower order of abjection. That there is a spirit whose range is as wide as is that of man, to whom the work of brotherhood working together in unity is the grander plan; that when this spirit comes as near to achieving the very object as is possible, it puts on the form of an angel of light in the garb of human sympathy; then makes its possessors to judge according to appearances, to speak evil of the absent, to be tale-bearers, and withal busy-bodies in other men's matters. That I had for ten years hidden in a field having to this day, and possibly fitted up for its reception, I had been tasting about observations, but had not fully seen as workings, till by its influence my house had been divided, my first-born murdered, my boy made an outcast from his father's house, and my own reputation brought "very low," and the bringing of it low, achieved without an explanation, or excuse—I reason, by the strong hand that led me forth trustfully from my father's house, under a promise publicly solemnized and recorded, of love and care to the end.

Do you see, Why was this to Mrs. Dix, instead of mine? I answer, Mrs. D. had, till a short month, been many years away from Sweden, and I could tell her my own opinion without being prejudiced in the fact—Professed that given time, to first which I had long stood in passive weakness and listlessness, waiting to know what disposition God would suffer it to make of me.

In the autumn of 1859 a little before sunset, one Sabbath evening, I heard the expression, from one who was passing my house: "A fire on the mountain." I looked, and saw a smoke ascending into the air from beyond the lofty summit in the rear of my dwelling. By the time the stars were apparent in the sky, the mountain top was the scene of a brilliant display of firework, which increased in splendor, as the shades of evening produced their dance. At midnight I arose to see what night had for workings, when, to my astonishment, I saw a more grand and imposing spectacle than I had ever before beheld, or than I look to behold again till I arise from my long sleep. The whole extent of the lofty pile whitened as Shetland's western lighthouse, (a lighthouse which no rougher sea can remove through, taking away its original name, given by the red men) was wreathed in its summit and fired with a man's warlike blaze. Although I never break upon the shoulders of my boy during the break-watch, if I can well avoid it, I do not restrain to notice him and urge him to go out to look at a midnight scene upon God's theater, such as had not been to my day, and ought not to be repeated in his. Long did we gaze and admire. But right God her curtain, and another scene revealed. The fires had made their way down among the fir-trees, whose thickets are a part of the wealth of the families whose titles hold them. The contemplated labor of the lumberman must be staid. Fathers, sons, and hired men all be hurried forth to fight the raging fire. As I listened to the complaints and cries of females who, in their solicitude for the safety of father, brother, or persons, were wishing that the calamity might rest upon the

head of him who should not stir, I sat down to meet Ize at the foot of a burning institution.

My first thought was, how I regret my own tears in looking upon a foundation on fire, from these various hopes of future support for the products. Then came to my mind the inquiry, would these men pray for such calamities upon the careless or wicked (as the same may be,) have their prayers return into their own houses? And next, did these who kindled the fire consider the possible or probable results? Did they do as they would that a neighbor should do unto them? Did perhaps they have no friends to care? Well would they have their home burned? And they may not have even a home to burn. Well, thought I, there is nothing on earth capable of kindling a fire that has not a body, and would he have his body burned? For with the men such as you were, it shall be measured and repaid. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" I now have before me a striking figure of what God has permitted to be done by my own earthly inheritance. "The tongue is a fire."

A little farther on, and another fire broke out upon earth, not so long ago, but more stupendous for its extent than for its vicinity or its grandeur. Its reverberations shook the earth, and whitened mountain with wonder. I sat in my home at the foot of Old Tassel, (New Mount Everett,) and as I looked at the process, I reviewed the past.

I recalled that, in 1834, a brother Abolitionist met Mr. Gleason, who had in his day been a scholar and a teacher, but was then bending beneath the infirmities of years and an overwrought nervous frame, who addressed him with

"Well, have you got your sword ready?"

"Yes, all the sword I want—the sword of the Spirit."

"Ah! but that won't do for Gleason," naming a leader of a band when I then supposed going forth under the banner of the League of Peace. When I learned of the tragic movements at Harper's Ferry, my heart gave to the elders of 1834 what it then withheld—the honor of being the ablest judges in new and old-fashioned cases. Our pastor, Rev. Mr. Bradford, ever refused to admit to his pulpit those who would advocate anti-slavery movements.

Though dear had been the school, I thanked God that he had converted me from the error of my way, in maintaining an opinion founded in prejudice.

As I looked in the pictorial at the banner and I ashen and visage portraying the hero of Harper's Ferry, with the heat of his own blood lying by his side, victims of his mad pursuit, I saw a sight which took hold of my heart's deep sympathies. The fallen countenance of this hero, his fate is explicable to himself, and his refusal to accept release from those comrades nearly high heaven to bestow it in the hour of adverse fate, clinging to one fixed purpose with an unflinching grasp, though heaven and earth oppose, all have the most striking resemblance to the countenance and the course of the hero of emancipation from the bondage of a second marriage. The latter had evidently looked for an improvement to his house as soon as the large contemplated tower should be struck. But Shetland can testify to the truth he is said to have



uttered to a brother-in-law through his first wife, into whose company he fell while traveling, that he could "not hold up his head." He had taken up no carnal weapon, therefore no carnal weapon was taken up against him. For seven years was this strong man bowed, yes, he bowed his head as a bulrush. When not looking over his accounts, he labored alone in the field, if not wet with the dew of heaven, wetting the earth with his tears. His vigor had not abated. His locks were bushy and raven, with not a trace of the frost of time upon them. I had, in my attempts to get access to his heart, once told him I desired him to help me preserve my affection for him, that I might comfort him when the infirmities of age should come upon him. But he only gave me a contemptuous laugh, more like my boy's when I told him I was his mother at the time he thought I was John Doten, than any thing else to which I can compare it. Yet no mention was made of his insanity, so far as I know, beyond what I have named.

When John Brown took up arms at Harper's Ferry, the work of his maddened brain was soon cut short in righteousness—the remainder of his wrath restrained. But there were some who had been slain by this wrath; and does God to-day make inquisition for blood, as in the day when wrath first raised the carnal weapon? If so, to whom does the inquiry come: "Where is thy brother?" Who shall take up the wail for the untimely separation of husbands and wives, and parents and children, by those whose skin is colored like their own? My heart has been made to feel upon this subject, but it trusteth in the Lord. The Judge of all the earth will do right. He will correct the wrongs committed by earthly, self-constituted, and partial judges, whose strong wills can not bend to God's will, after being committed to an opinion.

When my husband had made the last proclamation, not openly, but, as it were, in secret, of his purposes toward me, his work, too, was soon cut short. A fever succeeded the cold he spoke of in his letter to Charlie. Rumor has told me that the last night of his life, as he lay in his chamber, his eldest son being his watcher, the daughter with whom he staid was ready late at night to retire, but felt that she must first go and see her father. She went to his room, where her brother was lying upon one bed and her father upon another. She asked her brother how her father was, and he said he guessed he was better, as he was more quiet. But on looking at the father she saw that he was failing; and, on her asking him if she had done all for him that he could expect since he had had a home with her, he said, "Yes," and then added: "It takes a woman to know!" I thank God that he has permitted me to hear of such a confession from the lips of my husband in that honest hour. It speaks volumes to me. It tells me that he saw the mistake of a lifetime in a moment when God had brought him into straits which should compel him to look to the Rock higher than himself. Ah! could I have been with him, and through my ministrations brought back the ebbing currents of life, as in the case of my boy when apparently dying, I doubt not he would have been a converted husband. I doubt not he is in heaven the spirit of a converted husband. I think his own pen recorded the

proofs of his yielding early to revengeful wrath toward woman. I think he palliated instead of confessing his own faults, and therefore became blind to them—that he aggravated instead of excusing woman's, and therefore laid the foundation for a blind madness toward her. But had there been no intervening obstacles, with what he had gained by past experience, I believe his second marriage would have been happy beyond the average. And although God had wise designs to fulfill in suffering his expectations to be disappointed, this excuses no sinful deed by which his heart was turned against the mother-in-law in his house. And so I think in the case of John Brown; whatever praise comes to God from his wrath, those whose willful or mistaken faults led to that wrath, must repent of their own sins before they can enter the world where wrath can never come.

"It takes a woman to know!" What does it take a woman to know? How best to dress the child? rule in the mechanic's or merchant's shop? minister at the public altar? or stand at the helm of government in town or city, State or nation? No. A new question had come before the mind, of such urgency that, for the time being, it set all other questions aside. It has been told me that Mr. Hamlin Savage (a Christian neighbor) called, and Mr. Little asked him what he thought of his case; and as Mr. S. studied to reply so as to produce no check to the efforts of the physician who sought to restore health to the mortal man, by saying, "I think you a very sick man, but think I have known persons recover who were as sick as you," the sick man fixed upon him an inquiring gaze, one of the most intense scrutiny; and after the visitor had withdrawn, said to his son: "Mr. Savage thinks I won't get well." Days pass on, divided between hope and fear, till at last the written verdict appears. The prisoner is the first to read the sentence of death, for it is first unfolded to the inner man. But as its signs become visible to eyes without, woman is the first to read. Yes it takes a woman to know when and where death begins its work. Satan understood woman's physiology when he planned to bring primitive humanity down to death. God understood it when he planned to bring fallen humanity back to life.

Satan has lost none of his powers of understanding since that time, and God has lost none of his. I have been permitted to know how the mind which has had its powers concentrated upon the work immediately before it, so that the past is out of view, can and does, under a burning fever, see the past life at one glance, as much as does the artist, who lays down his pencil, and steps back from the picture, the individual lines of which have so long fixed his attention, that he may have a view of the whole. I can therefore appreciate, knowing as I do, the history of that dying man, the confession from his lips: "It takes a woman to know."

Let us now take a retrospect, and criticise as we may be able the picture which truth held up in that trying hour to him who had no opportunity to improve by the addition or erasure of a single line. My letter will not allow of my going into extensive detail. But a few important particulars will assist to guide the judgment. At the time Mrs. Birge (sister of Mr. Little)

made us her last will, one week before her own death, she expressed to me much solicitude for her brother's spiritual state. She knew that he had a way of torturing personal injuries concerning his spiritual health, and that his first wife had told her she thought him somewhat immoral; that he came repulsed for when she felt constrained to try to convert him in the moral and spiritual welfare of himself and children by saying: "You want me to throw my children into hell, and then jump in on top of them."

Still, after she had passed away among the redeemed, he, without confessing his own fault, began to inquire after the way which she had found. He set his face toward very cautiously; but as he was not a man to put his hand to the plow and look back, progress was, in his case, a most certain. He was glad to think and converse, and read and pray, with reference to a future life—attended public worship, and encouraged his family in the same. And when I asked him for a yearly offering to enable me to give when the voluntary offerings were asked in the church of which I was a member he handed me five dollars, which, though less than the tithe of my two or three days, was thankfully accepted, and devoted according to my own estimate of their importance among the standing charities of the day.

Had he found the door into the full he was now seeking, before he came upon a stumbling block and rock of offense, happy had it been for him.

For had he found Christ before losing his confidence in my sincerity, he would have been able to keep him. But there was one who knew his weak point, and took advantage of it. He had seen in that direction while building his earthly home, and as the Scriptures are true he must reap accordingly. My sincerity, and my *family's* *loyalty* by *my* *eyes*, were first discovered without, and the conviction of the truth of my hypocrisy in *that* *man* (at true in every other) was forced upon him by the combined influence of a class as varied in their motives and their character as in any other error of abolitionists, in secret or open association. As he gradually and without explanation withdrew from me the support he had once went to furnish, I ventured to plead, basing my plea alone upon God's Word. When he declined giving me money to continue, I told him I found in the Scripture instructions to bring to God a voluntary offering, that if I had one dollar only as an annual gift, I should dedicate it that among the various religious charities of the day. But to put an end to prayer for that object, by saying: "I believe that God Almighty is able to carry out his designs without your little, mean, ready-dishonest contributions." I, of course, believed all that, but I believed much more. I did not think my husband converted to Christ. I only asked a provision at his hands suited to my necessities. If he denied that, then I had occasion to offer another prayer, not to him, but to a Giver. It was a prayer for a submissive spirit. And I have learned that this is a better gift than to be empowered to give. But while God was saying, in the events of his providence, or by carrying out his designs, "According to your faith be it unto you," my husband seemed to see me to be

the designer, the author of all the mourning in his house. But when suspended, as it were, between two worlds, the scales fell from his eyes, and he opened his lips before the mental view of his husband's portrait, and pronounced "woman" in a manner that bloodied not his own handwriting against her. I do not ask to be then, in that stronger light, understood *James* saying to him, "Why persecutest thou me?" and that he passed into the heaven as a new-born babe of grace, there to dwell in an Eden of love, and at the review his life's journey, regarding in the truth, that "every virtuous woman buildeth her house," being converted from the error of his former faith, namely: "When a man marries he takes upon himself a very great burden." This is the case in general, but his wife be what she may." Scripture says of a virtuous woman, that her price is above rubies. Woman, in his house, had believed the Scriptures. *He* had *found* *the* *door*. And what had been the result? Of one class of his children he had not restrained them not, and that class had worried his life with dwelling in a spiritual assembly, where a minister could not obtain. The other had lived, one to the age of ten, and the other four years in the same house, and dwelt in peace and love with each other, and toward all. And the latter class had been brought under restraint by the woman whose spirit was wrong, or her judgment not much. All he had lived to see deflected most strikingly, in his house, the fruits of the spirit the first neither desired to foster through the aids of religion, and the limits of the spirit he did foster without religion. Let us be thankful that he came to a *right* *mind* *ore* *he* *entered* upon an unchanging state. And now I have gone over the ground which affords visible proof of my husband's inmemoria. If his own writings and deeds, as shown above, do not either prove an irrational or a humorously wicked man, I am not a designer of truth. The latter I disclaim. I believe my husband thought himself one of the most rational among the sons of men. And I believe he was looked upon by his neighbors as such. And I believe he thought he was doing right in seeking to redress the wrongs he had inflicted upon his motherless children by a second marriage, although he turned a blind eye to justice or mercy toward the unoffending side of his house. Whence, then, the loss for this monument? How far the cause lay in the fact that in his father's childhood, and in his own, there was a second marriage, I can not say, or how far in the fact that his own spirit, when very young, was unduly provoked to anger or trial by poverty. To make money and to save money, very naturally, in his circumstances, became an absorbing theme. Next came the fear that women, in her weakness, would make too great wounds upon the treasured stores. And while he waited, and doubted, and feared to commit himself, he grew angry, or at least impatient, that the fair one of his choice did not lose herself in her devotion to him, as as to forsake all other lovers, and wait in suspense for his step.

While impatient, he wrote his mourning, and thereby confirmed them, and through keeping the same in the home of his wedded life, he had the satisfaction of living a silent reprover.



Alas! how costly the satisfaction! A few years after my marriage I was visiting with my husband, where was present a teacher, (Mr. Simmons,) who urged the claims of the science of phrenology upon his disciples. I met him with such objections as then existed in my own mind, and inquired to know the utility of the science, if it were indeed founded in truth. He replied that it might aid parents in guiding the education of their children. I said I should probably study my children by observing their native promptings, independent of phrenology, even if I understood the science. The argument closed. But before the evening's visit closed Mr. Simmons asked my husband if he ever submitted to examination by a phrenologist. He had not. Mr. S. then said: "As you are chosen to decide the debate at the next meeting of our Lyceum, I have taken the liberty to study your development a little, and would think you lacking in the organ that enables to trace effects to their causes, and thus helps to an accurate judgment." I was struck by the remark, and felt somewhat enlightened in regard to the mystery that hung over my own head. Still, I only laid up the saying in my heart. Last winter, when my boy was in the city, I went with him to Dr. Fowler, and had a written examination of his head. Providence has answered for me the question which I put to Mr. Simmons. The boy must come to an age when he will be guided more or less by his own judgment, though he can not so well observe himself as others. The utility, then, consists in having the counsel of a professional man, who can read his case as his mother does. For, if the boy has in his hereditary nature a tenacity of opinion and strength of will which will make him remarkable as a man, and is yet easily influenced by persuasion; has a strong affection for his mother, yet finds it difficult to honor her opinion, and withal has his dwelling in a community where the popular voice (blended with silent workings) has put down the mother's opinion "very low," it is surely well to have help, so that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word of truth may be established, ere the child shall have blindly committed himself to an opinion, the consequences of which are to be important and lasting to himself and house. I am thankful that I was permitted to take away the silver I carried to my married home, and leave it in pawn till I should be able to pay the stranger whose counsel came to the stricken and widowed mother in a time of need. While Dr. Fowler was telling Charlie the things which I knew of his peculiar nature, it occurred to me that it might aid me in my attempts to guide him against opposing obstacles in the way of *right*, to have my own phrenological character written. And it was done. Of this I will speak hereafter.

I will stop now to tell you, that as I have pursued my work of writing, time has pursued his flight, and this page finds me at a point in his cycle bearing date November 22d, 1860. I continued in my home at Miller's Hotel till the frosts of autumn admonished me to depart. Then having found a friend in the person of the Ex-Committee man who first installed me teacher of the institution which taught me to read, who bought my notes against Mr. D. K. Savage, and

cashied the first, I came to New-York, hired a furnished room near the Putnam House, opposite the railroad depot, where I can resort daily to a ladies' dining-saloon, and be served by a very pleasant young lad to what food my necessities require, by paying what it is worth. Take care of my room and person, after ordering coal and kindlings, having ascertained that servants can be had if I shall fail so as to need them. Can ride the whole route of Fourth Avenue cars for five cents, walk then a few blocks on Fulton street, and attend the world-renowned prayer-meeting, and return at the same charge. Am one mile from the temple dedicated to science and art by Peter Cooper, (now a resident of the city,) where the disciples may congregate at any hour from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., without money or price, on condition only of good behavior, and of being under the care of parent or guardian, if under fourteen years of age, to a "feast of fat things," served up in the reading-room, picture-gallery, musical, mathematical, philosophical, or chemical classes, lecture-room, or chemists' laboratory. May walk the spacious halls, or broad and solid stairways, and feel as much at home as upon the sidewalks of town or city. This building, too, being in the line of Fourth Avenue cars, is readily reached when I can not walk. Another delightful resort to which I have access is the Central Park, where a pleasant day may be passed amid beautiful scenery, with the eye lost to city scenes, the journey thither costing six cents. And lastly, the churches. Yes, New-York churches.

I once spent six months where I did not know of a prayer to God being offered within six miles of me, except in the closet, and that closet consisting of the secret chambers of the soul, or the

"Bower where the pine and the poplar have spread  
And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head."

Over our head, I should say, for God had left me one who should accompany me in all those journeyings. While there, my lips, one day, seemed touched as with a live coal from off God's altar, as my heart burst out in the stanza:

"The Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation, too;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do."

That stanza was my daily song. I had with me no hymn-book, and recollected no more. But while spending the winter in my secluded mountain home, the following stanza became my prayerful song:

"One privilege my heart desires,  
Oh! grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God."

And that prayer is being answered. Yes, I have been spared to recover strength, before I go hence, and to taste something of the joy the ancient prophets must have felt when the temple at Jerusalem stood in its grandeur, and its statelessness, inviting the waiting assembly on holy day. I live alone, and being nobody's wife or daughter or sister or teacher, I can go forth in the garb of a servant, and offend no one; for servants are permitted to go in the public ways and into the churches. And then the alliance of the churches



to carry the good news of redemption into the lanes and by-ways of the poor and degraded.

Do you ask, is it your business to labor in any of the departments you have named? I answer, No. My first object is to get an increase of physical strength and health. My next is, to write this letter, *that* being the only lucrative thing I have attempted within a year, which I have found myself able to prosecute. And I would not be able to prosecute even this, were it not for being so situated that I can retreat from too labor at any moment when I feel exhausted, and find relief either in total rest, or counteracting exercise and thought. And, further, it is universally felt, that north finds the physical man. So I mention to you the pleasant things there are within my reach, although a poor and solitary woman. Yes; the joy of the Lord is my strength; the law of the Lord my delight, whether that law be found upon the inspired page, or in the field of nature or providence. Do you ask, What were the movements in Sheffield concerning your action in behalf of your child? I will answer, "Yankie fashion." What are the movements of abolitionists in behalf of the ascending widows and orphans of Harper's Ferry? I have intended, in even day, to stand alone and remonstrate against the workings of my so-called conservator. My action has closed with inquiries to some women there, whom I did not address, concerning the truth of my statements. One came to know, inspired by a member of the House, "Is it so, that Charlie had nothing from his father?" and as my informant is true, the answer was, "No; there were a fifteen hundred dollars which he sent Charlie to have." Now I have to say for the enlightenment of those who read, the first word was *fact*, the next may be true, except that there were fourteen instead of fifteen hundred dollars. Charlie has never had so much from his father since the quarter's pay of January, 1856, accompanied by a dollar for Christmas or New-Year's present, as a share of his wearing apparel, a pillow, a pump, a toy or a tool.

The small law I held was not his father's to give. He did not give it to me. He did not give to me the power I held to chamber the whole matter, till his sons should sell it to me in exchange for that power. The law gave it to me. Thanks for a legislation based upon the Scripture, give honor to woman as to the weaker vessel. It was perfectly natural that the members should thus judge; but a right education would have caused the law of the mind to war against the natural law of the members. Another inquiry has been made by one of that class which is at liberty to study the domestic relations and their workings in communities, namely, in old nurse who did not live in Sheffield until the calamities in our house were overpast, but who, on hearing of my reputation, inquired to know the name; and could only gain that it was because I *could not work*. I would go to my kindred and stay weeks at a time and leave my work. Of this charge I have only to say, I went to my kindred when too weak to do for myself and children, to get the help I could not command at home; and always returned as soon as I felt restored sufficiently to take hold of my duties there, and often too soon for advantage to health. Another has said to me: "Did you buy

and give to your sister Annie her Bay State shawl?" Charitably not. I have never been unmindful of the fact that I must not give to my father's house.

I have not given back even a tithe of the gratuity I have received from them since my marriage, in any other form than lip or letter service.

I will now introduce Dr. Fowler's testimony of me the first hour he saw or heard of me:

Mrs. L. J. LITTLE: You are characterized for an unusual degree of industry. Your mind is constantly employed. It is next to impossible for you to be lazy, or to take life easy. You are in danger of overtaxing yourself, or of being in one extreme or another. Your nervous temperament is so active as to render you liable to a hot head and to a feverish state if not careful. You must get all the sleep possible, and must use means to cool your brain before you retire, and then apply a cold wet cloth to your head as you are retiring.

You will need considerable friction applied to the body so as to call the blood away from the head, and more vigorously distribute it to the extremities. Your action is very great and your intellectual powers are exceedingly active, so that you are tiring as though there was a great amount of knowledge to be gained and that you had but little time to gain it.

You are too ambitious, too polite, and too anxious to please. You have scarcely enough self-liking and consciousness of your own ability to carry out your purposes. You are very persevering, exceedingly tenacious of your purposes, and strict in adhering to your principles, are naturally just, honest and conscientious. You may be led astray by your prejudices, but otherwise you are very careful to do as you agree to. You are naturally religious and have a high tone of moral feeling, are particularly sympathetic and tender-hearted.

You are qualified to copy and draw and do different kinds of work.

You are refined and elevated in your tastes, and have a high sense of virtue and propriety. You are very fond of poetry, works of art, and every thing that is beautiful and perfect. You are rather disposed to exercise the mind upon subjects that require refinement and perfection of style. You enjoy oratory almost in excess, and have wished many a time that you could for the time being be a man and make a speech. Your reasoning, thinking intellect has the ascendancy.

You are much more interested in subjects that address your philosophy than those that address your perception.

Your memory of events is poor, but your memory of ideas is good, and you have an unusual faculty for discriminating and securing the relation of one subject to another. You have not a very good imagination; are not expert in your style of telling. Your success in language depends upon your richness of mind, originality of thought, and richness of mind and action, not upon the original and vigorous giving variety to expressions of style.

You are systematic and quite neat and methodical. You must have your work done with precision. You also have a very active sense of the relations, and you enjoy this, especially if you are all alone.

You have a great amount of energy, but you have not a constitution equal to it. You need more of the influence of destructiveness, but your combativeness is very active, and you do not allow any obstacle to remain long in your way.

You are very devoted to your friends; few are more so, and as a wife you were exclusive in your love, and you can not well love but one, for you can not forget your first love.

Your sense of purity in affection is one of the leading features in your character.

You have very strong attachment to children, and are not only interested in them as such, but are interested in their welfare and moral improvement. You are much attached to one place. You make many friends and lose none. Your power over others is threefold—it comes first through the affections; secondly, through your sympathies; and, thirdly, through your intellect. You would have excelled as a teacher, and had a good influence over your pupils.

You must strive to be more lazy, less thoughtful and ambitious, and take life more easily; be out-doors what you can, but avoid nervous excitability.

Said an intellectual friend, in looking over the description: "There is one statement that does not suit your character—a lack of self-reliance."

But I assured her I knew it to be in my nature; and that what in my history looks like self-reliance is God-reliance. Yes, if I am not destined to fall before the host that to-day think of me as a self-deceived, or cunning woman, feigning the weakness I plead as an excuse for not going to work after the fashion of my strong townswomen, it will be for the same reason that David did not fall before Goliath of the Philistines.

I have often said to my friends: "My call to duty lies in making the most of a *little*. A little school education, a little language, a little money, a little strength, and a little name." To be faithful in the few things God gives me is my duty, and leave the rule with him to distribute, after his own good pleasure. I have nothing that I have not received. My greatest gift is a large experience. An experience that has come from asking in faith for that understanding which is a well-spring of life; and now that its gurglings are in my heart, nothing can offend me. Nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God. Some of my friends have in years past disputed me when I said that my gift in language is small. I have simply enough to pour forth from the well-spring of the heart as I feel called upon. By and by my lips will be sealed, and my pen descended to my heirs, and then I shall need no language of words. Nothing can pass the "dark valley" but the heart's treasures.

One inquiry has pressed upon my mind ever since I came forth from the chamber where my first-born met her unprecedented fate. And that has been, What shall I do before I go hence, to prevent little children from suffering the abuses which have come into my house? The abuses to the children of the living mother, in separating them from their earthly father's favor, and the greater abuses to the children of the deceased mother, in separating them from the favor of their mother's God, their own heavenly Father. Now I feel called upon to come out from my

seclusion, and present to the children of this generation the martyr of the nineteenth century, whose dying agonies say to the spirit that kindleth the coals of strife and separateth chief friends: Put up now thine avenging sword. Leave vengeance to Him to whom it belongeth. Be subject to the powers that be, that are ordained of God. If those powers allow the master of the household to possess a wife by a second marriage, if the former be removed by death, or to possess a man-servant or a maid-servant, understand that it is not contrary to the law, given amid the thunderings of Sinai, that he should do it; but it is contrary to that law that one should bear false witness against that neighbor; or covet, or steal, or kill any thing that is his; or incite any member of his household to refuse to honor its head.

I do not propose to enter the field of public strife with any other than a healing potion for its wounded victims. As a teacher, I claim nothing higher than the Primary Department. Into that department I am permitted to bring the law of the Lord, and to show that its violation brings death, just as surely if we violate it ignorantly as willfully. But death will be more bitter, in proportion as we had opportunity to know, and chose ignorance for the sake of cleaving to a darling opinion or practice. Now, if there be any sons of men who would come to me for simple teaching, while their government lies in other hands than mine, I will, in this letter, give them my opinion, the same as I gave to the youngest of my mother's sons, once my subject, but now master of his own house. And when I have done this, I will leave the matter, as I think he has wisely done. He said to me, after comparing our opinions: "I propose that you and I wait ten years from this seventh day of October, 1860, before we again discuss the slavery question." This brother is not fully committed, but has, like others of his class, a great deal to weigh which comes through the public prints and speeches.

My own education consisted in being taught to read, and then left to search alone for my author's thoughts. My system of teaching was an improvement of my own invention, (although existing out of my sight,) in which I not only taught my pupils to read, but assisted them, as fast as they read, to make their author's thoughts their own. Here lies my present argument. God is the author of the Scriptures, as well as the authority for all government. In the last commandment of his, written by his own finger upon tables of stone, (emblems of perpetuity,) he has given a most accurate and beautiful pattern of a house. St. Paul, under the Gospel, has given it grace, and Jesus in his new commandment brings that without which every house is cheerless. Never was there, since national existence was formed, a nation so dependent upon the carrying out of the pattern found in the Scriptures in the individual or family houses which compose the mass, as is the national body of the United States. Now, I do not believe there is any more oppression in the sight of God in those States which we call *slave States* than in those called *non-slaveholding*. But, alas! there is a great deal too much in both. And it arises from haste of spirit, and attempting to climb up to honor and stability in some other way than by the pattern



given. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's." Live in the presentism. Would that every home in our land had its eyes opened as was put into the hearts by an almighty and ever-enduring Providence for his own work, understanding that unless he becomes an apostle for the general good in science, government, or religion, or he calls preferentially from the world-field he is to have that a home, or power to him and one, obtained by doing right in some calling, then a wife, then the maintenance, the maintenance, or the maintenance, as essential demands, and pay for each what they are worth. He can not pay for the virtuous woman what she is worth, unless he give in exchange a virtue of self. It is not only true that the woman hath not power of her own body, but the husband; but also that the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife. In the natural servants, the *hireling* and the *household* each have their peculiar advantages and disadvantages. Each is, in his own home, to do as for himself, being subject to the laws under which he lives. I am well persuaded that those who prefer to take the oath of commitment are largely possessed servants, with whom all sorts of sin from house to their own have no right to meddle until a personal and specific complaint is openly made, with reference to bringing the individual offender to public justice. Every master of a house is a ruler of an assembly. If he be upright, his people are happy. If he be wicked, they are in trouble. This is also true of larger collective bodies. Where wisdom is concealed, it remains for the oppressor to wait before the Judge of all the earth; he would right though he suffer their faith and patience to be long tried. Every oppressor's work will be returned into his own hands; every deed of darkness come to light. I believe that the most heinous institution upon earth is the negro's bond. I believe that the greatest oppression upon earth is under that bond. Yet I do not believe that the *hand of the oppressor* would be broken if that bond were universally dissolved. I believe that God has destined a system of bondservants; and I believe that no warfare upon his destined is the institution of bond servants so heinous as that between the American master and the African servant. The master who fits himself for an officer in the American body, by being the husband of one wife and ruling well his own home, and a wife told it is worth to gather up mortal treasures.

You say: "I once told me your opinion of slavery, now that you have seen it." Yes, I may say, as did the woman eager to see Mrs. Little. I have had a glimpse of the face of African slavery, and it doesn't look as if it need be so very bad. My first view was at the Marshall House, in Savannah; and next in the streets and public grounds of that city. Then at the Johnson House, in Jacksonville, and lastly on the plantations of St. Isabel and Yamacraw. My first talk with a slave was with Jim Kennedy, the man who took me from Jacksonville, in his canoe, to the house of Mrs. Baxter, a distance of about eight miles down the St. John's river. I notably mis-spoke in this about the place, and particularly about the abundance, and found Jim very well

content. His house is a grand good real one, even if he never went to school or learned a written language. His children, to whom I belonged to the family where I was to stop, and he said of them, "I don't know but there are better folks in the world, but I don't know whom they are." I noticed he did not use the term slave but substituted "people." He inquired which church I belonged to, the Methodist or other church, and in the course of the passage he gave his views of theology by which some Northern abolitionists might perhaps profit. The man was, that when we keep near to God it is easy to free religion, but when we go to worldly gatherings for our own pleasure, we lose our religion and judgment. Jim's talk, and the comparatively cheerful and happy manner of the servants, I had never encountered with the respect of my own Southern friends, as I had heard to be heard, when, years before, I went before God to beg of him to invest the lands which make now the property of his legacy.

### SECTION III.

The 7th Oct. 1870, is the day for an all-annual meeting of my brother and self as exponents of opinions upon the subject of slavery.

Oh! what a world of promising will in that time be removed from two bodies which now support it. But where shall it be removed? Shall it descend to their legal heirs? or shall it be plucked up and cast into the depths of the sea? The Lord grant it may be the latter.

This can only be effected by an unselfish communion of hearts. In ten years, many a strong man, and woman too, now spreading his or herself like a green bay-tree, shall have passed away. They may be sought, but they can not be found. So it, doubtless, will pass into a light which shows them that poverty of spirit is the first condition of bloodless to themselves, and will rejoice if any others have profited for their too timely poverty. Others will pass away to learn in the darkness of an endless death, the truths they would not learn in life, because their learning would bring them into a light which should deprive their deeds—deeds by which they have drawn supplies to support their lives, from the weak in their power, without paying according to the rules God has given. Too late they learn that instead of paying for their power less than the worth, they pay infinitely more, for the crafty have to deal with a God who makes unto them as they measure unto others. When they fall into his hands, they find that unto the crafty he shows himself crafty. In my teaching to the children of the our goodly land, I would pass from the table of stone between the finger of a living man to a mountain beyond the rolling waters, to a table of stone to which the same finger is now pointing the nation's eye. The Jewish and American mind, which for length and breadth and height and depth have nearly resembled the Jewish mind than has any other, in the most momentous hour of its mortal life called a passage to be written on marble, beginning thus, "I said, I believe, help thou mine orphans," and ending in the words, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a free reality." The Sermon on the Mount can not be



a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Now if we turn to the Sermon on the Mount, we find the Preacher (not "merely human") closing thus: "Therefore, whosoever *heareth* these sayings of mine and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

"And every one that *heareth* these sayings of mine and *doeth* them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

One of these sayings, namely, "But I say unto you that *ye resist not evil*," has been perverted by sympathizers with motherless children and African servants. Instead of taking to them the truth that children and servants are to honor those whom God has placed over them, in the fear of the Lord, trusting him to make all work for their good, they have been taught to search for *occasion* to resist them as evil-doers; and God knows how many of those whose unsubdued tempers are the plague of themselves, their families, neighborhoods, and churches even, may righteously trace the *cause* to this *unrighteous sympathy*.

Another saying of our more than human Preacher closes in this manner: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It was this undue thought for to-morrow which led the father of my Mary to deny to her the servant needed in the hour of weakness and pain. And when she awoke as from a death-sleep, and received strength, through his strong hand taking hers affectionately in his own to raise her hand to his lips in silent prayer for only a kiss of affection, his heart of stone was turned to flesh. Yet was his mind in darkness. And wherefore this darkness? Says the Preacher we are quoting: "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" But, what proof that the eye of Mary's father was evil? When I accompanied my husband to Franklin, the place of his early abode, (in September, 1840,) as we were passing over a mountainous road, he recalled and related to me a scene of his early life, the thoughts of which still afforded him satisfaction.

He said that when a young man, living in Connecticut, he had occasion to go West one autumn. A poor widow of his acquaintance owned a horse which she could not afford to keep through the winter, and thinking he might sell it for her to a better advantage at the West than she could do at home, she offered him the privilege of riding it, if he would put it off for her as well as he could. When he reached the place where he related to me the circumstance, he met a stranger of whom he made some inquiries, and finding that he wished to purchase the horse, struck a bargain, and exchanged the horse for the stranger's watch, and what money he had,

amounting in all to something more than twenty dollars. When he returned to Connecticut, he called on the widow and asked her to set a price to her horse, which she declined doing. He waited a long while, and several times solicited the widow to name a price, but in vain. He then hit upon the expedient of getting six dollars in fifty-cent pieces, and taking it to her as the pay for the horse. She took it, and seemed pleased.

Had he known the Scriptures, and the power of God, as every American young man should know them, he might have avoided underpinning his own stately home with that which looked so much like devouring a widow's house, by taking such a commission from the weak woman who confided in his candor. God seeth not as man seeth, when vengeance against an evil work is not executed speedily. He had taken care that that seed-sowing should bring its harvest into his own home—when he, through *condemning* instead of *honoring* woman in proportion as she was weaker than himself, had reared an instrument by which the woman of his own approbation should be robbed of his heart and his home; and he, living with houses and lands and money at his command, a solitary man, an exile from human or divine sympathy, a prisoner beneath the broad canopy of heaven, in darkness concerning wherefore God contented with him.

A friend whom I highly esteem has said to me: "Mrs. Little, I think it the strangest thing in the world that you can be so attached to Sheffield."

I have seen much in Sheffield at which Jesus would say, "Be angry," but through learning of him not to let the sun go down upon my wrath, I have been able to keep my eye so clear, as to perceive that Sheffield is no more inferior to her sister towns in Berkshire county, than is Berkshire county inferior to her sister counties in Massachusetts, or than is Massachusetts inferior to her sister States in the Union, or than is our Union of States inferior to the sister nations of the earth; or than is the house to which my Mary was allied, inferior to the average houses of the land. From the Scripture truth that judgment must begin at the house of God, I think that I may claim for my house and my town superiority. But Sheffield is a branch of the body politic which is yet young. And "childhood and youth are vanity." Yet are they not to be despised. Oh! no. The glory and hope of the world rest upon our children and youth. What we need is, that the foolishness naturally bound up in the heart of the child, should, by some wholesome discipline, be driven from him, before the government of houses, towns, States, or nations devolves upon him; and if, unfortunately, any have inherited or usurped these responsibilities who were not chastened betimes, that they should be converted. But how difficult for man to be born again when he is old, especially if he have long willed to be rich. Here is a case impossible for human instrumentality to effect. But nothing is impossible with God. Let us then stand in awe, when God lays his hand heavily upon our strong men who trust in riches.

Perhaps there is a larger class in Sheffield than the average, who have obtained the greater gain than riches—"godliness, with contentment;"

whose hands are honest, hands diligent, and heads wise in their own business, who are yet so near in that they measure themselves by themselves, and compare their lives among themselves, believing that every human constitution is endowed with powers like their own, and by which might make exactly the same kind of attainments. Here, as probably, even others of the masses of my adversity. God had endowed us differently from others of my sister land, and when the popular voice declared that I should put forth the same non-accidental exertions as they, I did what I could, and fell under censure for not doing more. In this, I stand a sympathizer with our sister States, whose herbage is as different from that of their self-confident conquerors in their brethren of the North as was mine from my neighbors. My neighbors knew I could do some things which they could not, and they did not feel to blame themselves. I knew they could do some things which I could not, and I did not feel to blame myself.

Still, it is a lovely spot upon earth—a fruitful field. Of the first fruits of her labors, she is an appreciation for the support of a home for her poor. Therefore I can never go envious to the rough land of destitution. I shall earn my bread as long as I can find something to do which will pay for it, and if ever I am destitute of power to work, or of money aided, I know where to ask assistance by the authority of law. My mortal husband has paid promptly all that the law asked at the hands for the relief of the poor. I do not expect that it will be any harder for one who has always striven to do right in the sight of God and man, to go to the poor-house, than it was for Paul and Silas to go to prison. I do not think that they, or the jailer and his house, are now languishing in heaven that they ever went there. I suppose that if I ever got to the home for the poor there will be no strong hand laid upon me to hold me from going ahead to inhabit the pious of heaven as a remedy for the fever of my trial nerves; or from going into the public congregation to find help to divert thought from its wretched and worn channels. It might indeed, be a necessity, but I shall see to it that my debts, by contract, shall not exceed my means, before I make an assumption of these means to those whom I have promised to pay.

I have lost none of my interest in the benevolent objects of the age. I still pray God to break the band of the oppressor. I join heartily in the prayer for rulers and those in authority. But when I listen to the missionary who has spent twenty-five years on Eastern Africa's coast, and hear him tell of the abject condition of that people where *man is the slave of man*, and man the greater slave of his selfish passions, I turn my eyes to the African servant in an American home, and realize that *here the woman and her lord are become mutual sympathizers while they live together*, and that when they separate, it is not by mutual act; and that *here they may hear of Jesus who invites the weary and heavy-laden to come to him for rest.*

"God speed the right."

#### CHAPTER IV.

ON the 11th April, 1861, twenty-three years from the day on which I gave myself (under God) to the men of my choice, I solemnly renounced, I stood upon Freedom and—*that day always my head is clear as on that day*, but the earth beneath my feet not so true, calm.

"With whither I leave and how soon I take."

The St. John's, the beautiful southern colony (sculpture, representation of the last known among ancient divines) called Eden, and her banks on either side were bound with a carpet of green, except as an occasional shining bay to the shade of trees. I stood where the growing corn, when stretched by my hand, extended to my chin. I plucked the ripe strawberry from its garden-bed. I saw the ground strewn with ripe Eden fruit from the mother-structure. I measured the layout and the palm, and the varied and evergreen oak, decorated with its pendant moss, which cast its shadow over the piazzas of those who extended to me a hospitable hand. I roamed in gardens of blooming roses, geraniums, veranums, and their kindred flowers, reared by the cultured hand. I went forth into the forest and saw the wild flower pointing to the thoughts of an immortal Giver. I looked back over the intervening years since first I entered into those lands which brought me under an oppressor. I looked not far, and my heart said to God: "It is good because that I have been afflicted, for now have I learned thy law." Yes, I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I could clearly see, as a result of that vision, that my husband was then the spirit of a better man in the heavenly world, and myself a better woman in the earthly. And I declared that that when all the combined, and ever multiplying influences of Mary's life and death in the strong noise where she was reared, shall be presented in one sum before an assembled world, who loved her and bowed her humility but will join with me in praise to God for her goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men.

I have not lost my interest in the welfare of the mother's children. I am permitted to live and know that they are becoming *many*. Five of the six orphan patients. The youngest of the six (as publicly proclaimed fifth child). On the 22d January, 1868, my beloved and revered pastor stood in his pulpit over the funeral remains of their father, and spoke to them in the name of Jehovah from these words: "Be still, and know that I am God." It was that pastor's last work as a preacher of righteousness. And from that day I have never heard of a discordant note among those children. When they shall all have departed, not of their parents' or the others' sin, but with that repentance which results not to be repeated of, then their mother's prayers to God, and to the woman who was so trusted her, will have been answered. She who sowed in tears will reap in joy. God speed the right.

I suppose that no woman was ever blessed with a husband who kept himself aloof from the vulgar and the vile of every class more scrupulously than did the man whom I married, except as he dealt to them in retail trade. Now can he

found more regular and temperate in their habits, or more prompt and punctual in detail. Therefore did he transmit to his heirs a natural capacity for being greatly good. It only remains that this heritage be sanctified by the word of God and prayer, to secure to him a seed like Jacob's, in which the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

He never, but once, interfered in my government of my children, and that was only to say: "You must be careful how you treat that child, (Mary,) or I shall take her from you." Oh! how big with prophetic meaning was every word of that sentence! But now I view him in a light which shows him that all Scripture is profitable to furnish us thoroughly for our work on earth; that it is good to bear the burden in youth; that it is the parent who refuses to correct, that *hates* his child; and that no man can hate his wife, and not hate his own flesh. I view my Mary, who said to Miss Julia Roys, "No one knows what I suffer. It seems to me that my father does not care as much for me as for his other children;" in the presence of One who ever knew what and why she suffered, and where she no longer doubts the love of her earthly father; for who hath much forgiven the same loveth much—I view her as speaking to me in the language of the poet:

"I walk 'mid the palm-trees,  
And drink of the rills,  
That on earth are but types  
Of what God here fulfills.  
The joys of my childhood,  
How dim they appear!  
Yes, dim are the brightest,  
When looked on from here.

"Then stay not, then mourn not,  
Then yield not to fears;  
The dowers love hath planted,  
Oh! steep not in tears.  
There's beauty, there's blessing,  
On earth left for thee;  
But bid me not share thine;  
There's more here with me."

Not only were my eyes feasted with the beauties April 12th yielded, on Florida soil, but my worn nerves were soothed as with a pleasant opiate, by inhaling a Florida atmosphere; and I assisted thereby to accomplish that almost impossible thing for me, "take life easily, or be lazy." In the mouth of two or three witnesses, qualified to judge, may a truth be established. My mother and my phrenologist agree with me that the severest school of my life, independent of outward forces, has been to bend my *will to labor* down to my *power*. While under my mother, I had the wise counselor, but when I said to my husband, "I would gladly have prepared something in addition for dinner, had I been able," and he contemptuously replied, "I see no inability to do any thing you have a disposition to do," I knew better than he could know, how hard had been the struggle to obtain the disposition to say; God's will, and not mine be done. Had he had faith in me, as when he married me, he might have believed a truth he could not see. With my tendency to excess, I had attained to the age of twenty-eight years without receiving a prescription from a physician's hand; and have no recollection of ever taking so much medicine as a cathartic, till twenty years of age, when my mother administered a potion of rhubarb to re-

lieve the neuralgia, produced by over-exertion, during the third summer of my teacher labors. There is a day coming when it will appear how great has been the cost in money to my husband's house, (setting aside physical suffering and that of the wounded spirit,) for attempting to place me in circumstances that should compel me to work. The first summer of my husband's absence from me, in a letter to our boy, under date of 24th August, 1849, he asks:

"What does your mother find to do this summer? Is she pretty industrious?"

I will give to the reader an answer to that inquiry in another section of this chapter.

Another advantage I enjoyed on Florida soil, was that of calling upon a strong servant to impart power to my right arm, when I felt its strength partially withered, by rubbing it with a foreign hand, until it seemed restored whole as the other. Here was explained to me the law by which Mary's hand arose to her father's lips in silent prayer for that last kiss, in the hour when he commenced to weep bitterly. By this service I gained a power which has enabled me to tell, through the pen, the truths God has led me to learn, by communing with him in prayer, and studying his word, his works, and his ways.

But Florida, with its beauties in March and April, and its balmy air, wafting the perfume of the sweet jessamine and the orange-blossom, has, in common with all other lands in and out of Christendom, its fallen, suffering humanity. And I am compelled to say that the scene which, of all others there, took hold of my heart's deepest sympathies, was a company of emancipated negroes. Their master had died, and their widowed mistress had taken up her abode in the city, and left them with a piece of naked land, to draw from it their sustenance in the worn-out stage of life. The only complaint of a *hard fate* which fell upon my ear from negro lips, was from one of them. And when the desolate mother spoke of her children away, I told her that I too was a mother; that death had taken from me one of my children, and that I was a thousand miles from the other; but I could still pray God to bless him. Then this mother asked me to pray for her. Such a request never fell upon my ear from negro lips at the North, much as I have labored for and with them. But at the time I, with others, publicly professed faith in Christ, there stood in the same company a negro, (Harmon Cooley,) who, a few years later, died so triumphantly in the Gospel faith, that Dr. Ticknor of Salisbury, Ct., (an old and professedly pious physician,) was heard to say that he would *give the world* to have his hopes of heaven as bright as were Harmon Cooley's. Yet I was told that Harmon Cooley was a bond-servant (slave) in early life, and never learned to read the printed page. Let the man whom God has *made a negro* be honored as such. Let the foolishness bound in his heart at the birth, be driven from it in early life, and let him read *animate* instead of *inanimate* characters (for so has God endowed him) while he works willingly with his hands; and look to God instead of man to explain why he was made a little lower than the order of intelligent beings who are ordained to be masters in American houses. It is said of Sheffield that her proportion of negro population is greater than almost any other town at the North. I have labored in



her public schools with perhaps as good success as any other one, and grounded upon the principle of equal rights: yet I am confident that where there is one negro among all whom I taught, who reads the printed page for instruction, there is an exception to the general rule. Whichever of all the whites I taught, if there be one who does not thus read, let it be another such exception.

Said the mother of Josiah Eliot to me: "Miss Roy, I have sent Josiah to school six summers, and I taught him as much as I can—books, yet he does not know his letters." Still Josiah was an intelligent negro child, and I doubt not, if my husband had taught him at the time of his marriage to me and given him to me as a servant, it would have been good policy all around, had the powers of the land on which we lived allowed it. Josiah was excited above his fellows while a school boy, for he was a pet with the most queenly woman in Sheffield, (the wife of Esquire Lee,) who was a native of the South, and took his father from the land of bond-servants. Josiah and his sister were often invited to spend the non-hour of intermission at school in the parlor of Mrs. Lee, and treated to delicacies there stored for them. When I had proposed to this point in giving my opinion to my brother, he met me with the objection that the blood of the white man runs in these negro veins. I replied that were I (whom heaven does not commission to legislate among State laws) to suggest ideas to future legislators, I would say, reason asserts that under a government where majority rules, a being who has a majority of American blood should, under the law, be privileged as an American.

A second objection, a point to which my political eye can scarcely defer to extend, lay in the danger that this system of bond-servage will go into new States.

I, of course, can not compromise neglecting to mark the warts of to-day, through fear that to-morrow will not be abundantly supplied; but through this night an important member of the family be lost past recovery. Neither should I be disposed to lower the judgment of a parent who would place his consent to the marriage of an intelligent child, that has passed his minority, because the child does not under the parent to decide in regard to the new domestic legislation. God paid the day when our national body shall, like the house of Solomon, be so wisely ruled, in all its parts, that it shall be a privilege to be one of its bond-servants; and when every man, woman, and child shall understand that it is better to be a hear-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

I confidently look for the triumph of prophecy, when none shall hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, and when that day is here, I believe there will be no objection to the relation of land master and servant, any more than to that of husband and wife, or of parent and minor child. I seek not a mere universal knowledge of God's Law, physical, moral, chemical, and scientific, and break the bonds of prejudice, and set the oppressed free.

I look for the descent of the Holy Spirit to take of the things that are Christ's, and show them unto man, and lead him to be more intent in the pursuit of honor that comes from God, and from God fearing woman, and less eager for honor

from his unassisted and selfish fellow. And while I look God graciously send me to weaver to work, in his stead, in his provisions toward me, appoint, and to his name be all the glory. Amen.

## SECTION V.

I WILL NOW TURN MY ATTENTION TO ANSWERING THE inquiry made to my child: "Is your mother proud, industrious?" And no too better is coming to be a kind of family-tree. I will first give a list of my names in my childhood's house, in their order.

LEVI ROYS, } United Head.  
THANKFUL CURTIS, }

CHARLES H.,

L. JANE,

HARVEY C.,

ARNER,

PAMELIA,

LEVI,

ELIZABETH,

JAMES A.,

JOHN K.,

GEORGE B.,

ANGELINE OR ANNE,

## FATHER, MOTHER,

AND

## SISTERS.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meant!

LEVI ROYS, Aged 78, 1857.

THANKFUL CURTIS, Wife of  
LEVI ROYS, Aged 54, 1841.

PAMELIA ROYS, Wife of  
GEORGE W. SHARTS, Aged 40, 1855.  
Her Grave in Keokuk, Iowa.

ELIZABETH ROYS, Aged 30, 1850  
Her Grave in Aycelles, La.

A neat, white marble, in Sheffield's N. W. Evergreen Cemetery, has the first of these inscriptions upon its face, and the second upon its back.

Josiah Roys, with his wife Eunice Allen, went from the old town of Watford, Ct., some time during the last century, and built their big house in the wilderness at the foot of Tugkenock Mountain, (moderned Tecoma,) on the present Roys' homestead, in Sheffield. Thomas Allen, with his wife Tryphena Adams, succeeded to his possession, and their son Levi (my father) succeeded to them, when the wife house had been substituted for that built of logs. From

the same town (Wallingford) went Jonathan Cur-  
tiss, with his possessions tied in a handkerchief,  
and consisting of other commodities than bank-  
notes or specie. But he had a knowledge of  
agriculture and of house-building. He pur-  
chased a tract of land in N. W. Sheffield, where,  
with honest industry and a spirit of enterprise  
worthy all praise, he built for himself a place  
and a name. He married Mary Jacobs, of Ver-  
mont. Her lineal descent has been traced back  
to the first governor of Mass. Her brother  
Richard, itinerant clergyman of the Methodist  
Church, (of which she was a communicant,) was  
drowned while fording a stream in company with  
one who could not swim. After constructing a  
raft, Mr. Jacobs loaned his horse to his neighbor  
and took the raft because he could swim; but  
by some means became disabled, and at an  
hour when he looked not for the event, landed  
on "the shining shore." Her brother Steven  
became Judge of the County Court. On her mar-  
riage she was endowed with a lady's riding-horse,  
a sum of money, and a condition on the part of  
her husband that she should ever be allowed to  
keep a horse to take her to visit her father's  
house. My mother was the second of the six  
daughters reared by this pair. She had three  
brothers, all older than herself. She had beauty,  
wit, and song. She married before she was  
eighteen years of age. I inquired of her why  
she married so young, and she gave the following  
solution: Her father carried on a great business,  
which kept many men about him to be served,  
and he thought that woman's work was nothing.  
Her mother was feeble, and her elder sister  
married when my mother was ten years of age,  
leaving her the chief maid-servant. She served  
faithfully, but was not appreciated. Her father,  
in the pressure of business upon his hands and  
mind, could not understand woman's real wants.  
Her mother, through not being understood, was  
compelled to resort (through protracted visits) to  
her father's house, and her church, for the solace  
which sensitive, suffering humanity must have to  
enable one to bear up under a burden of responsi-  
bilities too great to be borne without foreign  
aid.

My mother married a man nine years her  
senior, who, by honest industry, had a few hun-  
dred dollars in store as his own. Soon after  
their marriage, my grandfather Roys desired  
them to live with him, and take care of himself,  
wife, and mother. My mother had a blending  
of her father's ambition and her mother's deli-  
cacy; but having become weary of serving an  
ambition to be rich, she became ambitious to  
make her home attractive. And I hazard no-  
thing when I make a public declaration before  
the multitudes who dwell in her house, or par-  
took of her hospitality, that no woman ever suc-  
ceeded better in such undertaking. She revered  
her natural father as an honorable man of intel-  
ligence, industry, enterprise, and success; but  
she admired the faith, patience, and cheerfulness  
of the father and mothers of the house into which  
she had married. The praises of her grandmother  
Ennica were ever upon her lips, as she enter-  
tained her children with stories of the past.  
The old lady slept with the fathers at the age of  
ninety or more, saying that her prayers that God  
would give her neither poverty nor riches had  
ever been answered. Probably this woman of

strong faith desired for her children the same  
blessing she asked for herself. But the hand of  
the diligent maketh rich. My grandfather found  
himself in possession of means to purchase a  
farm adjoining his own, which came into market  
in this manner: His neighbor Mr. Higby died,  
leaving a widow and small children, in an age  
when the body of the dead man was taken for  
debt until friends came forward as surety for  
pay. The father of the widow (Mr. Abraham  
Burrell) became surety, took the widow and  
children to his own home and cared for them,  
and sold their farm to my grandfather, giving  
him a warranty deed. Mr. Burrell was a rich  
man, and all was considered secure. When my  
grandfather had owned and improved the land  
between thirty and forty years, the Higby heirs,  
having found the deed by which their father  
received his title to the farm among the papers  
their father left, sued for the land. Mr. Burrell,  
to save expense, had dispensed with legal ad-  
ministration before he conveyed the land, and  
now he was dead. It only remained to sacrifice  
the land, or stand a suit at law, knowing the suit  
must fail, in order to be empowered to come back  
upon the estate of Mr. Burrell, deceased, to ob-  
tain the warranted satisfaction. My grandfather  
gave my father power of attorney to act for him;  
and at the time of my birth my father was en-  
gaged in a study entirely foreign to any thing  
fore-ordained by himself or friends, and which  
brought to himself wisdom at the expense of  
much money; for at the expiration of twelve or  
fifteen years, when a final decision and settle-  
ment were had, the Higby farm was gone from  
the Roys' possessions, and the old homestead  
burdened with debts. Yet the faith of our  
Grandmother Ennica did not forsake those who  
suffered through lack of sagacity in looking  
after titles to their earthly estate. Godliness  
hath promise of the life that now is; and a  
man's life consisteth not in the abundance of  
the things which he possesseth. The staff of  
life has never failed, nor the crystal waters  
ceased to flow at the Roys' homestead since  
our forefather planted his dwelling there. This  
spot, now in the possession of my elder brother,  
was the place where my husband asked that  
myself and son might board at the time he left  
to execute his brother Bulkley's will in Chicago.  
My brother told Mr. Little that he would allow  
us to have a home with him while his (Mr. L.'s)  
business called him from town, at a charge of a  
dollar a week each. I took possession, hoping  
to be able by my services to make up the defi-  
ciency of pay, but was prevented in the pro-  
vidence of God, through the severe illness of my  
boy, and also finding that I had a diminution of  
physical power never before experienced when  
able to enjoy the society of friends.

The truth was, that while my husband was  
prevented from earning his bread because of a  
broken bone, I was disabled by reason of a  
broken heart. But this he could not see; and  
as he had no faith in me, he could not believe.  
I must have solace from a source where I was  
understood, or go down to the grave. And the  
Physician to whom I cried at the bedside of my  
languishing Mary, when paralysis in the region  
of the heart, (as I now clearly perceive it to  
have been,) brought relief to my then agonized  
nerves, sent, in his providence, the needed

remely. I was then, as now, able to write a little daily out of the abundance of my heart, and to feel that I had a dear and sympathizing Friend in the Person of God who gave his dearly beloved to a cursed death that sinners might live. Beside, I felt it needful upon my intercession for the offenders who had murdered the truly of him who owed those eternal wounds which put Mary to death by a slow torture, deputed the staying of the avenger's hand until the offending sould see to a city of refuge. But in writing out of the abundance of my heart, I expressed what the world of mind could not then so well contain, as at the present time, therefore have these writings waited to be copied into this section of my public epistle. I had a female friend, who in our secret communings, expressed a hope of heaven through Christ, but desired to be instructed by me how to reach to higher attainments in the divine life. I counseled her to confess her faith before the world, by coming to the ordinations of the Lord in a Christian church. She afterward told me that she decided to take my advice, and naturally addressed a professing Christian upon the subject of personal religion as a leading step; and in doing so, spoke of having engaged in social prayer with Mrs. Little. The person addressed replied: "Let Mrs. Little pray; her prayers will go very high." And said the friend: "Though I have but none of my confidence in you or in God, I can not go any farther toward entering your church, for that person was one of its members." Now I do not claim that my prayers go high, but I do claim that God comes so low as to hear every prayer for a right spirit that goes out of unfeigned lips. I did not ask the name of the person, nor did my friend live it; but when the day of communion came, I mused thus with myself: Oh! that it were my privilege to go to the Methodist church and hear Rev. Mr. Merwin, the stranger who can look at his hearer with an unprejudiced mind, and who seems so filled with the spirit of the Beloved Disciple. While I mused, a whisper in my heart said: "It is lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day." And trusting that my conscience was enlightened by the word and spirit of God, I went to the Methodist church, one fourth of a mile from the Congregational, on whose list my name is recorded. A few days later I was, for the first, questioned by the faithful to know my reasons for a specific deed of my own. This opened the way for the communication to my pastor, which I copy into this.

#### THE MARTYR OF 1849.

The year 1849 opened upon a child of "ten years" in a darkened room, upon a couch of suffering, the scene of which can not be described in other than divine language, the picture of which can not be portrayed save with the skill of a divine hand. This child was a babe of Christ's flock gathered in one of the American churches. She was then and there expiring amid the flames of a persecution designed for the mother. That mother feels that she has survived this more than martyrdom upon herself, that she may plead with God for the perpetrators of this horrid deed. She sees that against God, and God only, have they sinned, whose combined efforts have effected the premature death of her

first born, her only and dearly beloved daughter. From the day that this comparatively speechless victim hath found rest for those tortured nerves in the silent grave, the mother has not constrained to send messages to one and another of her praying friends to cry them to me with her, in supplicating high heaven to stay its vengeance upon the murderers until they shall see to the city of refuge on the side of Jordan. This mother now feels constrained to ask the "American Messenger" to present the relation of hers to all those praying hearts in the American churches to whom this messenger communicates, that they will unite with her in prayer to God for all those who have in any way aided in this work of martyrdom, this slaying of a consecrated lamb, that they, through her death, may be pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world for the forgiveness of this and all their sins.

Brethren and sisters of the American churches, this is a fact, and no fiction. God is my only witness. Ask of him and he will grant the satisfaction of his approbation.

#### A MOTHER,

Sorrowing yet greatly rejoicing.

The foregoing is submitted to my much beloved pastor, with a request that he will prayerfully consider it, and if he can then judge best, forward with his approbation for publication in the *American Messenger*.

Yes, Mary hath truly fallen a martyr. The family where she has lived and suffered (from a regard to reputation) would never have pursued this work of hatred so far as they have done had not a cloak been held up to screen them from the eye of human observation. A readiness to receive and propagate the representations given, has countenanced and encouraged the work. It has pointed every eye but Heaven's to the *imagined wrong* which a step-mother would inflict. It has shut out every eye but Heaven's from the *real wrong* which was being inflicted. This cloak has been fabricated and held up by those who have disregarded those plain and simple yet all-important commands of God: "Avoid evil-speaking," and "Judge not," or condemn not without evidence. Among the number who have performed this part of the work of death are found those connected with the Church of the living God; the church where this victim was consecrated, and from whence her death removed her; the church where the mother, for whom she has laid down her life, paid her earliest vows; the church which has had the mother's deepest sympathies and most fervent prayers, but from whose sweet communion she has long felt herself in the inscrutable providence of God, shut out. I feel justified in absenting myself from the communion. I feel that my "still small voice" which has long seemed so come behind me, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," bade me do so.

I ask your prayers. God will surely listen in reference to a case which is so exclusively at his own disposal.

Another communication to my pastor has the following:

Were my views confined to earth, or my faith like that of the Sadducees, the history of Mary's



sufferings and death, as known to myself, would render my soul with agonies and distraction. But I view the hand of Abraham's God in all, and I rejoice with joy unspeakable. I know that she shall see of the travail of her soul, and be satisfied. I feel that I have labored with much sorrow and heaviness of heart for *ten years* to bring my child into the kingdom of heaven; but from the moment she took possession of her Father's house, I have remembered no more my anguish, for joy that I have given to that world a blessed inhabitant. This, my joy, has been constantly increasing, as her powers and faculties are there unfolding to the admiration of the members of that blissful family. I confidently expect to behold her there as the "first-born" among many brethren. I feel that my gifts and endowments, small and imperfect though they are, are more unreservedly consecrated to God. If I rightly construe the leadings of his providence and his Spirit, he is asking my prayers and my pen. And this, for the present, seems all I have to bestow. To you, sir, I look as a spiritual guide. I ask your prayers and counsel. I ask that you will examine the inclosed communication to Rev. Mr. Builard, and if it meet your approbation, that you will forward it.

From another I extract the following:

I have felt constrained to present my experience of God's faithfulness to such as may be able to receive it, to lead them also to trust him. While engaged in this work I was providentially led to speak to a youth who has graduated, and is commencing preparations for a profession. I give you to read his replies, thinking they may induce you to pray the Lord of the vineyard to bring *his* talents and *his* service into his vineyard. I have a desire to copy the sermon preached on the day of Mary's burial, with such omissions as are needful. There was, in the case of the two individuals referred to, a total dissimilarity in age, but I judge not in character. The most beautiful exemplification, in character, of that principle of faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world, ever presented to my view, was in the life of Mary. I can not judge with accuracy how far you, dear sir, are prepared to receive my testimony. But of this I am confident, what you know not now you shall know hereafter.

I am yours, etc., in the bonds of Christian love,

L. J. LITTLE.

Rev. J. BRADFORD.

P. S.—Please return these papers at a time suited to your own convenience. L. J. L.

The papers were returned by my pastor in silence, and during the remainder of his life, no allusion was ever made to them. Thus was there an intimation to me that the God of the everlasting covenant would have me keep silence before him. So much as I did write was doubtless from the same kind of constraint as that which once led our Saviour to say: "If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out."

After Mary's death, my husband's first expression, as the tears streamed from his eyes, was: "She was a sweet, considerate child." He said, on the day of her burial: "I do not think Mary could have been induced to do any

thing she thought to be wrong." From that time, I can not recall that he ever spake any thing concerning her. His letters show the same. I proceed to copy some correspondence I had during 1849, when my pen uttered out of the abundance of my heart:

1849. . . . Yet such was the character of her whom I loved with the strongest and deepest love of kindred of which my nature is capable. I confidently expect to spend a blissful eternity in her society, rejoicing with her that our gracious God blessed me in making me instrumental in molding this character; a blessing compared with which earthly thrones and kingdoms sink into insignificance; a blessing which I have not purchased, have not earned; a blessing which I secured by accepting the invitation given to every one: "Come, buy without money and without price." Whatever providence may permit to befall me ere I cross the Jordan of death, I have the earnestness of that blessedness in my soul, and can not doubt its realization in joys such as my heart is now incapable of conceiving. Had I been influenced by motives as self-h and worldly as may appear to those who look only to the outward man, far different would now be my experience. My judgment is with Him who searches the heart, in whose hand is my destiny, whose I am, and whom I serve.

The following I copy from the letter to my brother, containing the refusal to grant his discharge from the U. S. service:

1849.

"Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of Heaven; a wealth  
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands  
Can be transferred. It is the only good  
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.  
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned.  
But for one end, one much neglected use,  
Are riches worth our care.  
This noble end is, to produce the soul,  
To show the virtues in their fairest light,  
And make humanity the minister  
Of bounteous providence."

It occurs to me, dear brother, that He who leadeth the blind in a way that they know not, who is both far and deep sighted, sees it best for you to remain upon a man-of-war in time of peace, within sight, as it were, of the gold which would assist you in carrying out your favorite schemes, that your soul may, as in the furnace, be refined, strengthened, and beautified, before you shall be permitted to clasp those riches which show the virtues in their fairest light. It is the nature of mankind to be unreasonable and selfish. True, our selfishness works through different channels, according to our predominant propensities, but is one and the same principle still. This principle may be stifled and kept within certain bounds by our own efforts. But it is never slain except by that power which works within us a new nature, which creates the man anew in Christ Jesus. The new birth and attainments in holiness are an especial favor of God, conferred upon those only who seek in his appointed way. The principle of selfishness, though overcome, is not entirely slain in the Christian, even, until he arrive at the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. And as mankind are a community where a mutual dependence is

running through the whole and where this principle is more predominant in some hearts than others, how necessary that we be prepared to bear with unusual mental labour! For in the first place, unsearchable wisdom will exist in such a world, and in the second place, we, through our experience, close judgment, and account that agreeable which experience afterward teaches was not really so. Then how was it weak to be prepared to bear what we really expect to happen! I have been taught in a severe school, but so highly do I value the learning I have gained, I would not if I could take back a single lesson. I believe my only daughter had completely matured in the divine life at the age of ten years, and thus I a martyr, through her deep sympathy for me, under those trials which I had attained power to endure. When the deep designs of God in permitting these things are laid in the light of eternity, how shall we adore and adore!

To the youth above all, pled to:

1849. . . . Sir: Inasmuch as I understand that you are desirous of pursuing the study of law, I take the liberty as one interested in your welfare, of recommending to your notice the works of a very wise Author, one who has framed many of the most important and useful laws; likewise, of asking you to adopt as a model a court-savant Lawyer, who in character and usefulness, was probably never excelled by his fellow. Judging, from my limited acquaintance with you, that "Exaltar" is your motto and feeling that I *do* have respecting the individuals above alluded to, I yield to the inclinations of my heart, and present this subject to you in my humble manner. Though not eloquent in speech, it may possibly be very wisely to say a word which will be to your advantage; for in the words which I urge upon your attention, we find that the noblest courts never follow feeble causes, and that we should not dispute the say of small things. The Author to whom I refer is the Author of your existence, and of all things created. In your own frame, so divinely and wonderfully wrought, and in its principle of life, which

"Contains a hundred springs,  
And dies if one be gone."

You discover wisdom to plan and skill to execute, established laws which may not be violated with impunity. So of the vegetable creation, and of the whole material world. He has ordained laws too for the world of mind. The immutable rule here is law, superior to the good and bad, and impartial law to equals. Man, in his first creation, was subject to this law; but he fell, and the seed of law was sown for the One to whom supreme law was due. Every child of fallen Adam is created in *this* likeness, and is under condemnation. Not one can be justified or acquitted for having kept the law. But the great Judge of the Supreme Court, where this law is sacred, has found out a reason for the convicted, as many as will serve, upon the trials offered before the time fixed for sentence to be pronounced. You will perceive that I consider you as having a personal interest here; a case of your own to be disposed of which demands your

attention, and which I trust your immediate attention. *Immediately* as you frame and when the Judge shall call for you. The individual whom I refer to as a model is he who is esteemed enough for Christ's greater redemption the treasure of Egypt. His law you are called upon by the great lawgiver to decide whether you will cast in your lot with his people and trust him for a recompense; or, with his enemies let us self-perish the world, and take the recompense. I know who at your age shows the former, can testify that I have seen or experienced his faithfulness; and I feel constrained to urge that for the sake of your own nobility, for the sake of those whose good influence is destined to spread, and for the sake of the enlargement of my dying Master's kingdom, you will renounce the love and fear of a reviled world and become a disciple in the school of Christ. Cast yourself upon the free mercy of the Lord of the universe, with reputation for past unbelief and weak faith in his Son. Yield yourself to be governed and guided by his word and spirit. And your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths to peace and usefulness here, and a glorious recompense hereafter. Then, whether you shall expound human or divine law, the law of the Lord will be your guide, your counsel, and your delight.

L. J. L.

#### TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

1849.

. . . . MY DEAR GIRL: I feel compelled, from the love I bore your departed sister, and the interest I feel in her saved soul, to address a word to you upon the subject of her religious training. From the fact that so fully she is united in either of her home, it appears to me that a very important duty devolves upon yourself. Allow me to ask if you do not *feel* a duty? Let me urge you, from motives of duty to your sainted sister, to the immortal ruin of your interesting sister, to yourself, who will be blamed according to your faithfulness in the performance of every duty, and to your God, whose duty you should ever seek to promote, that you will endeavor by systematic effort to induce her young and tender mind with the truths of God's holy word, and to lead her young heart to seek him in prayer. But perhaps this is a weary topic which you have already entered. It so be that one who has proved the faithfulness of God, encourage you to proceed, for in due season you shall reap if you have not.

L. J. L.

Take your seat two of my mother's daughters, at the time of Mary's death, were at Putnam Seminary, N. Y. taking the benefit of Mrs. A. H. Lanyon Phelps' offer to Northern people, to let them for training, find their direction, and wait upon them for her pay till they should earn it by teaching.

I next copy a letter addressed to the youngest from Mary's sick-room:

Tuesday Evening, December 26th, 1848.

DEAR SISTER ANNE: With my paper upon the floor at the foot of Mary's sick-bed, because she can bear the candle no where else in the room, I sit with pen in hand to write a few words during the intervals in which she gets a little repose by

sleep, in answer to yours to her which came to hand on Saturday last. You ask her to write; but, alas! she has not so far recovered the strength of her eyes as to allow of her reading a sentence. Now I can not have sufficient light in her room through the day to enable me to read or write. I told her on Saturday I had a letter for her from you, and asked her if she could hear it read. She replied, "Not to-day;" and she has not since asked a question about it. I mention this to give you an idea how sick she is. Poor girl! She has before this been greatly afflicted, but was never so great a sufferer as now. Little Charlie thinks it hard to stay from Mary's room, or to be as still as is necessary, for she is very sensitive to noise of any kind. He came to the door, a day or two since, and handed me a paper he had folded. I thanked him, being desirous of dismissing him as soon as possible; but he soon came back to the door with a request that I would send it to Aunt Lib. He frequently asks if Aunt Lib and Linealine will not come back this summer, and weeps when told they will not. Olive is doing the house-work, and I have two beds in the south room. So you will perceive we are more comfortably situated to take care of the sick than last winter.

L. J. L.

The Thursday before Mary sickened, she walked to a neighbor's for the last time, to which reference is had in the following extract from a joint letter to my sisters in Maryland, in the summer of 1849:

Her countenance was pale, but expressive of a glowing intellect; her eyes sparkling with animation; a crimson flush sat upon her cheeks. She was clad in a green cashmere dress made from Angelina's, a pink apron presented her by Lucretia, and a plaid silk hood from Angelina's parasol-cover, lined with cherry red. I am sure I never saw her so beautiful at any other time. Mary had not external beauty; but the beauties of her mind had fixed their impress upon her countenance. Could I present you a correct daguerrotype likeness of her appearance at that time, it would be highly gratifying. But, my dear sisters we have only to wait that glorious morning when she shall awake from the peaceful slumber which has come over her, a child of "ten years," the same in height, in shape and in feature, arrayed in glorious robes, with a countenance heavenly and divine, and with "imperishable" stamped upon her nature. Yours, dear A., was the first infant head over which I poured the fervent prayer, after my own espousals to Christ. I then thought I loved you with a love that a mother's could not exceed. But no; there have since been disclosed to me deeper fountains of love in my heart than ever before was fathomed. But the dear, cherished object has been, by the great and unerring Householder, removed to a happier home than I could furnish, where love is unmingled and unceasing. Perhaps He may mercifully order that you shall yet perform the kindly offices of daughter and sister to my bereaved self and child; that your hand, as in

"Filial love, shall close  
My eyes in their last sleep,"

when my spirit soars to a reunion with the loved and departed, in that world where sorrow

and mourning are unknown. Be your soul prepared by grace divine for these or any duties or events unerring wisdom may appoint you. You, dear E., wrote one year since of your pupils mingling their tears with yours, in sympathy for Mary when shut out from the light of the natural sun, and all those pleasant objects whose sight delights the soul. But had you known the truth, and proportioned your sympathy to the degree of joy or wretchedness experienced—

The finishing of the sentence is not upon paper in my possession.

To show that God gave me solace through other channels than his word and Spirit, I copy from my correspondents:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 25th, 1849.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I sincerely sympathize with you in your affliction, though my feelings are mingled with the deepest self-condemnation at the thought that had I been more persevering, or more self-denying, the change of climate which you sought as a means of restoring health might under God have been successful, and Mary have been long spared a blessing to the world, and a source of comfort to her now bereaved mother. God has wisely concealed from us the knowledge of future events, and left us to be guided by principle, and to leave results with him. You express much gratitude for favors received during your short and to me pleasant visit with us. If I was instrumental of imparting pleasure or happiness, I am grateful for the opportunity. I have often put the question to myself: Why, when I lingered as it were, upon the confines of the grave—why was I raised again to health? I felt at the time that perhaps my heavenly Father spared my life, that I might be the instrument of leading others to that Saviour whom I profess to love, and whose sufferings I thought that I in some measure appreciated. But the world has had a strong hold upon my affections, and I have done little to advance the cause of the Redeemer. Yet why trouble you with a recital of my own private feelings, when your heart is bleeding and broken? Neither will I presume to point you to a source of consolation, for you learned the true source long ere I learned to bow in submission to the will of my heavenly Father. You ask me to pray that the sufferings of the loved and lost may be the means of salvation to others of her family. Gladly will I do so, thankful that we are invited to come to a throne of grace and ask for spiritual blessings upon those near and dear to us.

CORDELIA.

HAMPTON, Va., March 6th, 1849.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: We have daily demonstration that this is a world of change; and though in looking back through a course of years, we may be able to trace the hand of an All-wise Providence, and see that in truth *all things* work together for good to ourselves, yet there are changes that we feel to be sore trials, and the cause of their necessity is veiled in darkness, which requires the utmost stretch of our faith to penetrate, so as to discern the afflicting hand. I have received, with heart-felt sorrow, intelligence of the death of Cousin Mary. I had pictured to myself the development of her character and the expansion of her mind, until in imagination she stood before me a woman of rare



my life, and my human attainments, exerting upon all within her sphere a powerful influence for good. But her position was happy for me, I need not thank her so. You were permitted to rear the child, but the careless schoolmaster has transplanted it to a more fit heaven; and have you, my dear mother, reason for gratitude that he has given you to train the tender plant with no more vigour and care? That he has allowed you to expand it to the general rays of the sun of Righteousness and the heavenly dew of his spirit, and thus to bring up as mortal beauty? But it is necessary for me to attempt to offer consolation to one who as well as to her true mother of peace as a happy one; and this was not my design in writing. I wish to send a favor of you, which I will state in few words, after giving reasons for making the request. There are in Hampton two best-voiced societies, whatever, neither Union, Bible, or Anti-Slavery, since I have been here, in regard to the Anti-Slavery has passed a resolution to the place and taken upon themselves. I would like to contain nearly any paper of a similar nature, and that a very good means of doing so, perhaps the best, will be to carry a society in the school. When at home, I was in the midst of these attempts of doing, and had to thought that I should not always be thus situated. Therefore I have not informed you of the manner of forming and carrying on benevolent operations, as I now wish to do so. Will you please, by sending me a copy of printed and thoughtful necessary in forming a society—the manner of regarding to the disposal of funds, etc.? I am glad to suit our circumstances. And in connection, give advice as to the management of the whole, will be very gratefully received.

Helen —.

Sabbath, April, 1840.

Yes, dear Helen, I have cause for the most devout gratitude for every enjoyment of grace bestowed upon me by a Father and since I embraced the ends and salvation of the Gospel, and for all the benefits I have been permitted to reap through the co-operation of myself and power to the service of my Saviour. I feel constrained from my own religious experience of the goodness and mercy of a heavenly God, to encourage those who are disposed to inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I feel to rejoice that you, my dear Helen, are in the wise providence of God, placed where you may exert a well-earned influence for good. Be faithful to your trust, for according to what you are you shall reap.

Alas! Helen, that Anti-Slavery, which has been in my house the last year, a part of the extreme of misery, but a rapid unfolding in moral beauty and brightness, now blooms in the Fair above, where the young Adam has restored when the time has by the fall, and where the fruits of righteousness will never more be tasted. See how long you are as an angel of mercy during a season of fiery trial when my heavenly Father hath seen fit that I should pass through—as a lamb of Isaac's Shepherd, committed to me to pasture for him in proof of my love to him. And when about to take her to herself, is placed in that same

should fall according to the spirit of promise, and resting in the bosom of her earthly Father.

Yes, dear Helen, many mercies have been to the Paradise above since the righteous Adam was by a brother slain. And when you and I go there, we shall see our beloved Mary among them, clad in white robes, and wearing the crown so early won. We are to learn the capabilities of human and divine nature, and when the group of God can come. To God's pray with me that this marriage of heaven of her earthly may not be in vain, but may be instrumental in the future of God of hastening the good and solid heart and leading it to the strengthening of our peace and power. Take with my dear child, her father's side testimony, one of the friends of her soul and be satisfied. Helen, I have great confidence in the efficacy of prayer. It has prevailed, and it will prevail, with Him whom man trembles upon the very clouds and they shall live, who can make the wilderness fruitful and the desert to blossom in the snow. The friends of my dear sister Mary's health, has been to pray that it may be beneficial to the good of those whom she loved and for whom she suffered. You may will send your prayers with mine for this cause. Cannot we once a meeting for prayer? The presence is particular when two or more agree in kneeling what they ask. I will name Tuesday evening of each week, on eight or nine o'clock. I suppose that you are about to express some interest you in systematic efforts to cultivate benevolence. I have nothing from which to hope for your benefit, except a necessary paper which I will send you. Begin the work, and suggestions will be encouraging you to proceed. Appoint a time for meeting to organize. The first business will be to choose one of your number to preside at that meeting, then a secretary to record proceedings. Let the president inquire who here shall be given, what shall be the president, and what the duties of the constitution, which will, of course, embrace your mode of holding meetings, times of meeting, officers and their duties, and which will depend upon your number of members. I think the sermon on the cross is sufficiently comprehensive the last. For provision I would suggest something like the following: Believing the enjoyment of a spirit of benevolence to be a duty which we owe to ourselves to our fellow-creatures, and to our God, we do hereby associate to seek a way to witness and to edify, etc. I should have repeated earlier to you, but I thought it better. My business has been to testify, and myself and soul what blessed Christ!

J. J. L.

Hampton, Va. Jan. 30th, 1840.

DEAR MRS. LAYTON. I received your comforting words, and am assured that the Lord, through a heavenly messenger, has heard of my grief. I am greatly blessed. For recently I was in a difficult operation. We have raised more money, which has been given to poor widows in Hampton and vicinity, some of whom are very poor. To your request I have that Helen I intend with pleasure. But, indeed, what can our poor prayers avail? I do not possess the gifts necessary to youth and youth. I feel that I am worthy of contempt. My present prayers are 'Lord increase

my faith." But even that is not answered, or if at all, so slowly, that it is imperceptible from day to day, and I may say from month to month. And yet when I look back to the mazes of darkness from which my soul has emerged since I first hoped for salvation through Christ, I feel that I do wrong to say, I have made no progress. The opening of light upon my soul has been as the gradual advancement of day from midnight darkness; and though now greatly obscure by mists and clouds, when I compare my present state with that which preceded and attended the hour of my conversion, I know that the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. What source of consolation would now be sufficient for me, had I no faith in Him who killeth and maketh alive, without whose care not one sparrow falleth to the ground? I have also received, dear cousin, your letter bearing words of comfort to my now stricken heart: and I also recollect other instances when by your presence and your writings you have proved yourself a ministering angel of mercy. For these kindnesses my deepest gratitude and warmest affections are yours. I feel the consolation which your words impart; and be assured I find no disposition to murmur against the afflicting hand of my heavenly Father, who I know will do "all things well." 'Tis true the blow was unexpected, *most* unexpected; but 'tis equally true, my father's "labors and cares have been enough." Yet could one last embrace have been given, one parting message been received I would then have laid my hand upon my mouth in uncomplaining silence. Still, this most bitter portion of the cup I will drink, because prepared by the great Physician. Pray for me, that the design of this event may not be lost upon my soul.

HELEN.

To Miss A. C—:

MY DEAR GIRL: Receive my thanks for those kind offices designed to soothe the sorrows of my stricken heart. May some kind spirit minister to your comfort in every sorrow. Suffering is necessarily blended with earthly enjoyments as the fruit of disobedience. In every bitter portion of life's cup which shall be measured out to you, may faith discern the hand of a kind and skillful physician; and may all result in the life and health of your soul in the Paradise of God. In the full assurance of faith and hope do I see that cherished object of my love already there, tasting those sublime delights her pure and loving spirit was fitted to enjoy. I feel that I can adopt the sentiment expressed in the lines you gave me:

"Now severed is the tie;  
My dotting spirit earthward drew  
From realms more pure and high."

Ever yours,

April, 1849.

L. J. LITTLE.

DETROIT, Feb. 18th, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your letter of the 17th ultimo, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of your beloved Mary, has awakened my heart's deepest feelings of sympathy and sorrow. Sorrow that one who gave so good a promise that she would be a blessing to her friends, can be no more among them, and sympathy for you who in the providence of God are called upon

to bear this heavy affliction. For her I think we need not mourn. She has left a world where the most fortunate have much to bear and much to suffer, and her pure spirit has gone back unstained to Him who gave it. But I had hoped that she might live, that her young mind might be strengthened and molded by your tender care and teachings, and that in her society and her love you might find a solace for all the trials of your life. You have the pleasing reflection that your duties to her were well and faithfully performed; and young as she was, she saw beyond the darkness of the grave the brightness of heaven. I shall never forget a conversation I overheard between Frank Roys and Mary when they thought themselves wholly unobserved. They had been talking of their grandmother and of her death, when Mary gave Frank a description of the place where all good people would go when they were dead, in language beautiful and simple, and with a manner and earnestness peculiarly her own. So one after another of those we love is taken away, thus weakening the chord that binds us to life. We had sent you a letter about the time your last was written, little thinking that death had been there, making your heart and home desolate. Allow me to hope that you may use double diligence in protecting and restoring your own feeble health, that your strength may be equal to its task. We are enjoying the best of health, and still continue house-keeping at the place we first rented. In view of the sickness which threatens Detroit, in common with all our cities, on the return of warm weather, if we can secure a location in a more dry and healthy part of the town, we shall remove in the course of the spring. I regret to hear that father does not completely recover from the effects of his injury. We hope to hear favorably from him soon and often, also from brothers and sisters, with their families. Can not you and father make arrangement to visit Detroit some time next summer? I think such a journey would be the best thing you could do to renew your health and strength. We would endeavor to make your stay here pleasant, and a ride across Lake Erie would be like sitting in your parlor and looking out upon a broad expanse of water.

DEAR SISTER: Accept my sympathy, with that of your brother, my husband, in your present affliction, for I feel that I can mourn with those that mourn, and weep with those that weep. Death is ever at our door, and we know not when he may enter, or whom he will first tear from our embrace. But his arrows are directed by a just and merciful Saviour, whose mysterious ways we are not capable of comprehending. It is indeed trying to part with those we love, never more to behold their faces on this side the grave; trying to part with them in the morning of their life, when the prospects for the future were as bright and flattering as was the case with your loved daughter; but

"'Tis ever thus with creatures heavenly fair—

Too finely framed to bide the brut more earthly natures bear;

A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,  
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above."

The evidence you have that she was a child of grace, and that she is now enjoying the felici-

tion of a brighter world beyond the reach of human suffering, affords you constant consolation. What a cheering thought, when our Christian friends are taken from us, that they have only gone home to rest from their labors on earth, to enjoy the bliss of heaven! Our turns will soon come, and I trust we shall be so happy as to meet them with loved ones, never to part. I think with James, that if you and your father can make it convenient to take a journey to Detroit next summer, it will improve your health. We should be very happy indeed to see you. Write to us often.

Very affectionately yours,

J. A. and DELIAH MOORE.

MRS. L. J. LITTLE.

NOVEMBER, L. J., Dec. 15th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I received yours of Nov. 17th with great pleasure, and should have answered before this, but being very much out of all work, which includes washing, ironing, mending and mending, and all the duties of never-ending house-work, I have found little time for anything else; but this evening I am weary of work, therefore I bid it adieu and take my pen to speak with my friend. I should dearly love to stop in and spend a while in your quiet room, and speak with you of those who are now in the presence of our Father in the Saviour, but were once tenants of clay with us. I would like to speak with you of that "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," inasmuch as you have often been there in spirit, and beheld its shining inhabitants; but, most of all, would I ask of you the way to that glorious habitation, that I, from mere full directions and assistance, might none quite sure of escaping the dangerous paths of destruction. You say that you have closed in death the eyes of your brother James' wife. How beautiful and glorious the privilege to close the eyes which will not open again on sin, or sorrow! but when again those lids are raised, they will reveal to the delighted spirit the Lord in all the glory of heaven, judging the world.

My friend, I shall be quite happy to meet you at the time and place mentioned. Elizabeth had written to me on the same subject. I hope our prayers may be blessed of God to our kindred; and my dear Mrs. L., in your prayers for kindred, please remember your friend,

ELIZA.

MRS. L. J. LITTLE.

Yes, so soon were Deliah's words, "Our turns will soon come," verified! She who had been, by the same blow, bereft of father and mother in the home of her childhood, came to her native town, when one year a bride, to find a grave. Her husband, who had returned to his business in Detroit, leaving her till the sickly season in cities should be over, tired of getting our message, desired to hasten him back ere the loved of his heart should pass away.

STUFFIELD, Dec. 10th, 1849.

DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH: I take up my pen to resume conversation with you, not knowing how long it may be continued, or in what manner next interrupted; yet, knowing that if we put our trust in the God of Israel, all things will work

for our good. This morning I parted with you at the depot, I bade you adieu to the bosom of Deliah. When we part again, and that world where she has been so suddenly called, we shall better understand the duties of God in this adverse providence. James has not written since he left us, except to Mr. Hunt, requesting a record for Deliah. He wrote me last for no other reason, but to bid me cheer for him, saying, "May he have an unending support from that woman in whom Deliah cherished him in his last moments who addressed to him." Her words were: "We will put our trust in that Being who will reach but for our good." Had she known when she joined him, they were her last words to him, what could she have said more appropriate! May their echo fall upon his heart in all his loneliness and grief, and may their truth be verified in his experience, as I trust not it was in hers. Brother Levi came for Charles and rode on Thanksgiving-day to spend a few days in Vassar, S. C. We did not go out after supper, but when we arrived at brother C.'s, the table was laden with choice dishes, the eye alighting that heart with a sense of God's goodness in doing the month with every good thing. I heard Mr. Bradford's discourse from the words: "Man that is in honor and modesty both not is like the beasts that perish." My own table was supplied with a more sufficiency for the day—a suitable portion for an Israelite in the wilderness, journeying to the land of promise, where a woman already prepared and occupied by the loved of my heart, who last year messengered me to the home of God on Thanksgiving-day. I sat in my chamber to this as well as to assist in neglect from friends, and would have written, but that I know I must not attempt to keep pace with seeming duties when they crowd, lest I be compelled to stop short, and see all neglected. I shall probably write often in future, unless something unforeseen or prevents. Mr. Little went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to see Augusta the day after Thanksgiving, and returned the following Tuesday.

Your loving sister,

L. J. L.

I here introduce a letter to the sister slave and friend, who will come more particularly before the reader's notice in the correspondence of 1850, from one whose pen seemed trained with prophetic hand:

NORTHPORT, Nov. 28th, 1849.

DEAREST ELIZABETH: Since I last passed fellow to thee, how many joyous meetings hast thou participated! How have our kindred ever-flowed thy heart and eyes in the sight of all the friends that thou dearest in! Thou hast spent some joyous days in old Suffield. Next to dear friends, thou hast beheld dear, long-cherished home and home, and friends, and friends, and friends, and all the clusters of home landscape—a view which delights on hours of nature, and is cherished on the minds of all those who can draw from their heartsight in the light and shadow of loves first and most beautiful penitents. Thou hast parted from them all! But for us there was not even a parting scene to rest the mind upon. When I last saw thee, as thou sat singing with Levi that old song, with the sad air which I love so well, it seemed to me



that I should never see thee again; that I should never hear that voice till I hear it with the voices of the redeemed. I was sad for hours after. How I wanted that likeness! At that time, I had not the least idea of leaving Sheffield in months. But I came, and thy dear self hast taken flight to a Southern clime, far away from early friends. But we *shall* meet again. Yes, dear Elizabeth, time can not prevent us *that* happiness; no, though it take even life in its all-grasping hands.

In the few short weeks that thou hast been away, sad changes have taken place at that dear spot called home. Truly may we say: "Clouds and darkness are around about his habitation!" I hope thou wilt try to comfort thy brother in this dreadful affliction. Say to him what none but a most loved sister can say, and in that way that is so winning, so lovely—so thyself—and thou wilt be sure to give comfort.

You wish to know how we like this place. The sea view is not half so pretty as that spring which flows so cheerfully through your father's door-yard. But there is good practice here for a doctor; so we may stay long. In your last, you told me about your school—your pupils. I liked the orphans under your charge. Do tell me more about them. I was interested in them. Are they relations of Mr. or Mrs. W——s? Have they neither father nor mother? O Elizabeth! how they love you! In your next, tell me every thing that has taken place since I saw you. How I should like to hear you tell it in your quiet, sweet way!

It is getting late. I must close. May good angels attend thee, as they have ever done. May hope never desert thee. May happiness be always thy guest; and may health shine in the lustre of thine hazel eye, and in the bloom of thy fair cheek; and mayest thou never forget thy friend,

ELIZA.

Eliza's summons was announced as she sat listening to the "Queen of May," in the parlor at the Roys' homestead, where were assembled kindred and friends on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit north, which proved her last. To the advantages of her inheritance as a "sweet singer," Elizabeth had enjoyed the training of an Italian vocalist at the Seminary, and such was the power of her song, that the skeptic was heard to say, "If the music of heaven be such as Elizabeth's, I desire a place there." The *seemingly* idea of Eliza's mind, as she sat listening to the sad air she loved so well, because a *living reality* in her life's history.

#### RESORT OF PATAPSCO'S DAUGHTERS, June 18th, 1849.

I am seated in a very pleasant grove just back of the Institute. It is the only one within its bounds, and is consequently a great resort for the young ladies. It is furnished with seats, and there is also an excellent swing with two seats, so that six or eight can swing at a time. Just beyond the grove is a ground where the little girls have their flower-beds. The gardener prepares the ground, and the girls nurture the plants. I came here this morning, bringing my writing materials, for the purpose of writing my composition, but as you see I have changed

my mind; for I feel more in humor for writing letters. I only wish that I possessed your powers of description, that I might give you some idea of the scene before me. I can see and point out its beauties, but *can not* describe them. I can only speak of hills and dales; shady groves and secluded glens; of cottages and churches, scattered here and there, giving to all a most beautiful and diversified appearance. In every object I can trace the finger of God; for whose hand that of a Supreme Being could have formed this beautiful landscape? The sweet birds resting on the branches of the trees above my head, are warbling their chorus of praise to their Creator. May their example incite us to devote our lives to him. I received your letter one week to-day, and much pleasure did the perusal afford me. How much I wished that I might spend one morning with you in the manner you describe! I could well imagine how every thing appeared. The spring, the old claret, the chamber-window, were brought directly to my view. But *one* who is associated in my mind with the scenes of childhood I sought in vain. One vacancy had changed the aspect of all else! Thoughts of the *departed one* will cast a shadow of sadness over all, should I ever visit the loved place again.

Often do I stand and gaze upon the waters of the Patapsco, and think of the time when *she* stood by my side on the banks of the noble Housatonic, or sauntered along its water's edge. Now those waters would reflect her image on my mind! The past will never be forgotten, and as those by-gone days are again recalled, may I be profited; and may my future life be passed as happily but more thoughtfully. Examination will soon commence. Oh! it is a dread to me, but it will soon be over, and then to return to Sheffield will be a three-fold recompense.

ANGIE.

To her Sister L. J. L.

NOTTINGHAM, Va., March 26th, 1849.

I shall return to the Institute the last of July, and be there at examination to receive a diploma. I am studying mental philosophy, but I miss very much Mr. Clarke's excellent instructions, which rendered moral philosophy so interesting last winter. I do think Mr. Clarke one of the best of men, and one, who while in the world, lives above it. He gave us a verse of Scripture to learn every morning after prayers, called the "Word for the Day," which reminded me of "other days." E. C—— says in her last to me: "I would send you the 'Word for the Day,' but as usual, I have forgotten it. Oh! how wicked I am to neglect the superior advantages here enjoyed for spiritual improvement! But indeed, Elizabeth, it is my earnest desire to become better, and I trust Mr. Clarke's good instructions will not be entirely lost. I am much interested in his private lectures, and regret that he delivers but one more. I can never enjoy a better opportunity for repentance and resigning my heart to Christ. If all these influences are resisted, I shall pass through it, I fear, a hardened sinner. Pray for me, dear Elizabeth."

If you are able, I hope you will write her, for I do not feel capable of advising her.

ELIZABETH.

To her Sister L. J. L.



My work, in this section, will go to show that the house to which Mary was allied, is bound to the land of legal bond service by an indissoluble tie. I long served and prayed and waited, in obscurity, relying upon the promise of eternal life to those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality. I looked beyond the skies for the glory, honor, and immortality in reserve for me. But *now* my faith assures me that Mary, whom I nurtured for Christ, is to be spoken of through coming generations as the Christian martyr of the 19th century! the Peace Offering in the divided house of her father, and that of her country's father!

You will, perhaps, see with me, that my conversion from my former faith upon the subject of slavery has not been effected by direct human instrumentality, although my becoming proselyted to my former opinion was thus effected. The only weekly periodicals of my own are, the *New-York Independent* and the *Berkshire Courier*. When the subject of martyrdom was agitating our land one year since, I offered a contribution to the *Courier*, the spontaneous production of my own understanding, which I will insert here.

"BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT."

That I may do this, I would be very careful to ascertain, without any chance for mistake, that I am *right* before proceeding far in any walk of life. And in the pursuit of any new branch of knowledge, I would seek to be able to define accurately all the *terms* of which I make use in my progress.

On the subject of *martyrdom*, I am led to think that if every one is a martyr who dies prematurely, while doing what he supposes to be right, in *consequence of such doing*, we have many martyrs. And if every one is a martyr who dies prematurely in consequence of the doings of those upon whose *doing* he is dependent, and who think themselves right, our list of martyrs is greatly increased. These are cases which my judgment can only dispose of by committing them to the *Judge of all the earth, who will do right*, although, as a jealous God, he visits the iniquities of parents upon children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him.

But if *he only* is a martyr who dies prematurely for standing at the post of duty, as it is plainly *written out* by God, or by the powers he has ordained, defending *himself* and the *truth*, dearer to him than self, *only* with weapons that are not carnal, depending on God and *not* himself to pull down the strongholds of sin, I ask to be pointed to the grave of the martyr of the present age. The eye of the Omniscient beholds if there be one such grave, and the power of the Omnipotent will produce from every such one a plenteous harvest of righteousness and peace to bless the earth.

R.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the strong man, full of assurance, goes forth to duty with more of a *neighbor-sacrificing* than *self-sacrificing* spirit, until God meets him, holds him in check, and measures unto him as he had purposed to mete unto his neighbor, I can not discern the *martyr* in that man. He may be the *heroic* man; he *may* be the Christian; he may, by the latest fires of his trial-life, become completely sanctified. But when I shall have

arrived at the time and place of examination, I do not expect to see *him* in the class of which righteous Abel stands at the head.

RUTH.

The portion above the stars appeared in the *Courier*. That below was omitted. I offered the clipping to the *Independent* but have not seen it in its columns. It may have been there, for I do not read much, knowing the truth stated by my phrenologist, that I must avoid nervous excitability. I have been constrained, ever since Mary's death, as I valued my mortal life, to avoid all those scenes and assemblies where is apparent the spirit which slew her; whether it be speaking evil of the absent, or speaking harshly to the sensitive, suffering brain. There has been a time when I was obliged to take my seat in my own church, remote from the stove, around which gathered an assembly during the intervals of public worship, discussing the merits or demerits of the holy man of God, who for forty years went in and out before that people, breaking unto them the bread of life; and who only asked that in his retirement from pastoral duties, which infirmity incapacitated him to discharge, he might leave his name upon the church's list, until it should be stricken from the list of the living. But the plea for disunion gained the ascendancy. Yet God sent among us one who had been trained to venerate the fathers,\* to stand at the foot of his coffin, and invite the multitudes assembled to listen to the sermon of Rev. Dr. Todd over this pastor's mortal remains, to a last look of those features resplendent with manly and Christian benignity, in tones and terms suited to the character of one of the most holy and venerable of reverend men.

I will here intimate that it is as natural that the *teacher contributor* should talk of *definitions* and *examinations*, as that the *merchant farmer* should talk of "a *parcel of land*." I once heard an intelligent physician express surprise that Mr. Little could not be persuaded that bodies do not as truly radiate cold as heat. The physician did not know that Mr. L. had committed himself to that opinion in a writing I have copied into this. Another committal of his I will note here.

"Restraint would blast each pleasure at its birth,  
And leave but pain to tranquillize the mind."

Here, in my opinion, lies one source of the evil under which our country writhes to-day. The goddess "Liberty" has come to be the Baal of too many American boosters and American worshippers. Freedom from wholesome restraint of parent or master, either at home or at school, during the character-forming period of life—freedom from the labor in some useful calling which earns the bread, is too much the "freedom" sought and "freedom" obtained. Like the freedom enjoyed by the sons of a priest of yore, it brings desolation, sooner or later, to the house where it obtains. It paves the way to covetousness or to a desire to obtain supplies for a lasting mortality, by direct or indirect robbery or theft. I rejoice to believe that this generation is to be succeeded by a more mature and Christian view of human interest. That the sons of the immortal Washington are yet to stand before the

\* Mr. Joseph Hyde.



rations, as witnessed by the water-courses; and his daughter, a sister, was published as the similitude of a palace, that in Babylon Zedekiah is to become clear as the sun, for as the moon, as Isaiah, as an army with banners!

I met Miss Harriet H. Black in Essex, Berkshire county, in the summer of 1849, who expressed to me her surprise in learning that Miss Laura Corbin had become free. But I told her the personal history of Miss Laura, and I told Miss Harriet I clearly saw that it was wrong to ask such things. I said, there was a certain partial witness in the world, but Laura is a total witness. Yet there was a disadvantage in Miss Laura's freedom, or lack of power to rule her own world, which could not more extensively turn world for them as a different heritage and training. There are now living, sisters of the mother whose daughters became mine in law, who may remember that once in my married life, we mutually agreed that if there were ever evil coming in the government of the house into which I had married, that could not in the nature of things be speedily cured. A brother of that mother, who became incorporated in the treatment he received from one of the daughters, can remember that I so plainly expressed for her, the feelings that went to which we had come, and so, so adjusted to her position, more, that she, with an outward manner respectful, I did not know of those times when "patients" in my private and supplicants for those in authority, I have not heard, all those who have rule over little children, or they of their brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, teachers, or masters. Alas for the abuses which come to little children, for being under the authority of those who do not understand their necessities, or who can not draw well in the way of duty to them. When little children shall be conveyed to Christ will come the day in which none shall left or destroy. I will not, before proceeding in 1850, that my religious expression is expressed more than to those only whom you believe, in your and my own country. I will not more exist a religious confusion over such a reality as the regular expression of our ruling us, that would do a happy work where that is in the present. I was required to be religious, and apparently so, and weakly—a daughter; so, when I told my Father-in-law, that among Northern abolitionists are holy men and women, I intended as palpably an allusion to those whom I had blessed, as was my profession of communion with God to my townspeople in 1845. And the same difficulty was met in no return to the North, when I asserted that I had very evidence of an high tone of moral and religious sentiment and action at the South as at the North.

I now proceed to speak of the local history my family have seen, the Southern kind of my nation's sense. Addressing the following expression a letter from them and of Col. B. B. Sumner, Major

I am at a loss for language to express the joy of Mrs. Sumner and mother and friend at all those who had turned her acquaintance. We had all heard in enough of her father, and promised our love to her, her family, to come to the quiet of living, our children, and the care to the mother and accomplished. The first we should be a perfect lady and a happy Christian. I was convinced, the best interest to my friends, and direct me where to send her things.

I must avoid myself of the same as in the first year our family children for having promised for us such a lady, and to me of you to present in another by fall. By October you will, could upon in a lasting obligation.

Yours very truly,

B. B. SUMNER

HALLS OF PATAPSCO, March 25th, 1850.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have been waiting my reply to your last, to become settled in my new home. I had nearly decided to return before receiving yours, and think I shall have permission to reject the change. I left Mr. W.'s the first day of March, in company with Mrs. May, sister of Mr. W. We took the steamer on Friday morning, went down the river and up the bay, and arrived in Baltimore Saturday evening, too late for the train of cars to Elkhart, so I took the opportunity of calling on friends in Baltimore. Found all well and apparently happy to see me. I thought to take the cars on Monday morning for the Institute, but was prevailed on to stay a few days in Baltimore. We visited our many places of note that I had not before seen, such as Washington's Monument, from the top of which we had a fine view of the city and bay; the City Library, where we spent several hours in looking over books, paintings, etc. We also visited a steamship ready to sail for California. It is to go round the Cape, and to run on the coast between Mazatlan and San Francisco. It was more speedily furnished than any that I ever saw on the North River.

I think I never spent a week more pleasantly in visiting than that. The enjoyment was heightened by a change of scene and circumstances. Having been so long confined in a solitary place, I was well fitted to enjoy a week of freedom—no regular domestic duties and cares. On Saturday, at four in the afternoon, I left Baltimore and was soon travelling the long hills of Patapsco's Scenery. Mr. Peck had received my very cordially; and so had been expecting me several days. So, however, that a week's vacation would be no more. I found myself in some of the classes were not arranged since the private examination, which was just over.

Mrs. P. informs me that she will do by far as she has done by other teachers, namely, employing me, and dividing the rates on day, those quarters of an hour, and I am sure, the remainder to my own improvement. So, will make no charge for board or tuition, nor give any wages before August. Then, if I stay longer, she will pay me wages. I have made much profit of the winter. I expect to have a long year now. I was appointed teacher of the choir the first evening after I came.

Mrs. Wilford, of Free, if possible a few days here. So, is very sensible and agreeable. I have been, in company with others, visiting friends

SMITH SPENCER, LA, July 12th, 1850.

TO MRS. PHILIP PATAPSCO Institute Phila. M. M.

DEAR MAM: I sent myself to perform the painful task of announcing the death of Mrs. Reynolds. She died the ninth July, of a violent cold,

Mrs. Phelps' private parlor to share entertainment with her. . . .

ELIZABETH.

L. J. L.

PATAPSCO INSTITUTE, May 10th, 1840.

. . . I am happy to learn that you and Charlie are so pleasantly located, and hope you may both be benefited by the refreshing sea-breezes and bathing, which will be delightful during the warm season. If your strength shall prove sufficient for your duties, you will probably spend a pleasant summer, which I hope may be the case. I was surprised to learn that sister Pamela is thought to be dangerously ill. The latest information I had had seemed to intimate her convalescence. I have often thought of her, and have felt a desire to know the state of her mind in regard to her future well-being; and when in the solitude of my chamber, I have breathed fervent aspirations to "Him who doeth all things well," she has not been forgotten. Little did I imagine that while I was feeling for her the most intense solicitude, she was even then enjoying, in a far greater degree than myself, the light of God's reconciled countenance.

The information you gave, is to me a source of the greatest comfort. May it serve to awaken my own conscience and stimulate me to greater devotedness to the cause I profess to love; for I sometimes fear lest the many hindrances to a holy life which I daily and hourly meet with, may prove a snare to me. Oh! may I learn to form a right estimate of the comparative value of heavenly and earthly things!

"Beyond the sky  
Thy home is fixed; thereou be fixed thy love;  
Nor seek from earth, what earth can ne'er supply."

You wish to learn how I progress. My teachers say I am doing well but I think my progress slow. Indeed, I think my ear for music is a detriment to my reading it rapidly with my fingers. I have just taken my first song with the guitar. Mrs. Phelps asked me to remember her to you, and say she sympathizes with you in your affliction. Much love to Charlie. Tell him I am teaching Mrs. Phelps' little grandson whose name is Charlie O'Brien. He is five years old, and has just such black eyes as Charlie Little.

Do not delay writing to . . .  
L. J. L. ELIZABETH.

PATAPSCO SEMINARY,  
May 19th, 1850, Sabbath Eve.

DEAR SISTER: You may be surprised to receive another letter so soon. Change, which is marked on all below the skies, seems to be my lot. Before another Sabbath eve I shall probably be far, very far from this, even on my way to Louisiana. You will be surprised at this intelligence, and perhaps will think me unwise in taking such a step. Colonel Simmes came from Louisiana in pursuit of a governess, and Mrs. P—— had no teacher that she could send unless I would go. She would like my services here, but considers that it will be for my own interest to go. I had but a few moments given me to decide, and I left it to Mrs. Phelps' better judgment.

The case was soon decided, and Colonel Simmes left for Virginia. To-day I received a line from him, saying that he will meet me in Baltimore next Wednesday evening, and start

for New-York Thursday morning. Now can you not meet me at Judson's Hotel, New-York, and spend Thursday night with me? If you are well enough, please do so, for I may not see you again for years, if ever. We are to go by way of Lake Erie, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. A pleasant route. I wish so much that I could go home, but suppose that can not be. I can hardly realize that I am going so far from all I love, but hope it may be for the best. My trust is in Him alone, "who doeth all things well."

I must needs be brief, as I have other letters to write, and I shall hope to see you and tell you all. Farewell for the present.

Your affectionate sister, ELIZABETH.

LOUISIANA, June 6th, 1850.

MY DEAR FATHER: Truly I can bear witness to the verity of the assertion, "Change is the lot of mortals." Within the space of three short weeks has the plan been conceived, suggested, considered, decided, and executed, of my leaving Maryland, and taking up a temporary residence in the extreme part of our Union. Yes, I am really here in Louisiana, though I am hardly able to realize the fact, so sudden has been the transition. Perhaps my friends may feel to blame me in this decision. I have in part sacrificed my own inclination to the advice I sought in reference to the matter, and if I have erred, I hope to be forgiven. I had, as I supposed, become quietly settled at Ellicott's Mills, for the summer, when Mrs. Phelps had a call from Colonel Simmes of this place, who was in pursuit of a governess. She had known of the family, and was very sorry to refuse him a teacher, but she had sent out all that were prepared to teach this year, and could not supply him unless she spared one of her own teachers. She proposed that I should go. The conditions were stated, and a few moments left me to decide. The result you know. Mr. Simmes was to spend a few days in Washington; meanwhile I was to prepare to accompany him. He told me he should go the northern route, *via* New-York and the lakes, and Ohio and Mississippi rivers. I thought perhaps he would be willing to take the Housatonic railroad from New-York, and so stop in Sheffield; but my anticipations were not to be realized. I left Mrs. Phelps on Wednesday evening, May 22d, for Baltimore. Angie and Mrs. Carr, who had spent the day at the Institute, accompanied me. Mr. S. did not arrive till the next morning. He informed me that he had been ill since he saw me, and had concluded to take the shortest route home, which, though not as pleasant, would occupy no more than half the time. We left Baltimore on Friday morning, 24th; passed through Washington on the cars; sailed down the Potomac, and took the cars again for Richmond, Va., and Wilmington, N. C.; traveled through the night, arrived at Wilmington at one P.M., Saturday, where we took a steamer for Charleston. The sea was rough, and nearly all on board were sick, myself among the rest. Landed at Charleston, Sabbath morning, breakfasted, and took the cars for Augusta, where we arrived about dark. Took another train, and rode during the night. Breakfasted at Atlanta, Ga., and arrived at Griffin about noon, where we took the stage for Montgomery, Ala., a distance of ninety-five miles. The roads

were not doing too good, and I began to worry at the end of the first of these nine or ten hours, increased with each hour until at last I became sick as hell. I was the only passenger that did not throw up, and I began feeling the first of my dizziness at the end. The next laid I became very oppressive, and the seas very disagreeable, while, who wait of sleep, were to depress her spirits as a rule. However, the seas abated, and we came to Monterey about noon of the 19th, I intended to take a boat down the American river the same evening, but fortunately (as I thought) no steamer was to leave off the next evening at five o'clock. We put up at Exchange Hotel, and after taking a good supper, a good bath, and a night's repose, I felt as if in a different world. The next day, Wednesday, proved to be exceedingly warm, so that I did not look about the village, while, Mr. Goodwin and Richmond, presented a very good appearance. The buildings are mostly of brick, and look quite as new, from the drab color and molty appearance of the black, owing, I am told, to the moisture of the atmosphere. The country through which we passed in the California, Georgia and Alabama, is low and level—fertile, and mostly well-farmed and marshes. I saw very few plantations, but, Stokes said we did not pass through the real part of the country, and that it presents a very different appearance under a state of cultivation. On Wednesday evening we went aboard the D. Pratt, a steamer for Mobile. About eight o'clock the boat ran aground upon a sand-bank. I did not dare retire to my berth, while attempts were being made to move the boat, fearing but the boiler might burst with so great a power of steam. There were other ladies as well as myself, who extended themselves by going in an amount of a boat that sank upon the shore, or a few miles from that place, only a day or two before. One passenger only was drowned, but much property destroyed. We were so near the shore that the foremast of a boat was extended through the window, and I saw looking out of the twig, when, to my great joy, between eleven and twelve at night, I felt my hand gradually drawn out of the window. I looked out, and saw we were off. We not only were unharmed, spent Wednesday night, Thursday, and Thursday night on board, and arrived in Mobile on Friday morning at seven o'clock. Took the steamer "Oregon" down the Gulf to Lake Pontchartré, where we arrived on Saturday morning, and took the cars to New-Orleans six miles. Col. Stokes, having business in the city which would occupy him through the day, I went aboard the steamer "Natchez," which was to sail up the Mississippi at five o'clock in the afternoon, and spent the day almost alone. Mr. Stokes told me, when he came on to the boat, that this was to be our last evening, except to the carriage which should convey us to his residence. On Sunday, June 24, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we landed at the mouth of Red River, parish of Point Coupee, two hundred miles above New-Orleans. Mr. S. found his servants at the landing with horses but no carriages. They said a crocodile had occurred that had covered the roads nearly the whole distance, and it was impossible to drive a carriage. Mr. S. inquired if I could ride on horse back. It was twenty miles

that I should proceed on a journey with the friends, where Mr. S. could be accompanied. We went up the Red River a short distance, and then started into the Atchafalaya, which passes Mr. Stokes' seat. I made transition to the river from the landing on the Mississippi. We landed here about seven o'clock in the afternoon very much fatigued. Mr. Stokes, having performed the duties of the day, sent the postman two letters of introduction to his friends. He performed four hundred miles for year, besides defraying the traveling expenses. He posed a philosopher; cultivated reason and sagacity. Stokes has formed a very healthy eye. I am very well pleased so far, and it is almost without the second, I shall have to be better than by remaining in Maryland. From August, 1841, to New-Orleans we had the company of General Logan and his wife, General Young, who headed the Cuba expedition. He was tried at New-Orleans, and released, and left the city and sent others for "Loyalty and Liberty." He is a distinguished old man, great scholar; his education indicates great bravery and character of character. Col. Stokes had conversation with him through an interpreter for he cannot speak English. He proposed to have been led by the chief and ministers of the Seminary, to attempt to remove a class from his tyrannical power. Said very few understand his natives, and the accounts for his first defect; but that he was ready to lay down his life in the cause of humanity and freedom; and should never demand while the natives. His second endeavor to rid the people, and proved to the Island; and when the inhabitants are convinced of the purity of his motives, he has not the result. He was not for himself wealth or aggrandizement. He has enjoyed both to his satisfaction, having held important offices of trust, honor, and power. Has been Governor of Maryland, Major-General of the Spanish Army, at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, &c.

I received a letter from Brother Thomas this week, written at Panama directed to the Editors, and I forwarded it to the place. He was well and in good spirits.

I fear I have wearied you with my narrative, and will defer what I would say more till I write again. Please send Brother Levi to answer this immediately, as I am very anxious to hear from all at home.

Direct to Smith-port, Arroyo, La.

Many love to all. From your affectionate daughter,  
F. ROSS.

MR. LEVI ROSS.

WHITE HALL, La. June 24th, 1841.

I had this long week. Have many comforts and conveniences. The greatest pleasure I meet with is, that I have no colored friends. Mrs. S. tells me she was particularly desirous of obtaining a pious teacher, as she wishes her children to be taught their duty to God as well as to man. The colored men pretty and well behaved—dressed clean and keep two years old.  
Edithwyn.

Is J. L.

SMITHPORT, Aug. 28th, 1850.

My Dear Friend: You were very kind to send me those copies. How truly do those letters indicate Elizabeth's character! 'A perfect



lady,—a happy Christian. Could her most intimate friend have more justly delineated the refinement of her manners? the elevation of her mind? In that blessed land whither she has flown, what advancement will she make in all those graces and attainments which endeared her so much to all who had the happiness to know her while she was a resident of earth. She had a peculiar and most happy mental organization. To know her, was to love her. What a blessing have I ever considered it that Elizabeth was *my friend*—that from my earliest youth she was my chosen associate! and with unspeakable grief at our great loss, I can fully testify that for purity of mind and conscientiousness of action, I never knew her surpassed. Truly may we say of her,

“Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,  
For sin too pure, for earth too bright;  
And death, who called thee hence away,  
Placed in his brow a gem of light.”

And I will ever remember her as a strain of rich, unearthly melody, which first awakened in my soul a delight in harmonious sounds—a love, a *longing* after music, whether produced by the human voice or that “unwritten melody” which has filled creation since the time when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy!

I inclose *half a leaf* which I had gathered and prepared to put into my next letter to dear Elizabeth. I searched for the most fragrant of plants as a fit offering to my friend, not thinking that the angel of death was abroad on the same errand, and that before my simple gift could reach her, she would be gathered to beautify the mansions of the Eternal. One half I send to you, the other I shall always keep as a pleasing remembrance of my friend. All our remembrances of her must be pleasant, must be delightful. There was nothing sad, nothing melancholy in her life or her death. Truly may we *admire* the life and death of a Christian, when it is a subject of so much joy to the angels in heaven! Please to copy what Elizabeth wrote to me in her last letter to you. Do write particulars. Tell me how your father sustains the shock, and how your brother Levi consents to endure life since the desire of his eyes has passed away. Please tell me of your own health, and remember that whatever transpires in old Sheffield is of interest to one whose childhood and youth were spent there, and whose present place of abode is so widely unlike what *youthful dreams* pictured as my residence, when I should come to woman's estate.

ELIZA.

ELIZABETH.

BY —

When I have felt upon my feverish brow  
The cooling breeze that roused the mountain hiazat  
Had lingered, sighing through the frosty plains;  
Or when my soul was troubled, and the hour  
Of twilight's stillness brought a pleasing balm,  
Such *then* was that calm luxury of bliss  
That in thy presence I have always found.  
Sweet, lost Elizabeth! When thou didst sing,  
An angel seemed to warble in thy voice,  
Thine was such soft, such melting melody!  
And in thy smile there was a playfuluess,  
Toiling of so pure and innocent a heart,  
That I have thought myself approved and better,  
By every smiling glance from thy blue eye.

Thy conversation was so like thyself!

So gently mild! Not one injurious word,  
Or one harsh thought unspoken. I divine,  
Hath pained another, or hath grieved thyself.  
Mild wast thou, yet firm in goodness, as the  
Deep calm stream, which can not be delayed,  
But how'er rudely ruffled, sinks to rest again,  
With heaven ever beaming from its face—  
Too purely good to tarry in a world  
Where thou didst count thyself but journeying through  
To happier realms beyond.  
Thou hast escaped, ere friends were well aware,  
And left those smitten with a self-grief  
Who would have wrestled long, to have retained  
In thee, the angel of so many blessings,  
Now gone to be angelically blessed.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 1850.

SHEFFIELD, Aug. 9th, 1850.

MRS. A. H. L. PHELPS:

DEAR MADAM: Yours, conveying the sad intelligence of my sister's death, was duly received, and would have welmed me with grief, had I not, through grace, so attained as distinctly to see the hand of a wise and gracious God in every event of life. I have learned that it is good to give back to God the choicest of his gifts, so propense is the human heart to bestow upon the *giver*, the love that is due to the *giver*. Elizabeth is the first to be taken from a loving band of eleven motherless ones, who will feel that death hath not spared to take the choicest of the flock. May heaven sustain the hearts bleeding with so deep a wound. She was in early life a pupil of mine, and I was happy to commend her to one so qualified as yourself to impart instruction to her in later years. I cordially approve your course in relation to her and sister Angie, and offer you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the deep interest you have manifested in their welfare, far beyond what I had reason to look for. May heaven reward you a thousand-fold. It is evident to me that Elizabeth was not sufficiently strong to undertake the journey to Louisiana, but you knew it not, and she lacked independence, enabling her to consult her own feelings. This God withheld in his unerring wisdom. It was best that her pilgrimage should end, and she enter upon her “everlasting rest.” The thought of her dying a stranger in a strange land, adds intensity to the affliction of those who so ardently loved her. But I have not a doubt that her divine Shepherd was with her in the “dark valley,” and that she passed it fearing no evil. Yours, L. J. LITTLE.

EATON'S NECK, L. I., Sept. 30th, 1850.

O HELEN! how are heaven's attractions increasing, and earth's lessening with me! yet a few strong ties remain to bind me to earth—a few reasons for seeking to prolong my wearisome pilgrimage here. Then let me forbear attempting to give utterance to the strong emotions that crowd around my heart as I contemplate addressing you. The great Physician mercifully binds up the broken heart, and it were wrong so to dwell upon our losses, disappointments, and bereavements, as to tear open the wounds and cause them to bleed afresh. You ask the particulars in reference to the difficulties in our church in Sheffield. I would not like to go into detail. While many accuse Mr. B. of disturbing the peace of the church by unduly presenting a request which should call out the true feeling, I can discern nothing but

the hand of Him who works according to the counsel of his own will in bringing to light "hidden things." A fatal warning, occasioned by the death of dear Elizabeth, was presented at the church in Zurich, Sept. 1st, from the words, "Whether we live, we die unto the Lord."

Yours, L. J. L.

I copy from *The Print Course Lib. Librarian*, July 26th, 1859, the following Obituary:

Died, at White Hall, the residence of Col. R. F. Shuman, on the 9th inst., Miss Elizabeth Rags. The deceased was a native of Massachusetts, and has passed some time as a teacher in the Patuxent Institute, Maryland, where she enjoyed the fullest confidence and esteem of the principal. With a purpose ever devoted to the pursuit of her calling, and strengthened by a moral framework that was capable of making any sacrifices, she consented to accept a situation, as a private governess, that was tendered her in the family of Col. Shuman. In this last situation, by the beauty and accuracy of her disposition, the elevation and purity of her moral character, and the graceful simplicity of her manners, mingled with a Christian dignity, she was regarded an object of the most fervent regard to the family with whom she lived. But, in the midst of a work that promised usefulness to those who derived from her instructions, and a career of usefulness to herself, she became a victim to cancer, having in the morning of usefulness met the fever of consumption! She had formed a few acquaintances only, but these soon grew into friendship, and though in a land comparatively of strangers, there could have been no disposition of Providence that would have imparted a more unalloyed shock to her friends, or that seemed to awaken a more general sympathy. That to her death had no fears; for she had lived a faultless death in the cause of Christianity. Life she looked upon merely as a probationary stage of action, which should be well and truly spent to the moral obligations of duty. In her dying moments there was depicted a moral grandeur, contrasted with the awful scene of a distracted reason. She had no dread of eternity. She looked beyond the grave, where to her all was bright and glorious, with exulting triumph of a life of unobscured vigor, bloom and purity; raising her thoughts above the scene of worldly things to a higher sphere world; breaking off the fetters that confined her soul to earth, and smiling through the prison with a holy confidence on the joys of immortality. Heaven gave her solace, and the rewards of its promise, the power of closing her suffering—*amen*.

ATOKALAPAYA, ORE., 1850.

MRS. LITTLE:

DEAR MADAM: I regret that a response to your letter has been so long deferred. Your late sister, Miss Rags, was a member of my family but a short time, yet her quiet dignity, lady-like deportment, amiable disposition, and Christian character, commanded the love and respect of all. Her death has been exceedingly mourned, and life a blank in our little community difficult to be filled.

Mrs. Phelps writes to me that she has ascertained

from the death of Miss Rags that "her health was not perfect" some time previous to her leaving Maryland. Her illness was evidently excited by taking a cold shower bath, and did not exceed eight or ten days; six or seven of which was confined to her bed. She appeared to suffer not fully, and regain her composure to the last moment. At one occasion, when I was attending to her wants, she remarked: "And that was like my sister, Mrs. Little," evincing surprise that she could find any resemblance in one she loved so well, and seemed fond of. She said: "What you do all for us that can be done." She expressed from the first of her illness, a desire of her recovery, her physicians remarking that she disapproved herself giving utterance to such wishes, she said she would avoid expressing them if possible. Dr. Nelson said she gave her for twenty-four hours prior to her death. The last day, save one, was prayed for each member of her family, repeating the name. Inquired that her "sister in Zion" might be spared to carry on her good work. "My father," or my father? were her words at another time, and the only time she expressed to live was on his account. When she repeated her opinion that she could not live, Dr. Nelson requested her not to think of doing. "Why not, Doctor?" was the response; and a sweet smile dimmed her face. Such a smile! It was a smile of the very effulgence of heaven was and around her. She had no tears. The noblest and most radiant of smiles was lighting her. Her eyes were in angelic hands; and music, unknown to human ears, ready to greet her on that far-distant shore. She repeated the Lord's prayer, sighed, and was no more. The deathbed of your sister was a privileged scene. Death was devoid of its terrors, when thus reached and prepared for the spirit ascended in song. Longing to communicate, my dear readers, to express my heart sympathy for you in this sad bereavement. "I will be with you in trouble," is the language of holy writ, and from that exclamation I trust you have derived consolation. Miss Rags' vocation for you exceeded that of a sister. She mentioned the tenderness with which you had watched over her, and the valiant friendship she had resolved from you. Her repairs in cultivated ground, bordering a bayou, a few hundred yards from my residence. The land is exempt from malaria, and at the head of her grove stands a large oak-tree. The Atchafalaya, a beautiful stream flows at a short distance, and although the site was considered a most desolate that could be chosen for so noble a purpose. Mr. Shuman is now leaving for New Orleans in a few days. The train will be forwarded at that time, and Mr. S. will write from that dry the name of the vessel, etc., where they are shipped. In closing, dear readers, permit me to assure you that your sister was as dear to me as if she had been my own, and that the respect and regard I cherish for yourself can know no limitation.

Very sincerely yours, MARY STURGEON.

HARTFORD, Vt., Aug. 26th, 1859.

DEAR MR. FURNES: Your letter has just received me. I can not answer it, neither can I refrain from writing. O Elizabeth! the loved one, the

favorite of all hearts! the tears fall fast while I dwell on thy cherished memory. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In vain may we ask, Wherefore, wherefore, O Lord? Her last hours without one kindred; her grave among strangers; and she, the darling one, whom all hearts loved, whom all would have followed mourning! Oh! do not tell me she is dead! Let the awful sentence be reversed! Does stillness reign in that once throbbing heart? Does silence forever dwell on those heavenly lips? Do not tell me thus; 'twill break my heart. Could I share my grief, it would not be so overwhelming. But I, too, am a stranger. No kindred near can weep with me her sudden, unexpected doom. Oh! dearest Eliza! the voice of nature spake not an untruth to your ear at the news of her departure! The mighty waters bring back her requiem. The star of evening upon which I have loved to gaze beams upon her quiet tomb. No footfall of relative or friend breaks upon that lonely retreat. Sweetness, innocence, loveliness, there lie entombed, but the heedless stranger knows it not. Her visage is before me shrouded, pale in death. Sweet, gentle cousin, art thou fallen? Fallen! No; truly emancipated, risen, glorified. Thou art redeemed. The last curse has passed, and new, unold beauties adorn thee. On a heavenly harp thou art echoing the Saviour's praise. Unceasing hallelujahs resound from thy ransomed spirit. Thou art another from *our circle* that has joined the celestial throng. Soon all our treasures will be there, and our hearts surely can no longer here. I take up your letter again and again to read. I had devoted this day to prayer. But alas! alas! my heart refuses to rise. Faith seems to fail.

"How true it is that  
Spirits of goodness walk our earth,  
And grace this sin-worn mold;  
Yet we know not their peerless worth,  
Nor prize the gift we hold,  
Till with outstretched wings they take their flight,  
We view an angel fading from our sight."

26th August, Monday.—Yesterday was with me a day of prayer and sadness, of hope and despondency. An April day of sunshine and shower. I felt awfully solemn. Eternity, with its abodes of happiness and misery, was vividly before me. This morning, in prayer, I have enjoyed much of the Saviour's presence and love. A like season I never before experienced. I longed for some Christian friend to whom I could impart my joy. . . . Dearest Eliza are you not aware how a word (without the speaker's design, for some know not when they smite) sometimes wounds the exquisite sensibilities of our natures? You are not unmindful that rude hands sometimes grasp these most delicate fibres of our hearts. You, I doubt not, have felt keenly the painful vibrations caused by unskillful fingers upon the finely tuned harp of the soul. The effect is to drive more closely to the Friend, the tenderest Friend that heaven so freely sends us.

HELEN.

ATCHALAFAYA, July 11th, 1850.

MRS. LITTLE:

DEAR MADAM: You recognize the hand of a stranger writing to you. You have doubtless been informed that your sister, our dear Miss

Elizabeth Roys, breathed her last on the morning of the 9th inst., and that yesterday a sad and mourning community accompanied her body to the grave. Although she arrived only a few short weeks since, yet, as Mr. Simmes' nearest neighbor, I had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Roys, both there and at our house; and each time that I saw her only tended to confirm and strengthen the high esteem which I felt for her at first. Already were Mrs. Simmes and myself congratulating ourselves on the prospect of having our children educated by such a good Christian and such an intelligent woman, when our prospects were cut off, and she who was so much better than we deserved, or had a right to expect, was taken from us, and transferred to the regions of the blessed. During her sickness, we could not realize that she must die. We said no, she will live; she can do too much good. God will spare her life for his name's sake. But now that the immutable fiat has gone forth, we submit with stricken hearts, and try to say with her: "Whatever God does is for the best." It was on the fourth that we sent for Miss Roys to dine with us, thinking she had got over her indisposition, which was but slight at first. She was too sick to come, and after dinner I went over to see her; and during the evening I told her I had hoped for the pleasure of introducing her to a countryman of hers, my brother-in-law, and also my sister, on that day, but that I had had a double disappointment, for my sister was sick, and she was sick, and neither could come. She replied: "Whatever God does is for the best." After her fever had left her, she fainted and began to grow cold, and not the most powerful stimulants known to the medical profession could establish a reaction on the system. She seemed to sink away without pain, and breathed her last as an infant going to its rest. I assisted in performing the last sad offices of preparing her body for the grave, thinking, so may I find a tender friend to go for me in my last need. She sleeps beneath a lovely oak; and it shall be our care to keep the memory of the teacher whom they loved so much ever fresh in the remembrance of our children, by encouraging them to plant the flowers which she loved near her grave, and to teach them that death is robbed of all its terrors when the Christian dies. It may be a sad consolation to her friends to know that she had every attention which a daughter would have had in Mr. Simmes' family, and that her physician would rank high in any community; and that nothing might be wanting on his part, he had been acquainted with Miss Roys since the day of her arrival, (he being a brother-in-law of Mrs. Simmes,) and could appreciate her excellent qualities, and the loss which society would sustain in her death. I pray God, madam, that he may assist you in supporting the affliction which you must feel for the loss of a beloved sister.

Yours sincerely, LAURA E. TESSIER.

ATCHALAFAYA POST-OFFICE,

Parish of Point Coupee, March 10th 1851.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I received your kind letter written in October last, and have deferred a reply until we had adorned your sister's grave with flowers, as we intended. Mrs. Simmes' family and my own united in planting out the shrubbery,



and it is all growing fairly now. To give you some idea of the position of our house and of Miss Rugg's grave, I have made a rough sketch with my pen, which perhaps you will be able to make out. The grave itself is covered with many sprays of violets, an appropriate emblem of her humility; and surrounded by snowdrops, narcissus, and Mexican lily, all white flowers. We have the lilies now planted in the rest of the oak, a cedar on each side of the grave, and a single rose-tree at the feet. Mrs. Sumner's two daughters, Martha, aged eleven, and Mary, aged, with her daughter Anne, and eight, often visit the grave and attend to the flowers. Even little Ella Brown and my Mary Ellen, children of five and six, consider it a holy place. I often think, with a sigh, if Miss Rugg had only been spared to educate our children, perhaps their eternal welfare might have been secured. But now, to my own shame and comfort I say it, there is no one here who knows a particularly plain course, which alone can prepare children in the right way. I was a Methodist when we came here to live five years ago, and my husband a Catholic. But being deprived of all religious privileges by having no church, I have to say now that I am teaching, although brought up by the mass, plain of piety. Two neighbors, dead as I am, are alive to the necessity of having a church, and we have one in the shape of a dwelling. Miss Rugg and I conversed on this very subject, and I asked her if she would not organize a community which would be a refuge for all, with a church. "Ah!" she replied, "I was not prepared for that." I devoted a great deal of my time to teaching my daughter at home, but I can not prevent interruptions by visitors, and she does not improve as fast as if she were with others. Our house and our means are both too small to allow of our having a private governess for a year or two, and I can not send my child from home where she would be subjected to all kinds of evil influences. You speak of your little son. How is his health? He assured me in, that we shall always feel the sincerest interest in your welfare, as the dear of our dear Miss Rugg, and that we will always be glad to hear from you. Your friend, LURA E. HENNING.

THOMAS HARRIS, Attchalsburg, May 25th, 1852.

My DEAR MADAM: Your kindly remembrance of January sixteenth, your friend, Mrs. Tupper on her deathbed. Poor Laura! she never read your affectionate and comforting letter, but I, her afflicted husband, have read it again and again, and can not but bear giving expression to the grief I have always experienced in those seasons which led to a correspondence between you and my dear wife. How she thirsted for the sweet of life was very evidently manifested in her unwavering adherence to the cause of God through many suffering vicissitudes of life. She loved her God above all things and loved your heavenly father *Heavenly*, because her Christian communion was already sowing the seeds of virtue in the earth which it pervaded. Alas! how soon that beloved companion was snatched by the inscrutable decrees of heaven from her embrace. You will pardon me, dear madam, if I open again the wound which has ceased to bleed, but which always must pain you, by transcribing from my diary the particu-

lars of my beloved wife's deathbed for your sweet sister's remembrance, and the impression which a short conversation had produced upon my own mind.

*Evening, July 20th, 1850—Laura wrote to Mrs. Sumner last night, to ask a visit to her home. Rugg, who is very ill. Two July's ago I have recently arrived here from Madison to resume my responsibilities of instruction to Mr. Sumner's children. She is admirably qualified to fill the duties of her calling, and possesses not only the highest intellectual acquirements, but she is a model of virtue and refinement. The children love her and respect her; and the few neighbors who have made acquaintance with her.*

Laura returned early the morning, before that Miss Rugg was better. She had severely protracted her body for her investigations, and Mrs. Sumner sent her a certificate of Miss Rugg's increasing debility. She remained inattentive, and found her poor body dying. God has chosen to call her pure spirit to its reward. Her ever Christian brother his last in peace, and said that as that angel the ransoming of a soul. His brother, in part, her resignation to the will of God, her hope of heaven, but an inspiration upon the cold clay, which told, in her own language, that it was "sweet to die."

*Wednesday, 10th—*I came home this evening about sunrise, to repose after a night's vigil over the corpse of the much-lamented Miss Rugg.

About ten o'clock our neighbors assembled at Mr. Sumner's, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the remains of her who was so severely loved, who is so monumentally departed. After the service for the dead was performed by Mr. McV—, the body was conveyed to its last resting-place by Messrs. C. Collins, C. H. Gorton, Tr. Cowden, and G. Miles, pall-bearers, followed by weeping friends and many heavy hearts. At the grave a solemn prayer was offered to Almighty God; the coffin was lowered into the vault, and when the pouring, below ground of the earth covering the dead remained us that to dust we must so return, a thin light shone over the peaceful sky bedewed the grave, bespeaking a home for the corpse it contained.

God's blessing be with good Miss Rugg forever and ever.

I little dreamed, when I wrote this entry of your dear sister into its earth, that she by its young wife who stood by my side would be soon by to the spiritland. After suffering an illness of more than five months, with that patience and resignation which characterize her noble mind, trials through life, she calmly prayed God to take her home. She called on her friends, her brothers, her sisters, and bade them to her side to take a last farewell. I had increased a pang. She gave her lovely face, and let us know that she asked to have her hands crossed upon her breast, and closed her eyes, ready to receive her death.

She died, my dear friend, on the day with May, about sunset. She is interred near her father and mother, and brothers and sisters. When we were conversing your sisters were with you, and I, my dear sister, and evergreen, we thought that a long life of happiness was before us, though the grave told a different truth, yet the buoyancy of youth, the vigor of health, the

prospect of a useful life, bade us hope. But God has willed, and the two angel spirits are united in heaven. Peace be with them!

Very respectfully, yours in affliction,

CHARLES R. TESSIER.

WHITE HALL, January 23d, 1852.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I have been wishing to write you for some time. Mother proposed my doing so. I think I can take the privilege of writing to you, as I knew dear Miss Elizabeth. We all loved her very much, she was so amiable. Her grave is surrounded by a little fence, and is covered with violets in summer.

I thank you, Mrs. Little, for the papers you were so kind to send us.

Your little friend, MADELINE SIMMES.

WHITE HALL, January 23d, 1852.

MY DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the *Well-Spring*. I take great delight in reading it. I loved your sister very much, and mother planted some flowers on her grave last summer. There is a large cedar at the head, and another at the foot. A little picket-fence surrounds it, with a gate. I have been there many times.

Please write to me.

Your affectionate NINA SIMMES.

SHEFFIELD, 1850.

... Allow me to say to you, that my chief object in writing you now is to elicit a reply. I think I have at other times addressed you from motives less selfish. You are of the number who mourn for Elizabeth. You are aware that I am called to mingle sympathies with those who have not so much of that faith which is the evidence of things not seen, as we desire and pray they may yet attain, and my heart has sometimes sighed for some of the pious emotions of your own breast. I congratulate you in being permitted to be the honored instrument of the conversion of a soul. How do Christians live below their privilege who are not seeking to lead sinners to the Lamb of God!

Unworthy though I am, I feel assured that I have a treasure in heaven, through God's blessing upon my humble efforts to lead others to Christ. Methinks Elizabeth appears there as the first-fruits of my laboring to feed the lambs of Jesus, and Mary as the crowning sheaf! "I would not live away." I would not have my rest on earth. No, let me stay till my work is done—till it is well done. Then may I participate in the rest that remains for the people of God. Helen, you do and you will pray for Elizabeth's kindred, that her death may be blessed to them, so that they may have it to say: "It is good that we have been afflicted."

Father says: "Mysterious is the providence which has taken Elizabeth and spared me." Perhaps he will see in the light of eternity that her death was the appointed means of fitting him to enter the "dark valley" undismayed. Little Charlie inquires whom I am writing to. I read my letter to him, and he told me that Mrs. Bentley did not die in August. I then recollected that she died the first week in September. He requested me to correct the error.

Let us meet before the "mercy-seat" while yet we may.

L. J. LITTLE.

DETROIT, March 7th 1857.

DEAR SISTER: Your letter, bringing intelligence of our father's death, came to us on Thursday morning. When I saw him last, I did not think he could endure again the most trying season of the year, which is the breaking up of winter. The old homestead will seem less like home now that he has gone; though so many years of his life have been clouded to such a degree that we can never know how much we should have enjoyed his society if his health had not been broken by accidental injuries. His life had been one well calculated to secure a cheerful and happy old age, and with his misfortune, (which must have been hard for him to bear,) we have reason to be thankful that his good example and counsels, have been continued to us so long.

L. J. L.

JAMES A. ROYS.

LAPHAMVILLE, Mich., March 23, 1857.

DEAR SISTER: Eliza and I were on our way home from a visit to Elias Jewell's, when we met Reuben Jewell, on his return from the post office, who gave me your letter containing the sad intelligence of the death of our beloved father. News from the East had for a long time told me that he grew more and more feeble; but alas! how sudden the sad truth that he is no more! He spent a long and honorable life, and we can have nothing of shame mingled with our sorrow at the loss of so near and dear a relative.

L. J. L.

JOHN E. ROYS.

I will here state that Elizabeth's brother Levi, who had enjoyed her companionship more than either of the others, because of a ready ear in music, and because his age and exemption from the cares of a family had given him greater opportunity to act as her natural protector, wrote Col. Simmes to ascertain the probable expense of removing her remains to the place of her nativity. As he had undertaken to possess the Higby farm (once wrested from the Roys' possessions under cover of law) by a thrift at the plow, in Dr. Franklin's old-fashioned way, he must as a wise man, count the cost before proceeding to obey the impulses of his heart, under a sudden and afflicting stroke.

Col. Simmes, in his reply, said: "Your sister died, sincerely mourned, and we shall never forget her. She sleeps in my family burying-ground. Her grave is beautifully ornamented with flowers and evergreens, and Mrs. Simmes and our daughters often resort thither." He said nothing respecting the removal of her remains; but by saying, "Her salary did not pay her doctor's bill, but I paid it with pleasure," politely intimated that it was his privilege to retain in their new sepulcher those fruits, to his house, of the reaper Death. And I rejoice to day that Elizabeth's tomb is in Louisiana. I regard it as a bond between the North, where the pious little girl died of grief, for the oppression arising from the system or idea of *no servants*, to the South, where the pious little girl is represented to have died of grief through beholding the oppression arising from the system of *bond servants*. When I told my Southern friends that it was my privilege to have four brothers in Sheffield, who do not, and also to have had a pastor who *did* not sympathize with Northern abolitionists, I felt that I was suspected of insincerity—a feeling with me which

ing, I was as like a vessel that drifted from the track. I hoped to convert men, but I told them no truths; also that I did not even tell them half the truth.

Elizabeth loved retirement and quiet, but she sold the city upon the very morning of the time, had a home as fitted the requirements of God, Taylor. They were opposed in their choice, on the plea that the crowd would be such as to make it an improper place for leisure. "But," said she, in a letter at that time, "I would be willing to stand in a crowd here in my life, for the sake of witness for a moment."

On the morning of July 9th, 1851, she passed away in the spirit-world. On the evening of the same day President Taylor went there; but her spirit will not return to inform us what part she had during the trial, as he took his part in that place where no choice other than an eternal progress awaits the being. My prayer is that in the halls of America, East, West, North, and South, have teachers, hand the work of teaching our time to regenerate the future, by purchasing our presence to them, and their life the truth of two thousand men whom God raised up to lift the glory of His Father, the city of Washington may be more not only a peace place, but an armed camp, for ladies from every corner of our land to witness "an Antislavery."

Yes, I would that some one were there, be an American, I mean, Mr. Bay, who is likely to be "Woman's ally," to appear in a prominent capacity at the head of our national or global guard, with the privilege of being a silent spectator of so important a transaction as that of a mother's love, the son of a woman, being placed at the altar of the American nation.

Time, as we pass on to visit the church, where you can find the right to say "ours," and the tomb of God's work may say "our father's," will make these the truly and better the hearts and, doubtless, among the friends of the present or future world, who shall go up to this Father-Mother. But some the presence for clearing public opinion, and making public law, or increasing good will, I question the spirit, I would that it be seen to be the gift of American women, American father, child, and African servants, to be enjoying protection at a home where the moral presence of each is kindly met by the mother, whose mother nature is there for them and other sister daughters like. And further, I would that when team members return from the school and when to stand upon their lot, they find their wives and daughters crumpled with that which is of "great price" in the work of God. A blessing upon our eyes and our hearts, mother and child, love and trust. — Do we with others shall be much as watered.

I have already, by some previous remarks, to show the work of mine. It is my design to have a printed and put into pamphlet form, and after circulating a few gratuitous copies among those whom I have endeavored to collect, so that they might be able to choose me in reference to my duty in my house, to offer to all such a plan as for as many others they want, please, (or their value,) as they have been given to a poor widow, to divert her from further pursuing her claim for the value of a property she, in good

fidelity, instructed to him to receive for her. Through the firm and magnanimity of the North, and its conviction of some words of its own life, were not passed to my own mind some of the time I remember it, yet was every one and the government to be done by system, as they say of the "wonders God," at the heart of the young men but gave that which was to the truly woman, well pleased that her testimony was his opportunity, with its history. And it is equally true of every man of mine, who have said, for small vast, ungrateful or something more, with a view to deal by her as he would, and that mother should deal by us in a good and every thing mother, sister or daughter of the one that we have God, men, or shall we, women concerning that deal, will surely come to pass. Truly respect and faith in Jesus, true peace a true life, to spring up in the soul which shall care it from a death that is ever close, and help to a successive spirit, never mortal truth, but can prevent a mortal harvest to make our home according to that which is becoming.

A letter, written date January 12th, 1861, from Charles H. Little, to his mother, says: "The South has fired the first gun! But there take the consequence!" This letter bears date twelve years from the day of the dear Mary's death. Her mother-in-law, even her stepmother, "The North fired the first gun, through some John Brown, and this are taking the consequence!" The South, and the rest remain to give, but they could take the consequence!" How is Howard perhaps to differ from his mother's spirit, concerning this matter, only to ward of words, written or spoken, ever in one the truth, and woman's power of bearing a right that is a good to give them, to see eyes to eyes, ever in one woman. To our loving God, and, an ever in one, and a reflecting mind, "two years will bring much fruit of truth; and what ten years does not do, for "decades" of years are. But it does appear that one, but there was to be a good to be made peace." Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

Thinking you may be led to inquire, "Are you disposed to advocate that the system of labor servants be revived at the North?" I answer, no. Though I do believe that Joseph's father and I might have been mutually brought to sleep, the head being made, wear the best better, and the hand stronger if he had had my father's servant, yet I surely would not have had him to be a servant truly, how could it be "unwilling?"

It being an acknowledged truth, that we judge others by our own light, however, we have that most conclusive proof of our Northern attitude, as it is a duty, duly qualified to all Christian of good matters. I would surely rise a dear friend of mine to be bound to the same woman, sister and, then to the one where my daughter died. Now, there was that of her years, not from her own, but from our own Christian hearts, and who, therefore, have too much strength, I need to admit of their being bound by any other than reasonable bonds, who can better cover the eyes of our hearts and the weakness of our teachers, and who need the employment we can afford to give, till they may come into a higher liberty than is enjoyed by those whose minds are fastened by the god of this world. Had James Elder been my house-servant, on a plantation



remote from a church, I should have hoped he might become a preacher of righteousness to the laborers upon the plantation. I was gratified, when in Florida, to learn that the unlettered laborers of a family where I received hospitality, obeyed the apostolic injunction, not to forsake assembling themselves, to admonish, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, etc., in meetings, which they termed "preaching." Sister Elizabeth, in one of her letters, intimated that a church for the common people was had upon the plantation of Col. Simmes. You say to me, when looking at the world: "You always see the gold in all its brightness and the spots become small," etc. You will here allow me to explain. Scripture says: "They that wait upon the Lord shall mount up on wings, as eagles." I think I may have convinced you that I had in my hereditary nature a blending of haste of spirit with a tendency to be "swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to wrath," the latter predominating. That through having these gifts sanctified by the word of God and prayer, I have been enabled to go through a severe school of *waiting*, for conscience' sake, toward God, when my own will would have bidden me *work, speak, know*. As to the eye of nature, so to the eye of faith, dark spots lessen as their distance increases. Therefore, notwithstanding the darkness which rests upon the minds of those who are to-day oppressed with the weight of responsibilities bearing upon them as executors of public justice, I look serenely down from the mount of holy communion, and see, in the system of African bond-service in America, a missionary enterprise so exactly adapted to the condition of the servants and the served, that I praise God for his goodness in this benevolent institution, and pray him to hasten the day when every good gift enjoyed within its bounds may be sanctified by his word and prayer.

The Word saith, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" We here see that Scripture utters the same truth that Harman's Cooley's life and death proclaimed. *Hearing of Jesus and calling upon his name*, secures to the believer the "pearl of great price." When I look from my mount of vision over Africa's sable sons in their native land, a generation of whom passes away every thirty or forty years, and consider the questions above quoted, I thank God that he has sent so many of that people of darkened understandings to this our land, where they may, by their own labors, earn their living in the world, and pay the prophets who guide them to the "Better Land." I doubt not that when the night of the grave shall have lifted its curtain, and the mountains and plains shall be on fire, many of this class will then reflect how different our emotions from those whose possessions in time lay in titles to earth. I doubt not that since John Brown has arisen to that state where the law of God is not made void through human traditions, he enjoys the same soul-satisfying vision as myself. I have been an

eye-witness to the fact that it is a harder work to convert the *man* to Christ than to convert the *little child*. I believe the same difference is to be found in the work of converting the *uneducated* conscience, and the *erroneously educated*. The North has a work given to it as much harder in this department of labor, as the number and strength of its teachers is greater. How manifest is the wisdom of the great King in Zion! The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Let the North and the South, the East and the West, get an understanding each of his home duties, and leave his brother to do the same; and let them dwell in unity, for protection and defense, for social and commercial correspondence, and then come up to the anniversaries, a band of brethren, the sight of whom is "good and pleasant" to the wise *beneath* and to the holy *above* the skies.

Though man has sought out many inventions, none but God has sought out an invention by which mortal man can be just before his Maker. And methinks none but God has as yet designed the way by which Ethiopia is to be taught so to stretch out her hands unto himself, that her sins shall all be washed away.

Therefore are some of the Peters, who are as a rock upon which his church is built, liable to say to him, on his intimating his designs, "*That be far from thee, Lord,*" because the creations of their own mighty minds are opposed. Methinks that if it were my lot to be head of the female department in a house following the old fashion of our father Abraham, I should ask for the addition of a blackboard and crayons, and then to be permitted to take all the house-servants who are under ten years old into a room containing these modern improvements, to hold a season of daily divine worship, by praying to God, singing a devotional stanza, and handling his word. Methinks I would begin by writing in phonetic characters upon the blackboard, before the unlettered minds, the shortest verse contained in the Scriptures—would pronounce the words, and teach my congregation to do the same; then would point out to them by analyzing the articulations, the part each character performs in describing the sounds uttered. Then would proceed to give them the *idea*, and to tell them the interest each has in that idea. And to make these things *felt*, as well as *seen and heard*, I would close my eyes and speak to the invisible, whose name is present to the mortal eye, urging *our* needs and *his* kind promises.

Then repeat something like the following:

"In the floods of tribulation,  
When the waters o'er me roll,  
Jesus gives me consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul.  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
That brings Jesus to my soul;"

which I would require all of my congregation to join in singing, repeating the stanza daily. The phonetic characters should wait upon the board from day to day, till their *use* (not their *names*) be fixed upon the memory. Then should they be removed, and another passage of holy writ inscribed. Perhaps the first idea in the first verse of the fifty-first psalm; then the second, and so on, until the whole of that and the tenth verses stand at one time before the eye. My next effort would be to have these passages copied into the heart by explaining who was the

a labor of that prayer, and what the sin which gave him so much to mourn to constrain him thus to cry for mercy. I thought certainly a very good man, good priest, and good man, he yielded to a strong temptation to do his own pleasure, at times, to his neighbor, of his party and his. Yet he deliberately called for a battle which he knew must cover the fields with the wounded and slain, that he might greatly be daring one.

The journey then, should become the history of my conversion.

Who can tell in ten years the daily progress of that labor would place in my power a little offering, consisting of a teacher with plane-table, instruments and hyacinths in hand, returning to the land of his fathers, to break into them the bread of life. Through the master minds of America are made stronger by the discipline of learning to read the English language in its present state. I think it must be seen at a glance that the simplest form is that best for the African, most of whose labor to master the letter, have, so far as I have observed, been like water spilled upon the ground. I have not traced the history of John Elder since he was a pupil of mine before my marriage. If he still lives, and has overcome the difficulties in the way of learning his spelling book, so that he is able to read a copy of this work, I have to thank him to excuse me for using his name so freely in my illustrations, and to accept my compliments as a Christian scholar of his now able teacher. It was my privilege to sit with her as a fellow servant at the holy communion on earth, and to mingle sympathies with her in her sorrows at the loss of her drowned boy, as she told me of his first love and education; and I doubt not that in that "batter ram" to which she is gone, she reads all Scripture truth with an unvalued vision; rejoicing that the sufferings of this present life (of which she had, perhaps, a full share) are not worthy to be compared with the joy that God has reserved for those that love him.

I would that all the women of color in Christ-land could follow Anna Elder so far as she followed Christ. It was also my privilege to sit at the table in the Episcopal church in Jacksonville, Florida, as a fellow-servant with the person of color. And in Savannah, Georgia, I was privileged to sit at the table of deacons from the white. "By whom the whole family in heaven and earth is nourished." Beautiful indeed was the picture drawn of that happy family who are faithfully trained Christian; and charming to see missionaries on their way to the country with whom the mission of Africa's work was carried on.

Perhaps you are now prepared for my present theme of peace. I believe that the sweetest influence upon earth is that of the wounded spirit. I also believe that the spirit can only be wounded in the hands of kindred or chosen friends. God's spirit may be resisted by his people; but can be resisted only in his own name, or by his covenant people. Therefore are the African bond servants in America the most free from wounds of the spirit of any class we know, because the cares of providing for the moral life do not come between kindred and chosen friends to prevent that sympathy which fallen humanity must have, or flee away from its unrest, into the

light above or the depths beneath; taking the wings of the morning or the shadows of the evening. The more ready the mind, the more mighty the suffering. It was not Jesus' wounds of flesh that purchased redemption for a race which had no one to suffer. There was a peculiar struggle in the response to the cry: "A wounded spirit, who can heal?" There was a full answer in the response: "Healed." Christ saved me, I can do all things. No wonder that the words of the "great price" paid for his liberation is coming are permitted to wear. No wonder that he is proved when they are too busy in other matters to put it on. Alas! how many wounds of spirit are inflicted by those "who know not when they wound!" A lack of understanding God's peculiar gifts, and his designs in giving a diversity of physical and mental organization as great as that of the human constitution, leads many who are kind in the person of Jesus to themselves and house, to hasten many to practice, to urge them forward in the way which they believe they themselves would take in exchange of circumstances.

Let such as consider my friend a pattern slave, read his ideas at family government when looking at the home of his free attached friends, and trace his course through his own writings to the end of an existence as poor as a house, and see how easy it is for the wise in their own eyes to be mistaken matters where they have not had experience at least in some sort of the rule by which they would direct others. Let them also understand that to be a wise merchant or a wise agriculturist, does not necessarily constitute one a wise ruler of an assembly where peace and discipline and security have interest to be considered. A diversity of gifts in the same house, if harmonized as when he earned, (do the same part is a part of music, gives richness and beauty to the whole. But this harmonization can not be effected by commanding a person to perform a part he does not possess. And thus the master who tried to force him day to day, till his chronic vexation put out a light in his own mind, by irritating a chronic problem of the skin into a fever, rendered more and more blind, with at last completely gone, the fear of God will not tend to save the last power by rendering us impossible people. Yet blessed be God, his Gospel brings a balm by which the wounds inflicted by the bloody vexation of man's mind may be so soothed at the close of every returning day, that the wounded victim may lay him down to "pleasant dreams," and thereby receive his work and nobility by the renewal of humanity. The Infinite Mind alone can understand how many of the blind and wounded and maimed who today walk our earth, and how many of the poor slaves who today compose the army above, are yet to be summoned to climb against the Jews which prevented them the possibility of a "crown of glory" on earth. At that time, the oppressors of the North and the South will be weighed in an even balance. Says the poet:

"I could not resist it, I have a flesh  
And a bone and a mind. Must needs be pierced,  
Make masses of nations who hate me,  
Like blood-drops, been made of my life."

I can now to speak of the grounds for prayer due in my own married history. First, my hus-

band's house was in a country *village*, and my father's in the suburbs of the town, *three full miles* distant. Then, my father was a farmer, and my husband's elder children were those of a merchant. Besides, *all* my school and other duties were performed west of the Housatonic river, a stream which, when the icy fetters of the North were broken, swelled itself through its mountain contributions to a broad expanse, covering fields and highways, and often bearing away the landmark of neighbors and the passport of travelers; but which, when summer's drouth had consumed the food of the cattle pasturing upon its edge, suffered them to wade safely through to the more inviting fields beyond, (sublime emblem of passion's ebb and flow,) until one year after my marriage, when my husband, without consulting my "choice of things," (a thing for which I thank God I never reproved him) removed all but the merchant honors of his family "over (or east of) the river." Here I could not, after the fashion of my husband's strong mother, in her log-house in the wilderness, with only one pair of hands at my disposal, do all the honors of washing and ironing, baking and boiling, making and mending, table-serving and chamber-work, teaching and nursing in the house of the elevated New-England man of family. Had he suffered me to explain my case, I doubt not I might have convinced him of this, as he was easily persuaded before committal; but human traditions, opposed to my view of my own case, gained an ascendancy in his mind, and when his face was once set to an idea or a purpose, it was as a flint.

Perhaps you may feel disposed to inquire how I possess any other proof than I have copied into this, that *so much was said*. I will state that there was belonging to the house an organ, having as much liberty as our public presses and reporters, which was to me, in my round of duties, like a strong north wind in March, such as I sometimes have occasion to face in going abroad for health, pleasure, or business. I bore the former with something of the same spirit I ever bear the latter, not doubting that summer breezes would succeed. And although while I waited the union went out from me, I have the peace of conscience which arises from the fact that I never went out from any union to which God joined me, or to which, under God, I joined myself, and that the union which went out from me has not deigned to show cause why it became a covenant-breaker.

True, I have felt an oppression which has made the language of my heart like that of Job: "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!" Oh! that the specific charges against me were written out, that I might place my finger upon each separate charge, and plead "guilty" or "not guilty," as truth should dictate. I am now doing, through an unlooked-for call in providence, as I *would* that my accusers should have done by me. There was an implied charge in the fact that my husband placed a notice in the merchants' stores in Sheffield, cautioning the public not to trust any one to his account. To meet this I will state, that I was never off my watch to discover whether I gave occasion to those without to say any evil thing of me, and finding, early in my married life, that what I expended to dress myself was looked at through a magnifying lens,

I desired my husband to name a sum which he would be willing I should expend annually for dress. He named twenty-four dollars, and I kept a book so as not to go beyond the limits; and notwithstanding I kept within the prescribed bounds, I was obliged to hear of the censures abroad for my sins of dress. "Some body" knew of a clergyman's wife who said *she* did not wish for aught better than a *calico* dress. But as I knew of no law binding me to copy one clergyman's wife any more than another, and as I did not feel in danger of breaking over the Scripture rule concerning the wearing of "gold or pearls or costly array," I ventured to take the liberty of doing as I pleased with that which was so exclusively my own. Thirty dollars at farthest, and perhaps twenty-five, would cover all that my husband paid for me and my children to go abroad. One shilling is all that I can recollect his paying as my admittance-fee to an entertainment, and that was to a ladies' festival in Great Barrington.

Letters were not prepaid in those days, and when my husband asked me if I knew how much my postage bill was, I was obliged in truth to say: "No." But of one thing I was confident: mortal life demanded intercourse with mortal friends, and in my intercourse with mine they had the fortune of paying for more letters, and receiving more visits than they returned. If the "Some body" who considered the calico dress the right model for me, was the instigator of striking down my allowance to twenty dollars per annum, to include all expenses for dress, travel, reading, and writing, as well as counsel in medicine, law, and theology, contributions and admittance-fees to entertainments, the satisfaction must remain but partial under the new order; for my strength has not enabled me to sew calico since Mary's death, or, by washing and ironing, to keep such a dress in constant readiness for appearing in a public congregation. Therefore the fabric which has a union of cotton and wool, cotton and silk, wool and silk, cotton wool and silk, or either exclusive wool or silk, is better adapted to my reduced resources than is a strong garment made from cotton alone. So, living under the Constitution of the United States of America, I continue to do as I judge best with what is exclusively my own. A privilege, I rejoice to say, enjoyed by every bond-servant in America. Yes, if he has nothing else, he has a *conscience* that is not under bonds: and no man can compel him, voluntarily, to set his name to any deed which his conscience tells him is wrong. Deeds written through his hand being held in his master's, will not be set to his account by the Judge who does right. The promise that God will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, stands as sure to the slave as to the master.

Each class among the sons of Adam, and every individual of each class, has legitimately its peculiar "easily besetting sin;" and it is true that God has a fixed law of assimilation between individuals or classes sympathizing with each other. There are but two ways in which I can avoid contamination from proximity to a bias I do not inherit. One is, non-intercourse, or close communion; the other, sympathizing with the sinner till I come under the power of his temptation, and then taking the way of escape God has provided, by coming continually unto the blood



of sprinkling, and doing the work of the Spirit. When I turn my eyes to look to respond to their during stay, how often God's appointed work that the presence, reminding "the seed of the woman" I have been here, but. I have by at the foundation of God's house since early, and know as children to my the truest sense with sharing. I am often between parties who have mutually consented to each other all duties, as, I believe, to day the great work of America. Not a separation to either body or soul to return to domestic duties with mutual view, neither a separation which necessarily sends the laborer to a distant field, but a separation which writes the terms of the separation upon the same lot as the lot of God with the temporal exile of St. Helena, a lot headed "Domestic Duties." I would that North and South could add an equal power to each, to himself used to convert the individuals who compose this land. For when two men agree to battle what they are in faith, it must be done. Further, I would that they avoid David's sin of "treacherous the people," by offering to prove that the majority has either to the North or to the South. God will be where he has specifically promised, though every man seems to believe to the contrary. During a Civil struggle, the temptation, every early morning as you have said.

The who commands his command to them and do not sayings contained in the "Sermon on the Mount," and some of course, is better than he who takes them. At least to do this in a better, rather than a Christian constitution, the greater his goodness. Ten years will involve many a present unbelief, that to be a good man is better for them to be a good man, or a good man, or a good man, or a good man.

It may be supposed to inquire if I could to my plan, and I would not, that I have many a time would that I could be the true being, be a man and make a man. To truly inquire I would hope, I might have done so had not religion taught me to wait my vision to such things as I can conscientiously do. To give me. Perhaps be only point what Mr. Shaw had previously said to me, namely: "I don't know if you have ever wished you were Mayor of the city of New-York, but you are honest, and you are, you would turn out of office men who are well in the streets, and substitute better men." But as I was not then content with my government, I had had no time to turn to that. I have since turned to appreciate a city where who are well in the streets, as I could not have done had not the strong arm of father or brother, or husband, or son, or God's providence, removed from me, and compelled to wait in the city for better, avoiding "nervous prostration," and being "out of doors" as much as possible. That I enjoy every effort to extend to true, and it is equally true that I have the privilege of having also the presence of strong men and women who are but such as Christ. I have the presence of an Angel. — I admire the beauty of the world's robes, and the perfume of the anointing of which associated him to a holy office. But I prefer plain speech from the lips of a Moses, or the Prophet like unto him to coquetry from an Aaron who is dancing with his congregation, around an image arising

into their constitutions, saying: "There be thy gods, O Israel!"

That I look upon my heart have been habits that to me to whom I have unconsciously applied to an added matter, when an unconsciously emergency has forced me into a new path. I do not see this but I have consumed the spirit adverse to my fate; and but for the truth that God gives wisdom to such as seek in faith, I should not now see my way so clear that no longer doubt to clearly my path. That my nature gives me to be open to problems I have accepted, and have resorted to the barren mode of self-education, leaving my mind open to conviction, and having myself ready to prove that the world is "taken" as soon as convinced. Yet were too impatient children of intelligent parents in Sheffield, who today believe that they could only teach me a better course than I am pursuing to send it purging through the land, or the world even, thereby enlightening their nations, until nations were presented me, when that of course should extend to "America" in numbers, or "mass" in size, demanding me to go back to my "mountain home," go to work and save this waste of money, which of "right" belongs to Charles. I should still be guided by the opinion that I am wiser in respect to my own power and their proper assistance, than my parents' commands, notwithstanding no one doubts, can be found more ready to labor and to say that they may become wiser in their own doing than I have ever been in mine.

That I am naturally religious, only religious, under God, both the birth of my nation; that I am spiritually religious, only religious that I have been a successful laborer. As of which I can personally boast is that I have humbled myself to the school of prayer before God. This has kept my own faith so good, and my view that I had not much power to do my neighbor. If I earnest their faith, it must be through their taking knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus. If they complain to me that their work is to be done, wrong, I think when ready, the time will come when your own sin will trouble you more than your neighbors do. I have confidence that a call of my husband once placed for the cause of God to fall upon me. She gave me a reason, that I had reported that her father "must" die. I was not conscious that I had ever reported such a thing. I am not conscious of saying such a thing in this letter. I once had a brother, when I was prostrate upon a sick-bed, he referred to in my story of My promise to Mr. Little's hotel was honestly offered when I was sick, and asked that to keep me some money that I might be able to command myself in an emergency. He promised me the needed help—and I no further explanation, and I have none. The money which I had thus taken before Mary's death, of which my husband knew nothing till after his separation, surrounded with the people inclined to mark time and to wait, was taken from the walls of the house in 1844 to D. R. Savage in 1845. My faith being now that of Abraham: "I pay for all that I ask for myself at the capital of man, even if I have," — Nay, but I will give it them," except as used in human or divine service, as testament to a state or religion, an occasional gift to his marriage, or education.

ment in his house as a visitor. But I am God-like enough to love a "cheerful giver," and am happy to have a list of such in my book of remembrance. May what they have sown into my hands and my heart be returned a hundred-fold into their own houses. And may such joys as I have tasted, through the ministrations of the apostolic spirit, descend upon every desolate home of the "widow and the fatherless." I would that my "Abolitionist" brethren and sisters search the Scriptures with especial reference to ascertaining whether (God places the greater emphasis upon the afflictive condition of the *motherless* and the *bond-servant*, or that of the "widow and fatherless."

I here state my own opinion, that in our own land, the *woman*, the *minor child*, or the *African*, who can not say of a house which has a political father, brother, husband or son at its head as master, "it is ours," is properly the subject of philanthropic consideration.

I next ask of my Sheffield judges, to divine, if they can, why, when the six motherless children in my own home had possessed a father's house, in which they had every indulgence that a fond and powerful father could give, till they had passed their minority—why a tender and beloved son of six years should be turned out of this father's house with an allowance of six dollars a month to meet his aggravated orphan necessities, (with an intimation indeed that his increasing years should have increasing supplies;) and why, when this father deceased five years later, these supplies, not having been increased, should be cut off, notwithstanding, as I have been directly informed, one of the motherless daughters gave her husband eight hundred dollars of her own money to assist him to go into mercantile business after the decease of her father? Was it because I did not, through fear of consequences, write my name to a deed bearing false witness against myself, thereby making void a law of my native State? If so, I rejoice to-day that I have, after the example of my Saviour, magnified the law and made it honorable. My own opinion is that the head of my house, vexed himself, under the erroneous idea that woman is less worthy than man in proportion as she is less powerful, till he labored under a chronic madness. That when I married him he was convalescent; but that the reproach cast upon me by "some body," excited a relapse, under the additional ills of a second marriage, which proved fatal. I shall not take my own case to court, for the best of reasons; but I stand ready to meet my accuser face to face, where the order of an open court is observed. My Master instructs me to take no thought beforehand, if brought before magistrates; for it shall be given me in the same hour what I ought to speak. If ever I am called to testify upon oath, I choose to have no secret consultations with mortals, which shall

"Lead to bewilder or dazzle to blind,"

and thereby write my name upon the list of "false swearers," to be revealed on the execution of a Testament I hold in my hands as my own. In that Testament a mighty One declares: "I will come near to you in judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the

hiring in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

I further say to my Sheffield judges, that lest a relapse succeed the palsy of which I am now convalescent, I shall seek a home in a house ordered by a Master, paying such price as is demanded for others of my class, hoping thereby to live to compare opinions with all of my mother's sons, and my own, ten years hence. Long may the "Elm Tree" of *Sheffield* wave its branches over a yearly gathering of its natives with their associates; and long may the elm tree of the *Roy's Homestead* wave its branches over a tenth-year gathering of its natives with their associates; and may that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, be seen in the day of account, to have received a due share of its nourishment from Sheffield soil. God save our houses and our towns, and through them our States and our nation!

I now proceed to look after some of the causes for the peculiarities of my physical self. My mother, from her heritage and discipline in a mechanic farmer's house, had obtained great skill in housekeeping duties in an age when homespun clothed New-England's sons and daughters. In her selection, she was content to take as her own a man who could appreciate her endowments, natural and acquired, although he had less power of speech and of music, and a skin less delicate than her own. A member of her father's house has said to me, "Your mother was the best child my father had," which implies that she was naturally religious, and possessed a constitution that enabled her to stand at her post under a strict discipline. She did not so seek the "good part which can not be taken away," as to obtain, till I was eleven years of age. As a child in her father's house, and as a wife and mother in her own, the Scripture may doubtless apply to her: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." But she lived in an age when physiological law was not as universally revealed as now. Therefore when the gods had given her a daughter, who was outwardly more a copy of her married than single self, she suffered the humiliation of not finding the plea-ing image in her daughter which her mirror had been wont to reflect. And though the kindest of women, she had never known the pain to a sensitive child of hearing its lack of comeliness often commented upon. Neither had she yet learned that painful emotions may be deep and silent in the child. Therefore did she, though unconsciously, early help me to the blessing of poverty of spirit; and give me to feel that I must be content to be a very unlovely being, except as I could command love by rendering acceptable service; and thus indirectly educate me to act toward those who should come in early years under my tutorage, as a wise reprover, by waiting for evidence of willful shortcomings, before complaints were given or encouraged by me. With my outward unloveliness, I had an inward love of the *power to please* possessed by my mother, and fully indorsed the expression of Parson Judson, that she was "One of the sweet singers of Israel." Her *voice in song* is the bright spot in my sky that stands first to memory's eye. This dawning of heaven in my hum-





to myself every word accurately from beginning to end of grammar, seeing mentally each sentence upon the right or left page, in the upper, middle, or lower portion, as the truth might be. When thirteen years of age, my teacher said he had once parsed a little, and would gladly assist me to parse, but thought it better to be *not taught* than *taught wrong*. He looked at the story of "The boy stealing apples," in Webster's old spelling-book; said he thought he could parse that accurately, till he came to the word *boy*. He was not quite sure what governed *boy*. My urchin brother of four years went from school to his parents, saying, "The schoolmaster don't know what governs *boy*. I could have told him that *man* governs *boy*." He may by this time be persuaded that it is a truth more easily discovered than managed. A year or two later, another teacher said he had not studied English grammar, but had studied *Latin* some. He suffered me to construe simple sentences according to my own ideas, except that he once said: "I perceive that you sometimes commit slight inaccuracies. For instance, you pronounce *he* to be in the third person." I turned to the declension of pronouns, and showed him the list, which, according to my construction, placed *he* in the third person. But my teacher met me with the inquiry: "If *he* is third person, what person is *him*?" As I did not then understand why *first*, *second*, or *third* was applied to the pronouns of the invisible, I did not debate further; yet believed in my own mind that I was right in my interpretation of my author's words; an obstinacy which still clings to me in the presence of mortal teachers who have studied many books which I have not.

It was not till the winter before I commenced to teach a public school, that I enjoyed the advantages of a teacher, well qualified to instruct in English grammar. All my school attainments in geography were under a master who had never learned to read a map; and the severest mental labor of my school-life consisted in comprehending without aid the idea of the solar system, given in the introductory lessons of my geography. I learned my arithmetic from Daboll's Schoolmaster's Assistant, where blackboards were unknown. I can not distinctly recollect asking my teacher to assist me in but one example. He took my slate, and silently performed till he compared his result with the answer in the book, found it was wrong, and said he had not time to go over the work then. I returned to my seat, and have no recollection of repeating the offense.

But I enjoyed the advantage of having schoolmates of the stronger sex, to whom I applied for gratuitous aid in mathematics, not in vain. During the first years of my school-life, a weekly exercise consisted of reading or reciting "The Assembly's Catechism," and in this, as in grammar, the printed page in my hand was as a light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not. When I was ten years of age, the first Sabbath-school was organized in Sheffield, and my name placed upon its list on the day of its first organization. I was instructed to begin with the Sermon on the Mount, and commit to memory as many verses as I could during the week. On the next Sabbath I recited to my teacher (a stranger to me) the fifth chapter of Matthew; was told that I had learned my les-

son well; and the number of verses was written against my name to be reported at the close of the season.

This course was pursued year after year, and I thereby gained a wisdom, aptly compared to that gained by the child while learning the names of the characters by which he is in after stages to spell out the truths his heart then yearns to know. I do not speak of these things to complain that they were wrong at that time and place; but to show how knowledge increases when many run to and fro, according to the prophet's words; also to show that there are two ways of raising up teachers—one by educating them directly, the other indirectly. The latter class having the higher appreciation of a blessing, the privation of which they have sorely felt, become the more zealous (if nature and grace combine to make them benevolent) in devising means to meet the necessities of those committed to their care. I wish also to point out the blessing to myself of being *not* rich. With the physiological knowledge then possessed by the common people, nothing but a lack of means prevented my being placed at schools where I should doubtless have become an early victim of intemperance, through attempting to slake my thirst for knowledge. It was better that a later learning to read I should be the protector of my brothers and sisters younger than myself, while they were out of their mother's sight during the early years of their school-education, and make the gradual advances my powers and opportunities enabled me to do. And doubtless it was better for them *then* to be under the care of a sister naturally sympathetic and tender-hearted.

I come next to speak of the *life in me*, arising from the new birth; for if any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Owing to my disposition to think intensely and silently, and to my feeble hold on life than stronger constitutions may command, I was early and strongly impressed with the inquiry: "What shall I do to be saved?" But I lived in an age when the faith of many believers left little children out of the room where they met so honorable a guest as the mighty One who had power to call the dead to life; and taught them the use and power of prayer in the same manner as I was for many years taught the use and power of grammar. My mother sought and found the "one thing needful," to the joy of her own heart, when my sister Elizabeth was an infant, and myself eleven years of age. She united with the church in the summer of 1821, and gave her children to God in baptism. The following winter more than a hundred persons in Sheffield rejoiced in hope of glory through Christ becoming precious, as he is unto them that so believe as to be willing to part with all, at his bidding, for him. My father was among the number. As I silently listened to the accounts of conversions, I greatly desired to come unto the gospel feast; and timidly asked my mother to let me go with my father and the hired girl, to the inquiry meeting. Mother told me the meetings were not for children; so having been taught to think she knew best, I said no more about it. I lived to the age of twenty-one without hope in Christ, but not without hope out of Christ that I should be brought to timely repentance; yet subject to the bondage of fearing lest death should



guide-book for the cause, and instead of finding such necessity, I found encouragement to expect the same enjoyment so long as I should keep the same place before my Redeemer. And that revered deacon has passed triumphantly into a state where he doubtless better understands that social joys are so compounded in the Christian's heart, as to make it difficult to analyze, and determine its proportionate amount of religious or Christian joy.

I wish here to record the fact, that when my sister Elizabeth had attained the age at which I was kept from inquiry-meeting, because my Christian mother thought me too young to come to Christ, I was led to see it a duty and a privilege to take her, with her own consent, to accompany me at times when I went with my verbal requests to the Lord of lords, before the mercy-seat; also that my daughter Mary, who had never been exhorted to repent, that she might get ready to die, but rather to get ready to live, came to me with tears in her eyes, while I was making ready to go out to church on the morning of the first Sabbath in the year 1847, and said: "Mother, I want you to go aside and pray with me. I have been trying to say my prayers, and I never had such feelings before; it seemed as if I was sinking." I went with her to our closet, and asked Jesus to bless her, and also instructed her to go to him at all times when she should feel her need, not doubting his power and willingness to bless according to his own promise. She was then younger, by three years, than myself, when I asked my believing mother to let me go to inquiry-meeting. But my mother offered believing prayer for the salvation of her children through many years, and her prayers, though not recorded upon mortal ear or the lettered page, are none of them lost to the eye of the Eternal, and none of us can tell how often his angels have been charged to hold up the subjects of her prayers, lest they fall in to fatal accident before her prevailing prayers in their behalf shall have been answered.

Mary's father testified of her: "I do not think she could have been induced to do any thing she thought to be wrong." I will speak of a few things, showing her power to discriminate between right and wrong. She once said to me: "Mother, Mary S. told me she would tell me something if I would promise never to tell of it; and I told her I would rather not be told, than make such a promise. Do you think, mother, it would be right for me to promise not to tell a thing, when I did not know what it was?" At another time she said: "Mother, when I went to school to Miss Dewey, I thought the girls in the village had privileges which I do not, and I felt envious toward them. I think it was wrong—I think I shall never feel so again." I have before me a piece of glass, in the form of a heart, which she brought to me when six years old, with bitter weeping saying: "Mother, when we were at Capt. Anderson's, in Connecticut, I asked the little girl, who had this among her playthings, to give it to me. She said no; but I put it into my pocket and brought it home." These, and similar confessions, were not extorted from Mary by aught save a conscience enlightened by the Word and Spirit of God; and the mother who heard them only laid them up in her own heart. One of my sisters once told of Mary's coming from

her retirement with a heavenly smile upon her countenance, and saying to her: "Aunt, I felt very cross this morning, but I don't feel so now." These confessions, of that spirit now made perfect, are well adapted to reprove the spirit which was permitted to smite her, who so early confessed and forsook her own sins, but who never assumed to exhort her elders to be wise. I recall that when Mary was about three years of age, she one day left her playthings, and came to me with a thoughtful face, and said: "Mother, do you love me?" I replied: "Yes." She stood a moment in silent thought, and then said: "But you don't love me when you punish me?" I explained to her as well I could, that it was my love for her that led me to punish her, as I only punished her to lead her to be good, and if she was not good, she could not be happy. She left me, and long after the conversation had passed from my own mind, she again rose up from her playthings, and stood before me with a countenance glowing with the delight of one who has solved a difficult problem, and said with animation: "Mother, now I know how it is. You love me, when you punish me, but you don't love my naughty actions."

Happy for all those who are puzzled with the dealings of God, in his providence toward them, when they become enlightened as that little child. Mary early complained of difficulties to her mind, in what she read in the Scriptures, and also said to me: "Mother, when I pray, I try to think of God, but other thoughts will come into my mind." She was told that this was an infirmity which she must wait upon God to remove. And when, in after years, she, who always offered the first prayer in our daily worship, would ask for the privilege of saying her prayers again, after listening to her mother, and then, in a monotone, low, solemn, rich, and sweet, would go through her accustomed litany, those were no vain repetitions in the ear of the Eternal.

I was permitted, at the Teachers' Institute, (the model school for Mass.,) held in Great Barrington, in 1859, to hear Drs. Emerson and Lowell Mason, of Boston, instruct the teachers of our public schools, to open their daily morning exercises with services so similar to those which had been so abundantly blessed of God, in my own experience, that my full heart said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I come now to the latest date of this, my first public letter, namely, February 28th, 1861. My earliest manuscript has gone to the printer, and my work of correcting proof-sheets has commenced. The business, in woman's hands, of getting one's own production through the press, when too personal to admit of its being accepted by editor or publisher, and too much a work of justice to admit of its being left upon the table, has been with me, when only in possession of notes not due, like my other attainments in knowledge, an invention to be sought out. A process, which I am happy to say, gives me to feel wiser than when I commenced although attended with some humiliating lessons. I have to ask the kind consideration of all those who, through private correspondence, are, to their own surprise, brought out with their true names before the public eye. My only excuse is, that this thing accords with the genius of American administration of justice. The sin-





ceived, and which I am confident I should not have received but for the disposition that prevails to visit the real or reputed sins of classes upon individuals, irrespective of social, civil, or religious justice.

I take the liberty to say here, that while in Sheffield, last summer, I had the happiness of being introduced to several ladies who have recently come as strangers into my native town, in the relation of step-mother. I crave for them the courtesy and consideration due the Christian stranger; myself being impressed that they are a valuable acquisition to Sheffield, and are sufficiently intelligent to judge for themselves when to lie down and when to rise up, when to go out and when to come in, when to pay visits and when to receive guests, how to dress, etc. etc. One other item in my phenological description may be disputed by those who are acquainted with, but do not understand me, namely, the statement that I am much attached to one place. Nothing is more true; yet because of the desperate efforts I have made to go out for life, in obedience to the laws of my home constitution—efforts which may be compared to that of my arising to go into a religious inquiry-meeting—I have perhaps been thought naturally disposed to go from home.

I can not forbear, in this place, making mention of the event of my father's being gathered to his ancestors; an event which occurred four years this day. The last two weeks of his life he had been unable to take his accustomed walks out of doors, leaning upon the arm of his eldest son. I sat by him when the restiveness of dissolution was upon his nerves; and as he exclaimed, "O dear!" I said: "Why do you groan, father? are you very sick?" "No," said he, "but I want to go to sleep. Can I?" I replied: "Yes." He then said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

These were his last words. His eldest son then entered the room, wrapped his mantle about him, took him from the bed in his arms, and placed him in the "old arm-chair." His breathing immediately indicated sleep; and soon the breath of life ceased, as quietly as when the infant sinks into a healthy slumber. Since our mother passed away sixteen years previous, he had behaved himself as a weaned child. The only wish I ever heard of his expressing was, when away from the old homestead, to return and die in the room where our mother died. His eldest son left a more lucrative business, to return with him to the home he desired, where, so far as I know, not a complaint was ever heard from his lips. His son, his daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren were (to his view) all right, and right at all times. He passed away an old man, and full of days, from the room where his wife, his mother, and his grandmother had triumphantly arisen to meet Jesus. His mother was a member of a Baptist church. He, late in life, often spoke of having felt a desire, in past years, to confess Christ before men; but a lack of union or charity among Christian sects was to him a stumbling-block, and he passed from earth unbaptized, yet a believer. Eight years before his death, he set out to walk a few rods in the public way, on a cloudy evening. It was at an hour when a cau-

cus was being held in the village; consequently younger political men were away from their homes. At half-past eight the women at home were startled by the barking of dogs; and on stepping to their doors, where darkness without rendered every object invisible, they listened to oaths and curses by some body driving with reckless fury through the darkness. A half-hour later my father entered the house of Orrin Curtis, (the home of my mother's early years,) without a hat, and with a face bloody and so disfigured that he could be recognized only by his tall form and hoary locks. He was overtaken by the *fast man* at a place where a steep bank was so near the road as to give him but little space clear from the track. The unskillful or careless driver, after discovering that he had made himself liable to open censure, by running against a human being, instead of waiting for our father to extricate himself, (who, by catching hold of harness, or wagon, or both, contrived to ward off serious accident, till one wheel had moved over two rods of road without rolling,) put the lash to his horse, and succeeded in avoiding detection (except by the bye that seeth in secret) by running over the hoary head which God pronounces "A crown of glory." The wheels appeared to have passed over or near his eyes; and though not deprived of sight, he was never after able to read a printed language. Though his powers of understanding, or correctness of judgment, were not apparently impaired, he had great difficulty in commanding language to express himself, and more particularly in recalling names. Deprivation of power to read robbed him of an essential solace in his passage to the tomb; still, his life quietly spake the Scripture: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

At the time I publicly professed religion, Mr. Giles Andrews informed me that when he, a few years previous, was converted to Christ, being then head of a family, my father, as a Christian neighbor, advised him to institute family worship—told him he regretted that he did not do it when first he rejoiced in hope. But his family was then such that he felt it would be difficult for him to establish a new order.

Yet I was impressed, when a child, that my father worshipped the God of David in spirit and in truth, through the prayers set to the music he learned in singing-schools, where he fitted himself before his marriage to stand in the choir of the congregation. And I now claim that an altar of family worship was in my father's house at the twilight hour, when the devotional psalm or hymn, or the sacred song arose, in solo, by Elizabeth; duet, by Elizabeth and Levi; or chorus, by the family band. I have no doubt that the seven strong men who were there reared, and who are now rulers over as many households, scattered in the strong States of Massachusetts, New-York, and Michigan, find that those seasons are scenes which do not lessen in value as their distance increases; that as memory turns to them *her* eye, their hearts are tuned to the poet's words:

"A voice from the spirit-land,  
A voice from the silent tomb,  
Speaks with a sweet command:  
Brother! come home!"

There was one in that band of brethren who

with that dark rascal, because his nature differed from the remainder more than they differed from each other. Neither were they any better understood by him. He was weaker in temper and numbers and in physical strength than they, and had the misfortune of his mother's estate by his nature to allow of his pointing discontentments upon others more. David of old times said in the house—'All men are liars.' Thus brother said to his family, 'All men are liars.' The prevailing question, I quote from himself in the volume I have before me, is:

Let us our hear, let us expose our very wounds;  
We know not hear them and upon their object;  
For I would have them know what I feel myself.

Yes, I've heard  
(And many of my fellows heard of too)  
That I must hate the world. And I do hate!  
And you would say it, if I were not here  
To break my lie."

Undoubtedly with the understanding then possessed, this mother did well in taking a line—very—age, which would compel the spirit and the intellect to wait for the reward to get an increase of power to endure trials to come. And doubtless her old father, when he gave hand to the "young" whose character helps her make his "country and friends."

I can not recall that David ever denied my solicitations for her care at the family dwelling, except when she cast her eyes upon the family clock, and said: "It is nine o'clock. I do not—say—later than now in the evening." In that day and age very true.

I am now ready to endorse publicly a quotation from a private letter of yours to me, received: "You have the best brothers in the world." I am also ready, publicly to say, that if those brothers have any relations who are desirous to reveal themselves of their honest earnings for less than the market price, I claim to be no such a copy of their father, and to possess the right of the father of their mother, to be valued merely as relations in such transactions. Now, I am ready to fellowship any who may have yielded to a stronger temptation in that direction than is now known to be known, if they give no occasion of conviction from their error.

I did not accept the proposal of my then beloved brother of Lethal, who offered in April 1871, to redeem him—keeping for the sake of making a home for me in that city, because I did not see it my duty. But I did afterward thank my duty to suggest to him that he would do well to take to himself another partner to do in share his mortal estate and joys.

I am not saying he was influenced by my counsel, but I am thankful for the provisions which enable me to make the following extract from a letter of his, under date,

July 24th, 1871.

"Gracie is a fine, dry joke. When we had (holding the same for her mother to wind, Lennie, (the sister) wished to hold it, say 'No.' Gracie said, 'you are not my mother.' 'Well,' says I, 'I'm told she is.' 'Ah!' says Gracie, 'the next is done.' I think I thought to take another turn. The next night my sister heard Lennie and Grace in the morning the hall, which was closed. Well, says Lennie, 'if you don't give us some more I'll, I'll go right to

God, and tell him how angry you are.' So the two divided without further delay. Their mother, thinking that this process, and I believe I sleep, would have been leading them to the very worst, and the best to them, papa and mother, and all their friends, not forgetting their little sister, Yvonne. I am not sure of a night, but I have often been to sleep: 'Let us love our mother.' I do not know where I would have been then to grow up than in the comparatively humble and happy 'Old Bicknell's.' There was no more good house there, and there is no place like a true home on this side of the grave."

It is characteristic of the promised universal power, that "a little child shall lead a horse" and naturally follow and be true to each other. I am disposed to quote again from the brother referred to above, under date,

"Feb. 24th, 1871.

"A little more than a week ago Mr. A. L. L. came to my story, and I thought I mentioned something in his nature that seemed to indicate restraint. I did not see him for several days, and knowing no reason for his different manner, I very innocently endeavored to throw it off by my own observations. My efforts did not appear to be very successful, and I was not surprised at it when he called and the subject was suggested to me. He told me that he had determined to change his business, and try to live a better life. I can not remember with certainty what others, outside the influence of reason, and have him up in the evening that he had been the happiest ever of his life. I understand that he was to rent his store, that he may get out of the trade in liquor, and that he says he will allow it up before we will continue the trade."

Although at the time I considered this rather I only thought to attempt to stimulate prayer upon a those two, which something of my sacred history was known, without being understood, and where my personal influence, under an erroneous opinion upon slavery, has been lost. I am ready to offer the exposure of my error and thus sell to as many American homes as it is pleased to receive it upon the published letter; thankful that I live to give to all such an exhibition with my own hand and clearly showed it I was in momentary in holding down into those ways which I have hoped to be preservation and truth, in wisdom and in peace to prosperity and adversity.

I am aware that I am liable to bring to my readers opinions in various with their own. I can only say that I am sincere and that I will not be afraid to lead me without of any opinions to my own errors of opinion, knowing they shall lead to serious errors in practice. If each of my opinions will agree with me in covering this thing, we have a promise which can not fail, that the thing we all must be done for us. Next to yourself, my dear Mrs. M——, I dedicate my work to Mrs. D. J. Clark, who used to be in the summer of 1847. "Mrs. Little, I think it your duty to write out and publish the history of your May, for the benefit of the future." And my heart then said, "I will make in his systematic provisions, given me to my important truth which he cannot see power or opportunity to



utter." His thoughts were then higher than my thoughts, for he saw that only ten years would elapse before a door of utterance would be open to me through the cloud which sent me out from a widowed home in pursuit of mortal life; an utterance which should give me to direct the eyes of all acquainted with my strong house and my stronger country to the Scripture: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. . . . Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it."

I am not anxious concerning the result of my labors in this letter. I have done what conscience has dictated, and I cheerfully leave events with my Maker. I am again brought to the most trying season of the year, with a slow and gradual increase of strength during the last twelve months. I believe that the *pursuit of life* to body and soul is properly the aim of every child of Adam. That one great obstacle in the pursuit of mortal life lies in the self-denying work of taking only so much of a pleasant thing, honestly within our power, as is good for us, be it labor or recreation, earning or spending, feeding the mortal or the immortal. I have a high relish for social joys, and I believe that I may reasonably expect to partake a larger amount on earth if, with my present health, I attempt to give or receive one social call in ten days, rather than ten in one day. My sympathetic nature requires that I dwell with a strong, healthy family, in whose domestic concerns I have no interest other than as a stranger. I ask the kind friends who have offered me the gratuity of being a welcome guest in their houses, to receive the statement above as my excuse for declining, and in connection, to receive my heartfelt thanks for their proffered kindness. I also solicit my learned friends not to criticise my work as a literary production with too much severity, it never having been mine to improve my composition by the criticisms of a teacher. And that every living neighbor may be able to wash his hands in innocence from the TRANSGRESSION, if my work shall appear to be such, I have asked no aid of the kind in preparing this letter. Neither have I been able to perform the labor to my right arm of re-writing my work, that I might improve upon myself, as I have sometimes done in former years. If the letters of my own writing, copied into this, do not exactly compare with those received by my friends, it is because of such revision in those forwarded.

I also ask to be excused for sending my letter abroad in so plain a dress. I doubt not the Christian liberality of my readers will give them to admit that it is as good as my circumstances will warrant. While I am content to appear as an author in the best dress my Maker allows me, my happiness is greatly increased by having neighbors who are abundantly able to command a better; because I am gifted to enjoy beauty and diversity wherever nature or art, in their separate or combined influence, legitimately bestow them. But if these luxuries appear to me to have been purchased at the expense of denying to little children, and to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day of life, that which is needed to meet their real necessities, the beau-

ties fail of their power to please, as surely as did the music of a certain instrument, which on a former time became instrumental of teaching a reflecting mind *less haste*.

I can not forbear inserting in this place, an example of one who "being dead, yet speaketh." Curtiss Hoskins, of Sheffield, Mass., was a lad of uncommon power to please. His father was a pious, industrious carpenter and joiner, whose earnings were consumed in the needful provisions for his family, so that he could not command time to build for himself a new house, where the old had become time-worn. Curtiss was solicited to go South to sell clocks, and the hope of being able to help his parents to a better house through the greater wages than he could command at the North, led him cheerfully to endure the privations of a traveling salesman. He was indefatigable in his efforts to cheer and encourage his parents by his communications through the post-office. Because of the expectations from that source, a good house was purchased and possessed, and a few months was to give young Hoskins the joy of joining the loved family-band, with power to pay for the house which his father held as his earth-home. But alas! September of 1836 announced the death of Curtiss Hoskins by fever.

If I mistake not, Vernon, Alabama, is favored as the burying-place of this son of the North, whose memory shall live long upon the earth, because of his filial love. Never shall I forget the appearance of his stricken father, when he placed a package of letters in my hand, as he said to me: "*There is a property which has cost me, at the post-office, ten dollars in cash, and it is the most precious treasure our house contains.*" The man who last employed Hoskins, to assure his bereaved family of his own affection for him, wrote them that himself first had the fever, and Hoskins attended him; that while sick he made his own will, and gave his property to Hoskins. But he recovered, and Hoskins was soon taken with fever, and died. In the spring of 1849 the father of Curtiss Hoskins stepped into the open air without his coat, at an hour when dew was rapidly depositing, and being informed that his creditor was intent on securing his debt against him without further delay, he remained in the open air, under excitement, longer than he was aware; took to his bed that night, under the depression of feeling that he was to be soon turned out of his home, and the next day sent for a physician, saying it was the first time in his life that he had employed a doctor to himself. An illness of eight or ten days released his spirit from its house of clay, and gave him to join, in a house not made with hands, two noble youths, Curtiss and Franklin Hoskins, who had, while on earth, made glad the heart of their father; also two infant sons and two infant daughters who had gone before from the same family band. He who willed, in case of his own decease, his earth possessions to Curtiss Hoskins, for reasons known to himself and to the Judge of all the earth, never paid the few hundred dollars of Hoskins' honest earnings, designed by himself to smooth his father's passage to the tomb. The father struggled on until his only remaining daughter had it in her heart to go South as a teacher, hoping to be able to aid in discharging her father's unmet obligations;

































LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 110 736 7

